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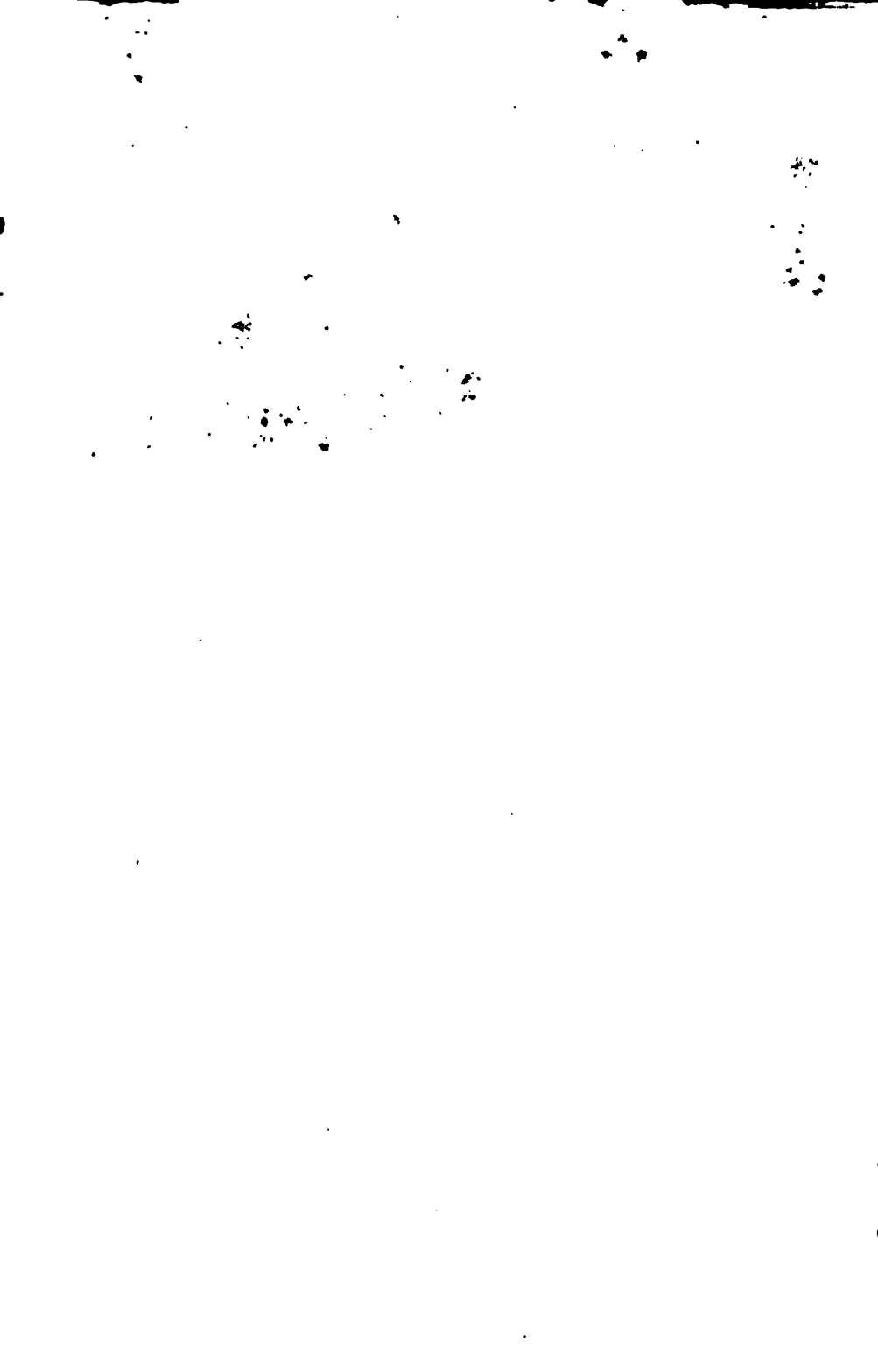
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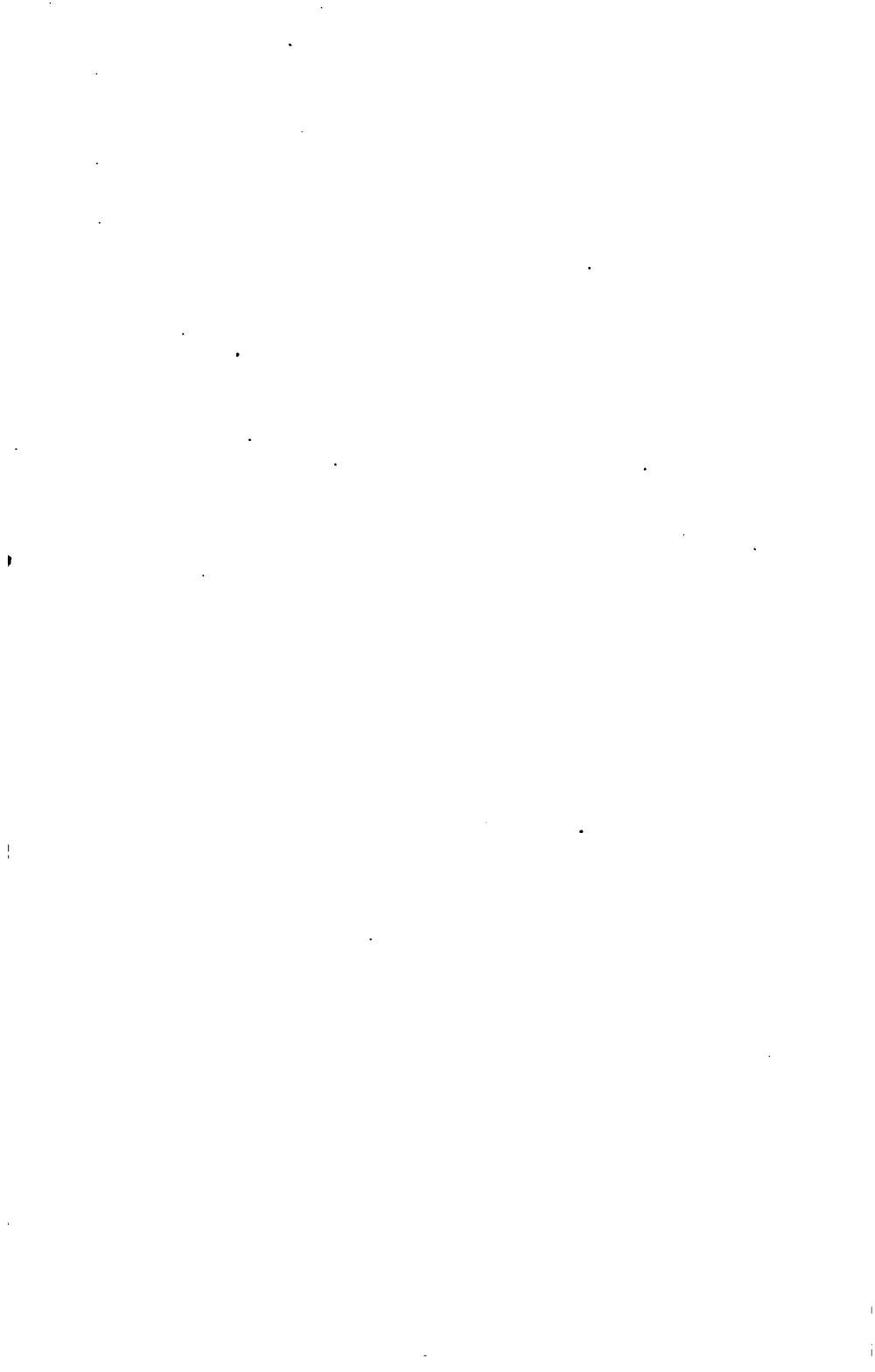
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

Sports and Pastimes

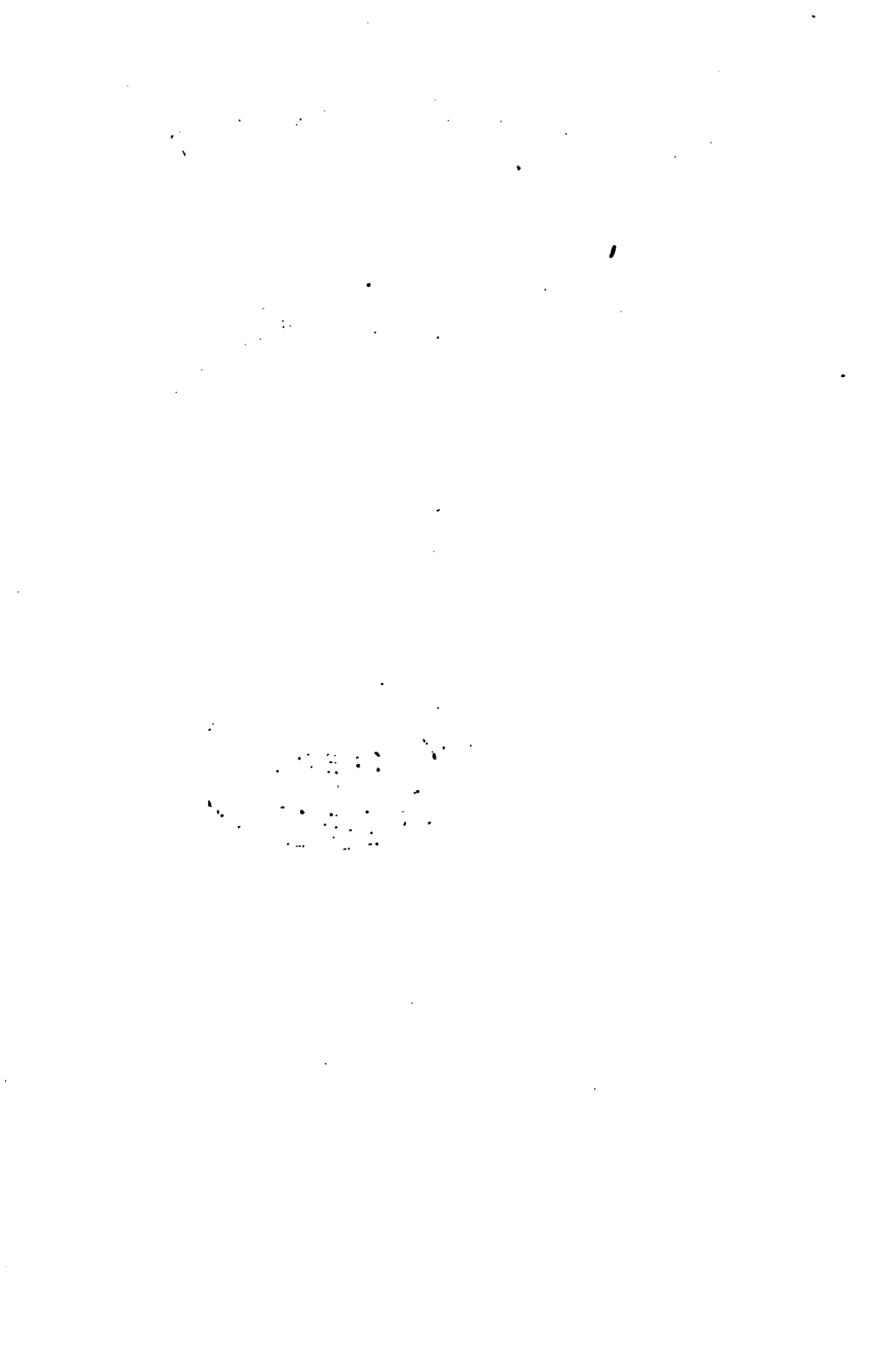


George Champion.

VOL. XXXVIII

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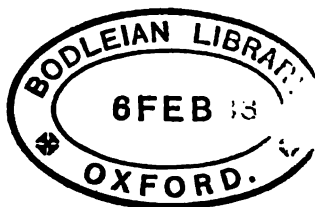
1882.



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



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BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 260.

OCTOBER, 1881.

VOL. XXXVIII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. WALTER H. LONG, M.P.

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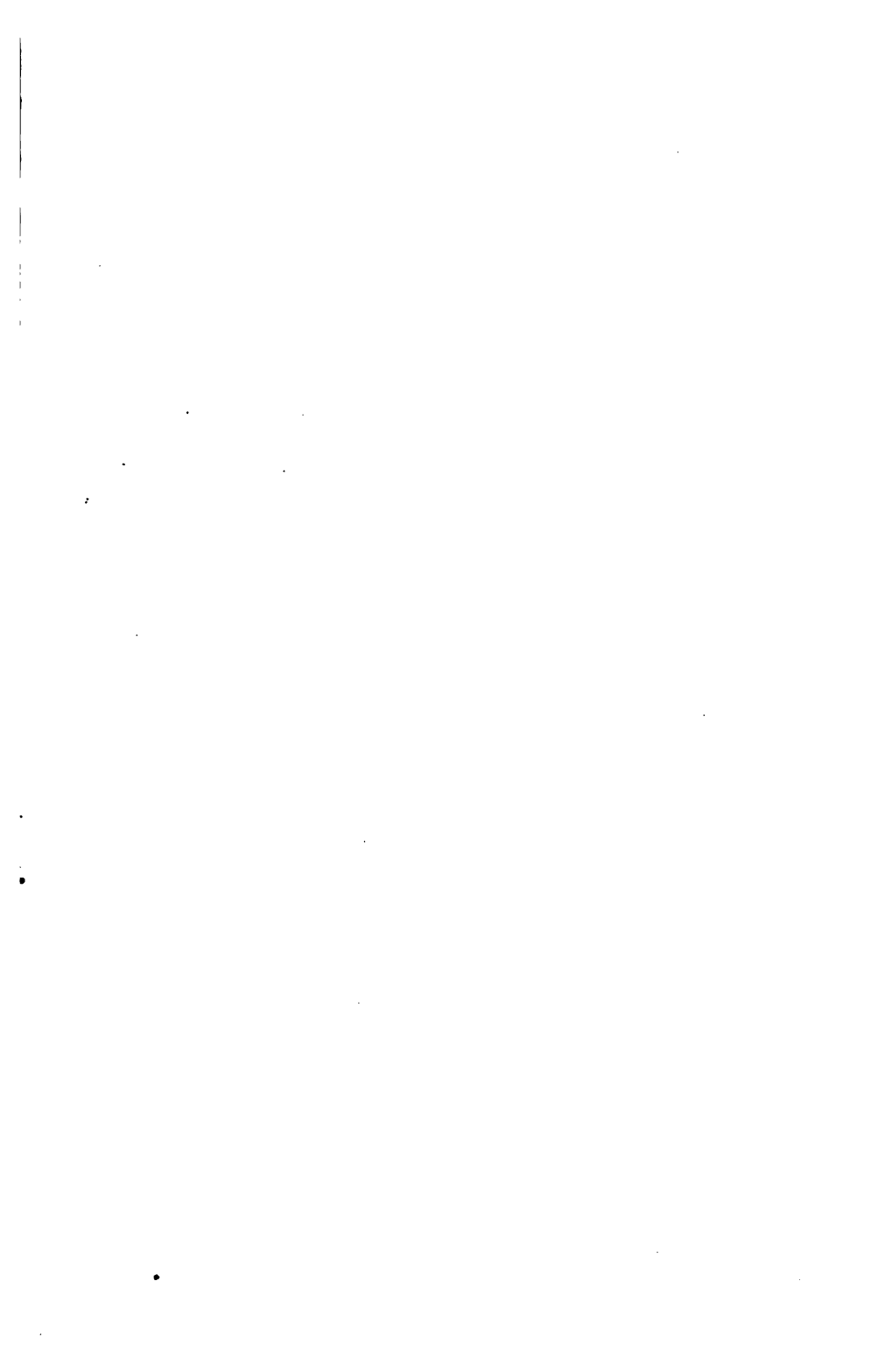
DIARY FOR OCTOBER, 1881.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Pheasant Shooting begins.
2	S	SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
3	M	Market Rasen, Miltown and St. Owen Races.
4	TU	Kelso and Nottingham Autumn Races.
5	W	Kelso and Nottingham Races. Ridgway Coursing Meeting.
6	TH	Edinburgh, Kempton Park, La Marche, and Maisons Laffitte
7	F	Kempton Park Races. [Races.
8	S	
9	S	SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
10	M	Newmarket Second October Meeting, and Enghien Races.
11	TU	Newmarket (the Cesarewitch Handicap), and Ennis Races.
12	W	Newmarket (the Middle Park Plate).
13	TH	Newmarket (the Champion Stakes).
14	F	Newmarket Races.
15	S	
16	S	EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
17	M	Vincennes Races. [Coursing Meeting.
18	TU	Croydon, Curragh, and Redcar Races. Burton-on-Trent
19	W	Croydon, Redcar and Four Oaks Park Races.
20	TH	Sandown Park Races.
21	F	Sandown Park Races.
22	S	
23	S	NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
24	M	Newmarket Houghton Meeting. [Meeting.
25	TU	Newmarket (the Cambridgeshire). Scarborough Coursing
26	W	Newmarket and Down Royal Races.
27	TH	Newmarket and Vesinet Races. Vale of Avon Coursing Meeting.
28	F	Kirkleatham Coursing Meeting.
29	S	
30	S	TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
31	M	Maisons Laffitte Races.

Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.

NOTICE FOR THE BINDER.

The Index for Vol. XXXVII. in No. 260, and the Title-page, "Bob Ward," in No. 261, must be bound up with Vol. XXXVII.





Walter H. Long

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. WALTER H. LONG, M.P.

A FEW months back we gave the portrait and a brief sketch of a 'Walter Long,' a descendant of the old Wiltshire family of that name now settled in Hampshire, a mighty hunter, and, as his father had been before him, Master of the Hambledon. Now we present our readers with another 'Walter Long,' the grandson of that fine old English gentleman of the same name who represented North Wilts for thirty-two years, and left his mantle to his descendants.

Mr. Walter Hume Long is the eldest son of the late Richard Penruddocke Long, of Dolforgan, Montgomeryshire, who was also Member for North Wilts for some few years. Born in 1854, the subject of our sketch was educated at Harrow and Christ Church. He was in the Harrow Eleven when in 1873 they beat Eton by five wickets; he was President of Bullingdon Club at Oxford, and Master of the Drag. Always very fond of hunting from his earliest days, Mr. Long on leaving Oxford kept for two years a small pack of harriers to hunt on bye-days at home. He is a very good whip, and as a member of both the Four-in-Hand and Coaching clubs, his team—browns and dark bays—is well known at Magazine meets. He is also fond of agriculture, and takes great interest in his Home Farm of 400 acres.

As the Longs have been Knights of the Shire for their own county for nearly four hundred years, it was right and proper that the present Master of Rood Ashton should fill a seat that has become almost an heirloom. At the last general election Mr. Long was returned at the head of the poll for North Wilts, on the well-known political principles which his family have always held. They fought for the King's side in the Great Rebellion; they are staunch Conservatives, and supporters of Church and State at the present time. In 1878 Mr. Long married the Lady Dorothy Boyle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Cork. He is a magistrate and D.L. for Wilts, and patron of three livings.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

IF any venomously miso-Hibernian Yankee (for 'tis a great popular delusion to fancy every American an enthusiast for Ireland) ever dared to dub the dear, dirty metropolis of Ireland a one-horse city, certes in the closing days of August, his words had neither worth nor significance, for in addition to the large perennial equine population of the town, the Dublin Society's Great Show in their new premises attracted about a thousand animals from all parts of the island—some destined to fill the stalls at Ball's Bridge, others accompanying them to the metropolis to find a market, if possible, and to change owners at the sales, which are timed to catch the immense influx of foreign and provincial visitors. Indeed, I believe so great was the pressure put on the railways, that at one moment there was not an available horse-box to be found at any of the termini, everything capable of horse conveyance having been hurried off to the various country stations to bring up their freight in due time, by Monday, the 29th ult. The *bouquet de l'écurie* mingled with the many perfumes which are generated in Dublin as freely as in the ancient city of Cologne, and the streets acknowledged the presence of innumerable country cousins and their pad and stud grooms, with a posse of helpers and stable-men, whose costume was mainly of that colour dear to our ancestors—saffron, and revealed all the varieties of yellow ochre and gamboge; but wraps, water-shields, and indiarubber envelopes concealed much of it, for the weather was simply what, in the bitterness of irony, we should feel bound to call harvest weather, and the skies poured down torrents from a reservoir seemingly inexhaustible. Never was the old hexameter more literally true, *Nocte pluit totâ*; but the sequel was equally veracious, and '*redeunt spectacula mane*' was most applicable to Dublin, and the Dubliners, seeing that the whole population seemed bent on casting all cares about the reception of the Land Bill, shrunk dividends, or agricultural depression to the wanton winds, and devoting a great part of the week to the study of horse-flesh and the *agréments* of the Ball's Bridge Hippodrome.

A word now about the show-ground and the permanent building which the Dublin Society has erected within the past year, with considerable outlay of money and much judgment and good taste. For beauty of situation and accessibility, no critic, or even carper, could find scope for dispraise. About a mile from central Dublin, and linked to it by a well-made tramway, on either side of which rise a succession of semi-detached villas that are evidently the dwellings of prosperous mortals, is Ball's Bridge, that spans the river Dodder with a single arch, and on its left bank was an open tract of meadow land of well-nigh a hundred acres, the property of Lord Pembroke, a portion of which was quickly usurped by enterprising builders and contractors, while the Dublin Society secured the remainder, consisting of about twenty acres, by a long lease. The Dodder,

once a salmon-haunted stream, has degenerated by the evil communications of a great city into a somewhat dirty drain; and little, in an æsthetic point of view, can be said in its praise; but the Dodder comes tumbling down from the Dublin mountains, and these are seen in all their beauty of colouring and outline from the show-ground, which is not very far removed from the famous Donnybrook Fair Green, now, like so many other landmarks and institutions, abolished and disestablished, while the Irishman in all his glory, and the Irishwoman in all her bravery, is far more easily found in the vicinity of Ball's Bridge than on the old Green of Donnybrook.

'The mountains looked on Marathon,
And Marathon looked on the sea,'

is a couplet, *mutatis mutandis*, applicable to the new Horse Fair and Bazaar, for a bight of Dublin's famous bay runs by near the entrance, and the odour of brine may be inhaled on the banks of the Dodder, while in some lights the mountains seem to hang over the building and its enclosures. But, if the situation is admirable in some respects, and most convenient for the city folk, it must be acknowledged that for owners of valuable horses such as are to be seen at this show, the selection has not been altogether a happy one, seeing that it is on the extreme eastern verge of the metropolis, whereas the majority of horses come from the western side of Dublin either by road or rail, and the risk of going over three or four miles of slippery pavement is not to be too lightly esteemed, particularly for young horses, to whom the sights of a city must be strange and even appalling when presented in the guise of a tramcar, or that *chimæra dire*, a traction-engine, a thing that no horse can at first realise or pass by without making signs of excitement and emotion.

The true site for a permanent hippodrome equal to the necessities of the case, was to be found on the north-western side of Dublin, close to, if not absolutely within, the limits of the Phoenix Park, for round the latter playground of the city cluster the great majority of the dealers' establishments, while it is near the termini of the two lines which convey most of the horses of Ireland and the metropolis both for show and shipment, while the proximity of the grand galloping spaces of the Phoenix Park, once a favourite racing track as it is now a training arena, would have proved of inestimable value to buyers as well as sellers of highly bred and high-class hunters.

The locality having, however, been once decided upon, it is only fair to state that the executive secured, upon the left hand of the Dodder, as good and level a space as need be desired, and that good taste and correct judgment are evidenced in the solid permanent buildings erected for their annual hippic *fésta*. The central hall, on which an annexe or two have been engrafted, is a fine airy structure of its sort, some 240 feet in length by 140 feet of breadth, and affords accommodation for nearly 250 horses without overcrowding,

with ample intervening avenues for spectators. And here we may remark, *en parenthese*, that it is perhaps rather a pity that the Society did not erect cage-boxes or stalls here of the permanent order, instead of temporary makeshift stabling for the occasion, which will be pulled down when the show is over. Wellington used to say that it took a general to lead 10,000 men out of Hyde Park without 'clubbing'; to send out 600 highly bred and mostly young horses from one building is almost as serious a task upon generalship and organisation, and this ordeal, with its daily recurring risks, would have been obviated had the horses been housed on the premises. Nor would the measure have been impolitic either, as the public who now get a street show gratis every day, would have been stimulated to come inside and contribute to the Society's exchequer. Possibly, after the splendid success which the present show has proved, financially and in *prestige* too, the executive will consider the propriety of offering quarters to the exhibitors' horses by night as well as by day.

Externally the exhibition building, without any pretensions to the ornate, is pleasant to the eye, and the combination of brick and granite looks well, though it taxes the architect's art to glorify a huge shed of the sort, or give an æsthetic character to a sort of cavalry barrack.

Having considerable space at command, it was determined to make jumping for prizes a speciality, and for this purpose a space was portioned off for the competitors, commanded by a grand stand and a petty stand on either side. The leaps consisted of the ordinary gorsed hurdle, a wall built after the similitude of the Downshire first wall at Punchestown, a pseudo-brook protected by a wattled hedge—and *pièce de résistance* of the contest—a double of fair proportions, though rather straight on one side with a fine broad top, where a picnic could be easily arranged. This double, however, proved a grave to many good hunting reputations, owing probably to the absurdly small 'grips' (the vernacular for ditches) on either side, which naturally suggested all sorts of evil counsels to unwilling minds; and, indeed, the entire erection had the look of an exaggerated mound of newly made earth. Moreover, the recent rains had clothed this obstacle with a luxuriant crop of vividly green grass, and the whole thing looked so monstrous and unfamiliar to country reared and trained horses that a great many declined going farther than the first ditch, preferring to die there rather than spring on the uncanny barrier, with a resolution worthy of the warrior of whom we read in history as always ready 'to die in the first ditch.' After two days of bad practice the bank was bevelled off by spades and shovels, and the green enamel pared off. Perhaps the two best performers were the representatives of the Ward Union and Roscommon Staghounds.

The fame of Ireland as a horse-breeding country rests mainly with her hunters and hunting-chasers, if one may coin such a title for the occasion. Flat racing in Ireland justifies its name, for it is

flat, often stale, and oftener still unprofitable; while, moreover, the pick of her blood stock are invariably drafted to England to contend for the rich prizes to be gained there. It may seem captious to make these observations when Sibyl, Philammon, and Madame du Barry are upholding the fame of the Green Isle most worthily; but then these are the exceptions, whereas hunting quality and talent is very common in Ireland, and among her best three and four-year-olds chasers of infinite possibilities may be selected, as well as among the lighter of the hunting classes. It is this fact that gives such zest to Dublin horse shows, and makes this horse mart perhaps the best in the world.

I suppose most people would allow that the chief *raison d'être* of horse shows is the improvement of the species in all its classes, so far as nature and circumstances will permit, and establishing types of form and symmetry by judicious crossing. Of course the buying and selling department must be subsidiary to this, and hence, if these postulates be true, the question arises, is the type of 1881, and the general standard of equine excellence, equal to or above the average? In point of number of exhibits the show was slightly behind the best year in quality; it is pronounced superior to any past, while the opportunities for seeing, judging and criticising were unrivalled. We do not propose in this paper to go through the classes *seriatim*. Let us glance first at the thoroughbred sires, premising that ten were exhibited. Of these, Ascetic by Hermit, dam by Melbourne, was placed first, and the judgment was confirmed by the court of appeal, consisting of the general public. A very compact, true-made horse, of great power and good limbs, he was *facile princeps* in his class, though his condition would imply that his face had been that of an ascetic, or that his pilgrimage of love had been too prolonged; and in looking on him one thought of his sire on that snow-flaked Derby, which he illustrated to the confusion of many. Ascetic, though not long naturalised in Ireland, has already sired the best racing filly of the year in the opinion of many.

Among the sires calculated for roadsters, Captain Archdale's Forlorn Hope led the van.

The welter hunters capable of carrying 15st. to hounds, were said by the judges to be a very superior class, and as the judges consisted of Lord Waterford, Major Borrowes, and Captain Riddell, their dictum must be respected greatly. Still, it struck us that the ring was somewhat of a lumber-room, and that not a few of the competitors had enough to do to carry themselves. Clonmel, the first-prize taker, is a well-bred level horse, chesnut in colour, and of good size and power, with action enough for a hunter. He is by Speculation, a son of Adventurer, and his owner a policeman, though not a mounted one (officially), is one of the straightest steerers over a big county in Ireland. He may be considered fortunate, as Captain Slacke was awarded the first prize for a superior stamp of brown hunter—Clondulane, by the same sire, who was strained

slightly in galloping round the ring and was thus disqualified, when the first prize fell to the second Clonmel.

In the class of hunters from 13st. 7lbs. to 15st., Mr. Carew of Kildangan gained the blue riband with a beautiful bay five-year-old, called *Cadet*, of good action in all paces and fine hunting shape. He was sired by *The General*, dam by *The Wanderer*, both nominally half-bred horses, though the latter won the Grand National (Liverpool) of his year.

Of hunters from 12st. to 13st. 7lbs., the class was very numerous and quality was good. Here *Victorious*, by *Victor*, a steel-grey gelding, five years, of perfect manners and a charming mover in all paces, gained the premiership from a great and far stronger brown gelding by *Polestar*, who, however, had had his hocks scored by the irons. In the class of four-year-old geldings, capable of 13st. 7lbs. and upwards, some very promising young hunters were exhibited, but *Emigrant*, a bay gelding by *Blair Drummond* (a son of *Blair Athol's*), was a Saul among his fellows, and gained a first class easily enough. He has size, length, substance, and symmetry, a fine rein, good shoulders and quarters, and ought to carry a tall man well to hounds, or peradventure win a welter hunt race.

In the class of four-year-olds, ranging from 12st. to 13st. 7lbs., *Lord Drogheda* was the winner with a neat son of *Outcast*, colour black or brown.

Of the stronger hunting-like four-year-old fillies, *Captain Davis* showed the winner in a strong, well-made daughter of the defunct *Blood Royal*, and *Mr. Murphy* of *Montpelier Hill*, the well-known dealer, ran him hard with an extremely handsome light bay filly of great power and good action, by *Swordsman*.

Boreas sired the best three-year-old colt, and *Janitor*, by *King Tom*, the one placed second.

The harness horse competition was rather poor, but *Mr. George*, the French buyer, gained first honours with a showy goer by *Victor*. The cobs, hacks, roadsters, and ladies' horses were neither very numerous nor very brilliant in looks or action; but, owing to the rage for polo-play in Ireland, the pony class was well represented, and *Captain Allfrey* of the 60th Rifles was the exhibitor of the best, and *Captain Spicer* of the 5th Lancers, a famous poloist, ran him a good second.

Mr. J. C. Murphy, whose sire *Hollywood*, of *Liverpool Cup* fame, is making his mark in Ireland very fast, won the prize for the best thoroughbred brood mare, as well as for the next best; and in the hunting brood mare class, *Mr. Walker* of *Moynalty* was the most fortunate exhibitor. Of agricultural horses there was the usual number, but we need not dwell on them here; nor were they particularly attractive or interesting.

As a financial success, the show was almost the best on record, some thirty odd thousand having entered the turnstiles, and visitors from England and Scotland poured in continuously. English dealers bought largely, though perhaps prices ranged lower than in former

years, and among them may be named Mr. R. Chapman, Mr. Darby, Mr. Lansley, Mr. Hetherington, Mr. Nurse, &c., &c. Amateur speculators were also very busy, and Mr. Coupland is credited to have added largely to his fine stud, as well as Mr. Albert Brassey of the Heythorp and Lord Cork of the Royal Buck Hounds. Few horses came from England to compete with the natives, but Texas sent a couple of Mustangs, and was not unrewarded for the enterprise.

Ladies proved their interest in the noble animal by constant attendance, and Lady Huntingdon and Mrs. Corbett showed constantly in the rings.

Buyers never, perhaps, had more thorough opportunities for testing their purchases in every way, and, looking at this horse show as a whole, it may be said perhaps to have been as perfect as anything that has yet appeared; nor can it be averred now 'that they manage these things better in France,' or England either.

The riding, with a few exceptions, such as Messrs. Murland, Sweeney, and Hudson, was rough and bad, and the use of a double bridle seems to have been neglected in the education of many 'professors.'

PUGILISTICA.*

IN these volumes, which are to be published on the first day of October, Mr. Miles has given the history of the rise, progress, decline and fall of the noble art of self-defence. It may be true that the game of fisticuffs was practised in this country at the early date (1719) assigned to it by Mr. Miles, but its records are obscure in the extreme, and not much more to be relied upon than the traditions of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table. In Hogarth's famous picture of 'The March of the Guards to Finchley,' more than a quarter of a century later, the man stripped and fighting is supposed to be a portrait of Buckhorse, one of the exhibitors at Fig's Booth, and noted for his ugliness. It was certainly not till the middle of the eighteenth century that Jack Broughton introduced the first principles of science. For many years he was the undisputed champion; but after his retirement the title was held in turn by a number of inferior men, until the appearance of the celebrated Tom Johnson. If we are to believe some of the accounts handed down to us, Johnson, in his prime, was the best and most accomplished boxer the world ever saw: he combined strength, science and gameness in a wonderful degree. But who is to draw a correct line respecting the capabilities and scientific acquirements of men living at different periods, and differing from each other in almost every respect? Nights passed in gambling and intemperance, how-

* 'Pugilistica. Being one hundred and forty-four years of the history of 'British Boxing.' By H. D. Miles, Esq. Published by Weldon and Co., 9 Southampton Street, Strand.

ever, shook Johnson's naturally fine constitution, and proved his ruin, the championship being wrested from him by Ben Bryan, commonly called Big Ben, whom a few years before he would have beaten easily. Big Ben retained the championship till his death, which took place three years afterwards. In Mr. Windham's diary, April 1794, we find it recorded that the Duke of Hamilton, Big Ben's patron, 'told me of the death of Big Ben, who had died the night before, and, with a magnanimity worthy of his conduct on other occasions, was anxious that he should be opened after death for the benefit of the brethren of the art; his death being the consequence of a hurt which he got so long ago as his battle with 'Tring.'

With the nineteenth century there arose a star in the pugilistic hemisphere, Jem Belcher, whose skill quickly put into the shade the pretensions of Mendoza and all the older teachers of the science. His ease and elegance delighted the spectators, whilst his accuracy in timing his blows, and his judgment of distance, were as near perfection as possible. He was equally clever with both hands, and his blows were delivered as quick as lightning and as straight as darts. In after years, when Mr. Gully witnessed the marvellous quickness of young Dutch Sam, he exclaimed, 'Jem Belcher over again.' Belcher was invariably opposed to men superior in weight and strength to himself: when he met the big Irishman, Andrew Gamble, the latter looked with utter contempt upon the youthful aspirant to the championship. 'You had better go back again to Bristol, my poor boy,' said he. 'I will knock a hole in thy thick head first,' answered Belcher, and he was as good as his word. It was not until after he had lost an eye from a blow of a racquet-ball, and that he was in declining health, that he suffered defeat at the hands of Henry Pearce, distinguished by the epithet of the Game Chicken. Pearce is described as being 'one of the most powerful, active fellows that ever graced the ring. His strength was almost Herculean, and his wind was so truly excellent that he was scarcely ever seen distressed. His science, although not quite so fine as that of Jem Belcher, was of a high order, and gave him immense superiority over all his other competitors.' Joe Berks, who had been beaten by both of them, is reported to have said, 'Jem Belcher can pink yer, but it's death to stand afore the Chicken.'

Although all of these champions received a considerable share of hero worship, there was not one amongst them that was such an idol of the British public as honest Tom Cribb; and this was not confined to any particular class or set, but included individuals of all ranks, and, amongst them, the highest personage in the realm. In comparison with Jem Belcher, Cribb was a slow coach, but then he was a hard hitter, and was possessed of prodigious strength and a rare constitution. His fighting weight was generally a little over fourteen stone, but when trained by Captain Barclay in the Highlands, and brought to the pitch of perfection, he weighed thirteen stone six pounds. Cribb's gameness was proverbial, so much so that

the fanciers named their bull-dogs after him: as his friends aptly expressed it, 'he was so strong under the fifth rib.'

In giving an account to the writer of his battle with Molineux, Cribb said, 'I heard Sir Thomas Apreece,* who was seated at the 'centre stake, say, "By God, the Black is winning!" but I did not 'think so.' The possibility of losing never seemed to enter into Tom Cribb's head.

Tom Spring, who came next after him, was likewise a great favourite with the public, but not to such an extent. He was a man of an entirely different type. Although weighing within a few pounds of Cribb, he was not nearly so powerful, neither was he a hard hitter: his detractors used to say that, 'he could not make a 'dent in a pound of butter.' On the other hand, his science was of the first order; he was the most difficult man in the world to get at, so good was he upon his legs, and, for a big one, wonderfully quick: if he did not hit his opponents hard, he hit them often, and with the same result, as his victories over all the best men of the day testified. Of his protracted battles with Jack Langan we take no heed. The latter was merely a hard-headed fellow, with some knowledge of wrestling, and there were men in the Ring who could have beaten him in half the time that it took Spring. But what chance would those men have had with the champion? None whatever.

We are compelled to pass hastily over the later champions—the accomplished Jem Ward, the hardy Deaf Burke, the active, wiry Bendigo, and the giant Caunt,—whose deeds will be found duly chronicled in the pages of Mr. Miles's work. There likewise must we refer our readers for the performances of Jack Randall, Dick Curtis, Young Dutch Sam, Owen Swift, and others entitled to praise, but men not of sufficient weight to aspire to the championship.

The Ring did not thrive after the death of jolly Jem Burn. He was a man of infinite humour, and naturally full of fun, with wit enough to suit himself to the disposition of his hearers. His house, the Queen's Head, in Windmill Street, overflowed with good company, attracted there by the merriment of the host, who never failed to keep the game alive. On the first floor was the Gentlemen's Clubroom, which opened upon the public sparring-room, and there many a match was made, and many of the best men were brought out, any one taken by the hand by Jem Burn never being in want of supporters. The long parlour downstairs was reserved for the topping tradesmen of the West End, who resorted there in large numbers. Upon one occasion, when refusing admission to one of the lower orders, the host added, 'I hate all poor people.' 'Ah,

* Sir Thomas Apreece, the founder of St. George's Hospital, an old Welsh baronet, rarely missed attending a fight whenever he had the opportunity. He was accustomed to take with him a flask of the best gin, which was called by his friends after him 'Old Tom,' a name that liquor has retained to this day in the ginshops of London.

Jem,' said the man, 'you should remember you were once poor 'yourself.' 'Yes; and then I hated myself,' was the ready answer. It would be too much to recount a tithe of the fun that went on at the old Queen's Head, which divided with Limmers the patronage of the golden youth of the period, but we cannot pass over Jem's method of getting rid of drunken customers: he would turn out his bear, without a muzzle, and the place would be cleared sooner than by a dozen policemen. After Burn's death the patronage of gentlemen fell off, and the Ring got into the hands of persons who cared nothing for the sport, but only for what they could make out of it. To engage a railway train, and to make a huge profit out of the sale of the tickets, became the great inducement to the men and their backers. To such a low ebb did the Ring reach, that for some years no one could be found to contest the championship with the big, but awkward, Tipton Slasher. The two last claimants of the title were the gallant Tom Sayers and the clever Jem Mace, but each of these men weighed less than eleven stone!

And then came the bitter end. Peremptory orders were sent out from the Home Department that the Ring was to be altogether stamped out, and this was done. By the suppression of fairs, back-sword and wrestling had already become things of the past. We have not had long to wait for the effect of these steps upon the English character. The old laws of chivalry and fair-play have become forgotten; assaults upon women, and the use of the knife in quarrels, have become more frequent, as the reports from every assize will show. In South Africa we have reaped shame and dishonour, such as never before stained British arms. We have only ourselves to blame in having deprived our people of those hardy, athletic amusements, to the practice of which we owed much of that courage and hardihood for which our soldiers and sailors were once conspicuous.

Tantum, proh pudor, degeneravimus à parentibus nostris.

A CHAT ABOUT PIKE AND PIKE-FISHING.

PIKE-FISHING comes in season about this period of the year as certainly as that trout capture approaches its end. From early spring the pretty, blood-spotted, silver-bellied fishes have had full innings, and the period of their declension is at hand. They have approached the end of their piscatorial session, and are preparing to spend the recess in the bosoms of their families, occupying themselves with the domestic duties which devolve on them at the latter end of the year. But master pike has yet a long time to tyrannise—is he not addressed by the poet as 'fell tyrant of the liquid plain'?—and, during the later days of September and the succeeding months on to February, he does effectively act the law of compensation in Nature by decimating the streams wherein he dwells with a hearty

rapacity. I have proved that a three-pound pike will swallow his weight of food in a day. If a man of, say, a hundred and fifty pounds weight, did this, his meal, to say the least of it, would be remarkable.

Those who have written with poetical feeling on fishing and quite nine out of ten fishermen, look on the pike with somewhat the same dislike and even hatred that the sailor beholds the dark fin of the shark. It is true the characters of the pike's countenance—if the term may be employed—are unprepossessing in the extreme. The under jaw protrudes, and this, with its immense capacity, gives it an appearance saturnine, even sardonic, in the extreme. Its jaws seem to grin with a remorseless and unrelenting determination to seize and to slay, which has no analogue even in the face of a Bill Sykes or a dynamite Irishman. Armed with razor-like teeth, some anchylosed, others retractile, its mouth is comparable only to the dragon-like cavity of the crocodile or alligator. Its method of seizing its prey is almost precisely similar also to these saurians, and who shall positively assert that the pike and these were not related intimately in antediluvian ages? According to Sir John Lubbock, in his recent address to the British Association assembled, there are some who understand the Darwinian theory of descent to imply that a cow may, by the selection of the fittest, ultimately become a sheep, and a zebra a horse. This, Sir John says, is erroneous; but the *original* forms of the animals may have been the same. *Ergo*, may not a pike and the alligator have descended from one original stock?

So much for the worse aspect of the pike. Granted it is a relentless, rapacious animal; it is not cruel; rather otherwise. Unlike the cat, it does not sport with its prey, but despatches it at once with a few determined crunches, and proceeds to pouch it immediately. It lies *perdu* in the water, and does not pursue from choice; and the proof of this can be appreciated by every jack-fisherman in the fact of the superiority of live-baiting—the bait being within an invariable circle of a few feet—as regards results, over spinning. Further, I do not believe that the pike cares to pursue a fish as far as the trout even. Recently I saw the latter fish chase a minnow nearly a dozen yards in a very shallow stream, and I cannot recall an instance of such persistent pursuit in the case of any other fish, the shark excepted, perhaps. Its rapacity has been given it for the special purpose of keeping down the superabundant produce of the waters in which it lives and moves and has its being. It fulfils its instincts in a precise, and hence actually merciful manner, as we have seen. Why, therefore, the prejudice which unquestionably exists against it, personally, on the score of its general viciousness and cruelty?

As to its positive and actual beauty of form—if beauty of form be conceded to be the perfection of a means to an end—and of colouring, I must be allowed to say, at the risk of being prosy, that it here compares favourably with even the admitted king of fish, the salmon.

The powerful motor powers of the pike in its huge and muscular tail and ventral and dorsal fins, adapt it for swift rushes; whilst its mottled sides, wherein green, black, silver, and even yellow are the constituent parts of the colouring, are, in variety and combination, of exceedingly handsome appearance, providing the fish be from water fished in October, or the fine (if any) succeeding months.

Of course from what I have said it will readily be inferred that I am an enthusiastic jack-fisher. And so I am. I am willing to concede that in rivers where the other fishes have been so reduced by various causes, such as pollution, floods, navigation, and over-fishing, it is highly improper to encourage pike. He will, as I have said, devour an immense amount of fish, and is therefore an element of destruction in such case which must not be allowed to work its will. If, however, a river has been unmolested for many years, and allowed to glut itself with fishy denizens, then, like war amongst nations, the depleting pike may be allowed to have its way. Here, again, the grand law of the 'survival of the fittest' shows itself. Over-population weakens the individuals of the stream—the pike begins its depredations; it kills and eats the weakest, the strongest escape, and from them a new and improved breed of fish is evolved.

Herein, therefore, lies the true philosophy of the preservation of creatures of prey. They are beneficial in keeping down the weaker of the species, on which they feed. There may be, I am aware, some apparent exceptions to this, but I submit that the principle is almost universally applicable. In any case, it is so in regard to the pike in our waters. In Germany the carp ponds are sometimes supplied with a few pike, of smaller size than the existing carp—when the latter run large—and the increased activity of the carp in consequence is found to improve the edibility to a remarkable degree. In other cases, pike are introduced for the direct purpose of killing off the weaker fish, and of inducing exercise in the larger; and a further item in the law of compensation is exhibited by the fact that as soon as the depredator is fat enough, he is in turn demolished by the greatest of all depredators—man.

But to return to the sport afforded by the pike. What more delightful picture of a day in its pursuit can be imagined than that presented by good sport on a large lake of crystalline clearness surrounded by verduous undergrowths and trees of majestic growth? Perchance, on setting forth from the shore amid the beneficent beauty of the autumn sun, the ripples are dancing and quivering, making a giddy sparkle—silent music of the waters. The lush undergrowths on either bank are brilliant and waving, and the green of the mosses is almost metallic in its lustre. A little brown squirrel sits quaintly under one of the ancient beeches cracking its triangular fruit, and then suddenly scuds aloft—not to the summit of the beech, for the bark is too smooth, but to the heights of a near elm—as we row towards the opposite shore. And the splendid golden-brown-leaved beeches, with their great boles and thick-leaved roofs!

How grandly they stand in their 'sere and yellow' foliage! Beyond on either side the 'sable-plumed' pines are ranged haughtily as if they disdained companionship with things aquatic, as indeed they do, for pines do not care for an abundance of the watery element. We draw near to a shadowy nook, over which droops that symbol of sadness, the willow, and the shore of which is fringed with rushes. With a light splash the silvery dace-bait takes the water, and, like the deadly and unexpected spring of the jungle tiger, a large pike is upon it. First for the weeds he tries, then with heroic courage he steers outwards; the angler's light touch detects the eight or ten-pound fish, and, knowing the fragility of the tackle, he allows him his head till, like a runaway horse allowed his own way on a straight road, the fish is spent, and victory becomes comparatively easy. I defy any one to say that I have exaggerated the above one iota, and I equally defy poet or painter to adequately tell us of the feelings of triumph possessing the jack-fisher successful, as he reloads his pipe, takes a dram of whisky, and readjusts another bait.

Ah! and how health-restoring is a good day's sport under such auspicious circumstances. The statesman, 'his mind half buried 'neath some weightier argument' like Lucretius; 'the student, burning the midnight oil;' the man of business in 'populous cities pent;' the artist, all alike derive a sort of mental rest and bodily recuperation. The frosty air is light, and charged with electricity and oxygen; the light breeze fans the hitherto thought-fevered brow, and the gentle, unsinning excitement of fish capture sends the blood with fresh impulse through the veins, making every nerve tingle with delight. To end all, the jack-fisher goes back to home and friends to reap an aftermath of pleasure in the exhibition of his fish to admiring beholders.

But look upon that picture and on this. Rendered enthusiastic by an autumn success, the jack-fisher, knowing also full well that in winter the pike will often bite equally as well as at any other time, secures a fisherman for a day's fishing on the Thames. Despite the threatening aspect of the weather, he determines to risk the chances of sport—forgetting all about the chances of rheumatism (the scourge of anglers), coughs, colds, and cramps. Behold he arrives at the water's side, and the river, swollen to twice its normal size, rejoices in a boundary of ice, and farther inland the snow lies thick. The sky above looks leaden and comfortless, and to a weather-wiseman would indicate dirtier weather—or rather cleaner, for snow is clean—than ever. However, he steps into the boat with confidence, and is soon afloat. Directly after some reasonable indication of sport presents itself in the shape of a run which ends in nothing—the fish having dropped the bait—the ominous clouds burst, and, falling thick, the great snowflakes soon envelop everything, even the near scenery, in a dimness which the eye cannot pierce. Then arises the storm wind Euryclydon, the bitter, biting, black blast that, despite the intercepting snowflakes, creeps shrewdly into and round the bones. Muffled to the chin

and booted to the hip, the jack-fisher yet experiences the marrow-chilling discomfort. The net line freezes in the rings of the rod, and has to be thawed in the mouth from time to time. The silver whisky flask, given him by a dear old college chum, long since in the silent land, as a keepsake, stands perchance on the well of the punt ready for use, and, after thawing the line anew, he coils it on the said well. Swish-er-er-tug, and the bait just cast comes to a sudden stop; it is entwined by some accident around the flask, and overboard it goes, to be recovered when the sea gives up its dead. This is the last straw necessary to complete the piscatorial ruin of the angler, and with an angry expletive he goeth homeward to probable rheumatism, possible inflammation of the lungs, &c., &c.

Neither is this picture an exaggeration. I have been a victim of foul weather more than once, and know how bitterly it can punish one in the directions named.

Successful pike-fishing does not depend on mere chance; this should be distinctly understood, and such methods adopted as will secure fish under varying circumstances. Of course if one be so fortunate as to find localities unfished where fish abound, he can take pike with a cork-float for bait, so to say. But supposing the locality a well-fished one, there is very great necessity to be circumspect and to be aware of the hiding-places, &c., of a fish so noted as the pike for its solitary habits and its monogamic orthodoxy as regards its marital duties. A pike which has been hooked several times is not quite a fool in the matter of hooks and tackle and its consequences, and must be treated accordingly. It is therefore necessary to use the extremest care in the use of either the flight or spinning-bait, the gorge and the live-bait.

Now as to the use of the spinning-bait. Putting on one side the very unsportsmanlike character of trailing, it is certainly a most effectual method of scaring whatever fish are left uncaptured, and after a time the spinning-bait becomes almost nugatory in respect of its killing powers. Thereafter it is advisable to make use of either the gorge or live-bait. Of course after a time the normal condition of the fish returns, but not in some cases for years. I make these remarks because I have known anglers, after using the spinning-trail continuously in a lake and finding at last no sport result, to deny the further existence of fish. Legitimate spinning has of course a similar effect in a circumscribed area, but in by no means so marked a degree.

The casting of a spinning-bait should be easy and graceful, not noisy or jerky, and just before it alights on the water let the point of the rod be raised slightly that it may fall lightly and with little splash. It is quite a mistake to deem the pike careless of noise and disturbance. Truly he is not endowed with such fortitude to withstand the pangs of hunger, as is the wily-headed old water-fox the carp, and consequently, in many cases, the noise made by the fisher by means of clumsy movements and other unusual occurrences will not disturb the course of sport. In

America, casting tournaments are frequently held proving a complete success, financially at least, but of presumably little benefit to the actual education of the angler; for it is certain no novice would compete. Another hint may be indulged in anent striking the pike. Briefly it amounts to this: wait till the fish turns and then strike—not as if you were smiting a lump of granite, but sufficiently vigorously to fix some of the barbs. By-the-by, it is very interesting in an aquarium to watch a pike feed. It perhaps eyes the bait a moment or two, and then with a terrific lunge nears it. The fleeing fish seems instantly paralysed, as if aware of the impending and terrible death in store. There is a just perceptible pause, and as the mouth opens while the gills are closed a powerful current of water actually draws the inert fish into the cavernous recesses, when one or two vicious bites despatches it, and after it has been placed directly crosswise, the head of the bait is moved maw-wards by means of the movable teeth of the palate and tongue, and one or two shaking movements of the head. All this of course happens in very far less time than the recital has occupied. When the pike has first taken the fish and turned, then is the exact moment to strike. Let any jack-fisher, at the risk of losing a fish or two, try to determine the exact period by the instant telegraphy of his line and rod, and if he impress the sensation on his memory he will be saved many fish to come which otherwise never would fall to his bag.

Trolling—though the word is sometimes used for spinning—is more generally applied to the gorge hook, has been known for many centuries, having been first mentioned by Oppian, but attained its first considerable popularity in England in the latter half of the fourteenth century, when Nobbes published his treatise on it. The hook in use for the purpose to-day has been much improved, though the principle remains the same as in Oppian's time. For example, that made under my direction is flexible, whilst the ancient style was of a single rigid piece.

This same trolling is not generally looked on as an 'art,' though Nobbes so called it. It requires very great skill, however, and the master of the art of trolling may be ranked in the category of 'senior anglers.' When a river is choked with weeds only interspaced by lucid deep lagoons, then is the troll *the* only and satisfactory method; and with wily hand it is urged into and between the weeds. Of course the line should be of a stoutness proportionate to the work to be done, in the event of hooking a big fish. The great idea in the management of the bait is that it be rendered, though dead, yet living to the eyes of the fish.

As to live-baiting, I'm sure I think very little of the style usually in vogue, though I am aware that the largest of English ever taken have been secured by the imprisoned, vivisected live-bait. Fancy an English sportsman sitting calmly awaiting, pipe alight, whisky-flask a-near, and a-watching the agonised movements of a fish through a couple of inches of whose skin he has thrust

the long baiting-needle, next drawn the file-like gimp, and finally inserted the serried shank of the hook; and in addition, when casting the bait, has perchance *torn* the skin yet further! Well may Byron term angling 'that solitary vice,' if he saw live-baiting going on such as I have known to go on, with anglers who, because they can afford to fish places where skill is least necessary, can also afford to be cruel. I speak thus of the ordinary tackle and method, for the cruelty can be avoided if the indiarubber band arrangement I use, and described in my book, 'The Practical Fisherman,' be employed. I oppose live-baiting, however, as a method *in toto*, it being, in my opinion, unsportsman-like.

But *de gustibus, &c.*; and let me not dogmatise to brother sportsmen. Personally I love my old faithful *spinning* rod which has borne the burden and heat of summer's day and the frost and storm of the winter for full a decade of years; and as I write it stands smiling from the corner, though its case is weatherbeaten and itself is no longer whippy and jaunty as of old. And, prithee, let me buttonhole thee, reader, whilst I recount just one wee yarn, of which yon rod was hero, as a last word. In a certain park not a thousand miles from the modern Babylon lies a forty-acre lake, which, at the time of which I write, was said to be glutted with pike and pikesses. Of course permission being sought and granted, I with another, one fine November morning, found my way thither, and as the wind blew steadily, but not very coldly, from the south-east, we determined to seek the smooth water of a deep, but not excessively so, water of a recess near the south side of the lake. Our bait-can contained four dozen prime dace. 'For,' said I, 'it being a short day, surely these are enough and to spare 'for the most insatiable pot-hunter.' The first throw brought a fish, and I can assure the reader that for four mortal hours we got fish with really fatiguing rapidity. The bait had at last to be economised, and with even pieces of the torn dace fish still came to the net. We took sixty-four fish in all; what they weighed I cannot say, as many were returned to the water; but we carried away ten of the best, and they scaled over 90 lbs. My old rod stood the brunt of that day, and can a greater recommendation be accorded the faithful old servant?

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

THE HUNT CLUB MEETING.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.

'THE ROW.'

WHAT a little world it is that we live in! How hard to avoid occasional involuntary meetings! How few can resist being drawn into the same vortex of amusements which society lays as a trap to catch its votaries!

The London season may have had little real attraction in itself to John Mountjoy, although it suited his arrangements and his pleasure to be there, and once there, he could not resist being occasionally drawn into its attractive mazes.

Peter and Gladys, too, among other simple country cousins, had been invited to spend a month in London. Peter had no particular excuse for not going. His salmon-fishing in June had almost become a dead letter. His home cares, his pheasant rearing, his sheep-shearing, would go on quite as well in his absence, and he had not taken advantage of the 'University Club' for a long time, so he voted in favour of the trip, while Gladys was only too delighted at anything that would break the monotony of her home life—once her chief joy, now, alas, made hideous by phantom shadows, conjured up continually in her restless little heart, coming from she scarce knew where; besides, was not John Mountjoy in London, and she might at all events meet him there, or hear of him from mutual friends? So to London they went.

The season had passed its meridian of gaiety. Ascot had come and gone, a rare treat for Gladys. She had been taken into the Royal inclosure, and seen racing, and English high-bred amusements in their finest colours. To say the truth, Gladys had been much admired, even in the great competitive ring of London beauties. Her charming fairness and figure shone out amongst the host of sun-flowers at Hurlingham and in the Park, and her admirers were already a goodly clan.

Sir John Sloper was still of their number. He was not one of your 'faint-hearted' ones, and believed in his power to win Gladys, and, to give him his due, he never threw away his opportunities.

'Why, I declare, Miss Lewes, there is Dick Harwood from 'Broadshire riding with Miss May Prince and her party. I have 'hardly seen him since that jolly week we had at Topley Park eighteen 'months ago. Excuse me, Miss Lewes, I must just trot up and 'speak to him,' said Sir John Sloper, as he was riding by Gladys' side in the Row one afternoon, and off he went.

Miss Lewes would hardly have recollected Mr. Harwood again amongst such a crowd had not her attention been called to him, but she had no difficulty in recognising him now.

As they passed each other next time down the Row, it was evident that Sloper had called his friend's attention to Gladys, for he looked her way and she gave him a bow. How pleasant it is when a man, a good-looking gentlemanly man, wheels his horse gracefully in reply to such a bow, and reins up alongside to renew an acquaintance. Gladys was pleased, and they struck upon a happy strain in the remembrance of the Sandfield run.

'I am so glad, Miss Lewes, to see you keep up your riding. 'When I got back into Broadshire last winter I could talk of 'nothing else but the way you stuck to John Mountjoy over that 'stiff East Rufusshire country. I shall never forget the way you got 'over that double just at the end of the run that brought me to grief.'

Harwood was not a man given to empty praise, or saying what he did not really mean, and Gladys seemed intuitively to know it when she replied, 'Oh, thank you, Mr. Harwood, I hardly expected you ' would have remembered it, but, alas, I have had no hunting since ' that one day, which was such an enjoyment that it only gave me a ' longing for more, like that poor boy of Dickens's, but it has never ' come. Our mountains in Wales are too rough for a lady to hunt ' in, and we have no friends except Mr. Mountjoy who are fond of ' hunting.'

Sloper, who had rejoined the party, looked rather taken to, for he had pressed his mother, Lady Sloper, to ask Gladys down last winter into the Dhustone country, 'to show them the way,' as he expressed it, but the old lady, for some reason or other, had fought shy of it.

'Not had another day's hunting!' said Harwood, in genuine surprise. 'Why, I am astonished that that beautiful mare "Grenadine" ' was not put by especially for your benefit last season, judging by ' Jack's delight at the way you rode her, Miss Lewes, in that ' capital run.'

Harwood was conscious that he was treading on dangerous ground here. He had gone back into Broadshire believing that at John Mountjoy's next shooting week he should see a lady at the head of the table, and that that lady would be Gladys Lewes. Moreover, he had mentally quite approved his choice. 'Just the girl I should ' choose if I were on marrying bent,' thought Harwood. But curiously enough his suspicions about Mountjoy had been aroused by his having recognised him in a box at Drury Lane Theatre a few nights ago, paying great attention to a little fair girl there, whom he could see very little of, because she would get behind the curtain of the box. He felt confident, therefore, that his old friend had changed his intentions, even if he were not now hopelessly attached in one of the many ways in which young men of fortune tie up their prospects in life. The worst feature, thought Harwood, in Mountjoy's case is that 'he keeps his movements so confoundedly secret from all his old ' friends.' With these cogitations he managed to turn off the conversation with Miss Lewes, and as they rode along he rather monopolised her, much to Sloper's disgust.

'Why, Harwood,' cried the latter at last in his highest falsetto, 'talk of the old gentleman, and he is sure to appear; yonder goes ' John Mountjoy. I don't think I have seen him in the Row before ' this season.'

'Yes,' said Dick, 'and look how he sits on his horse. I always ' say, Miss Lewes, that Jack Mountjoy's seat on a horse is the ' strongest I know—there is something about it so indescribably ' firm—that a horse is bound to obey him. I have seen many more ' elegant horsemen, but give me Jack Mountjoy over a big country ' against the world.'

Gladys' eye wandered admiringly after him as she replied—

'He certainly sat his horse beautifully over the jumps in that

'run we were talking about. I shall never forget it, because 'I was taking a lesson, and following him.'

At that moment the subject of their conversation took off his hat in a princely style to somebody, and turned his horse across the ride towards a lady and gentleman; his acquaintance was evidently with the lady. 'A young lady, as I live,' mentally ejaculated Sloper, while Dick Harwood felt altogether uncomfortable, for he knew Miss Lewes was watching the whole thing, and he had his fears for his friend Jack's reputation.

Sloper, in his usual helter-skelter fashion, called out, 'By Jove, 'that is a pretty girl he's found there—who can it be?'

'You don't know her, do you, Miss Lewes? That looks 'uncommonly like a riding-master with her.'

Luckily for Miss Lewes he did not look at her for a reply, being perhaps too intent on eyeing the young lady in question himself; if he had he would have seen a blush, yes and something more than a blush, a look of confusion and anguish, on the fair face of Gladys. Harwood noticed it, and it pained him. Could Gladys believe her eyes? She might be mistaken, but her perception of countenances and people was pretty quick. The interview in Dryscoyd Woods with Myra Reece flashed on her brain like a spectre. Could that be Myra Reece? That little figure in the faultless blue habit on the fine brown mare, the pretty light auburn-tinted hair, so daintily plaited under her hat, with every appointment that money and fashion could procure to set her off. Could that be the person, who had eloped, or absconded, or run away with (it little mattered which) her friend Mr. John Mountjoy? And the answer came ringing back to her with a deadly sickening echo, 'Yes, yes, 'it was.'

She would fain have turned her horse's head and seen no more, but she dared not. There was Sloper amusing himself with the scene, making fun first of one and then the other. 'At all events, 'whoever she is, she can't ride, for she nearly lost her balance when 'her horse swerved at a party of riders cantering past, and look how 'shy and ill at ease she is. I don't believe she has ever been in the 'Row before; and I'll be hanged if Mountjoy is not giving her a 'lesson in holding her reins. This is capital. Why, Miss Lewes, 'you will have some news to tell your brother Peter when you see 'him this evening. She certainly has a pretty little face of her own, 'but no style I should say. I wonder what May Prince would say 'about her, if she were to see her. Her description would set all 'the Dhustone country in a titter of delight.'

Harwood did his best to turn it off, and save his old friend in Gladys' eyes; it was worthy of him to do so, but the arrow had already struck home. To Gladys it was too evident that John's soul was wrapped up in that pretty little blue habit, and that for her he was gone, irrevocably gone.

They were drawing to the end of the ride. Mountjoy suddenly

wheeled his horse, beckoning to his fair companion to do the same, and she did so, but clumsily, and her riding-master, for such he undoubtedly was, touched her rein lightly to bring her horse's head round. It was too late for Gladys and her friends to turn, and in a moment their eyes met. Mountjoy doffed his hat instantly with the air of a gentleman, and Gladys bowed—such a bow—just such a one as she would have given a single magpie had she met with him by the roadside (a bird of ill omen in Wales, which has to be appeased by a bow).

Myra was too dazed apparently by the throng of people to notice any one in particular, but she seemed conscious that John Mountjoy was bowing to somebody, and she turned to look, and in turning her horse gave another little start, which nearly unseated her. Mountjoy looked troubled, and whispered something which was lost to the outer world, while touching his horse lightly with his heel, and calling upon Myra to catch up her reins, they were cantering away down the Row, to reappear no more for that day.

'Well this out-Herods Herod,' said Sloper, as they disappeared. 'I must go and find out who that girl is whom Mountjoy has got hold of.'

'Pray don't trouble yourself, Sir John, so much about Mr. Mountjoy,' Gladys had the pluck to reply. 'He no doubt has lots of friends in London that we don't know, and he was evidently nervous at his friend's bad riding in the crowd, or perhaps he would have stopped and spoken to us;' and saying this she gave Harwood a pretty bow, as if it did not cost her an effort to do it, and cantered away home with her groom behind her, leaving Sir John Sloper to unravel this new mystery.

That night Gladys sat out more dances at Lady Littlejohn's ball than she had ever done before. 'How pale and ill that fair girl from Wales looks; the London season has not agreed with her,' was the kind remark of more than one in the gay throng.

What in the world flies faster than scandal, and the Sloper family were just the people to waft it on the breeze. Before the season was over, every afternoon tea, where Dhustone or Wrekinshire neighbours met, the dreadful behaviour of their quondam favourite, the luckless John Mountjoy, became the leading topic.

'Did I not tell you, Miss Ambrey,' said Lady Poppleway impressively, 'that my lord had heard of Mr. Mountjoy having formed some low connection? Depend upon it, it has been going on for months. I wonder whether he has married her, or intends to do so, when it suits him. If he has the impudence to bring her into Rufusshire or Wrekinshire of course nobody will call, and he will then find out his mistake.'

'They talked of him as a new candidate for the county, but the bubble has burst, and neither the Liberals nor the Tories will be able to swallow him now.'

'He would do better in that line if he were a tenant farmer,'

broke in Lady Sloper; 'the tenants are madly in love with one 'another now, and think that no one understands their case but 'themselves.'

And so the scandal spread, and it made Gladys' life a burthen to her, to hear it gathering strength as it went. She did not know how far she could believe it all. Was it really true that he was married? Or that he was not married, and did not intend to be? One thing was clear to her, and this was that the scandal-mongers had not got hold of the identity of his *protégée*, and did not know the story of Myra, or Mountjoy's connection with her. The man who could throw most light on this was her brother Peter, and come what would she must sound him upon it.

'Peter, dear,' she ventured timidly to say to her brother, soon after they returned home from London, 'I suppose you heard what 'they were saying about Mr. Mountjoy in London when we were 'there?'

'A good deal, Gladys, but precious little truth in it I dare say,' curtly replied Peter.

'Do you really think so, Peter?'

'John Mountjoy is an old friend of mine, and I will not believe it 'of him until it is proved, Gladys.'

This answer crushed out the poor girl's hope of extracting much from her brother, but she determined to return once more to the charge.

'Have you any idea what became of William Reece's sister—Myra, 'her name was, I think—when she disappeared from Cwmnant, 'Peter?'

He paused in his reply.

'I lost all tidings of her near Trevod. Perkins, the keeper, tried 'to persuade me that John Mountjoy had something to do with her 'disappearance, but I did not believe him at the time, nor will I now, 'unless I have further proof.'

'What had Perkins to do with it, Peter?'

'A good deal, Gladys; he was watching the house.'

It cost her an effort to control her feelings as she inwardly muttered, 'Then Perkins was right. He was there himself and 'took her away.' And she went back to her sad thoughts, trying all the time to steel herself into forgetfulness of him, like the brave sensible girl she was; but what a hard one-sided battle it was that she had to fight, a battle that was not won, when in the autumn came a letter from Lady Sloper to say that she had heard from an undeniably good source that Mr. John Mountjoy had started for the Mediterranean on a yachting cruise, and that there was a lady in the case; whether they were married or not nobody seemed to know.

Truly, what curious unreliable characters men are, as Shakespeare aptly says, 'The food of sweet and bitter fancy.'

CHAPTER III.

A WELSH TRIP.

Mr. Richard Harwood—or as he was better known by his familiars and friends by the shorter title of Dick Harwood—demands a more particular description than he has as yet received.

Of a good old Broadshire stock, educated at a well-known public school and at Christ Church, Oxford, he had eaten his dinners and gone to the bar, albeit an inheritance of between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* a year from an uncle in his father's lifetime had done much to put away the idea of hard work, and Dick had had plenty of leisure to enjoy the sports of Broadshire, accept the invitations of friends, such as Mountjoy in Rufusshire, as well as 'do London in 'the season.'

A good healthy face was that of Dick Harwood, looking open and above-board, fair in complexion, with light moustache, a slightly hooked nose, and an elegant figure—elegant in a manly sense, as distinguished from the elegance of a woman; a figure such as it delighted a fashionable London tailor to deck in his newest patterns; neither tall nor short, and rejoicing as a twelve-stone man in the saddle, where he was as much at home in 'The Row' as over the heavy Broadshire clays.

The hunting season was over, and Dick repaired to London for a couple of months to enjoy its season in his own quiet way; not going in for the Orleans Club, or Hurlingham, polo, or pigeon-shooting, but enjoying his Epsom and Ascot, the Horse-show, the best yearling sales, a few good balls and dinner parties, a chat with his friends in the Row, and a look in at Tattersall's, if there were any good lots of hunters in the sale list, where he usually recruited his very nice stable with great credit to his judgment in horseflesh.

This season he had missed the familiar face of John Mountjoy. He scarcely wondered at this from what he had heard in a casual kind of way. John had been yachting, he knew, the previous winter, and there had been a lady on board; whether she was the same lady he had seen in the Row he could only conjecture, or whether they were married or not he was uncertain. John, he thought, was hardly the man, however, to offend against the moral code, and leave out the marriage tie with any one he cared for, so Dick gave him the benefit of the doubt, and pictured him as still wandering about the Continent in this happy state, caring no longer for London in its season of gaiety.

His eyes were destined to be further opened, however, one day on meeting Sir John Sloper. The conversation naturally turned upon Rufusshire, and Dick mentioned John Mountjoy among the missing men of the present season.

'What!' said Sloper; 'you don't mean to say you have not heard of John Mountjoy lately? Why he's the talk of our country.'

'Made such an ass of himself!—gone and married a girl he found on the Welsh hills. Says he has educated her: she turns out to be the sister of the fellow who nearly killed Peter Lewes in the Rebecca row, which I dare say you heard of. It occurred soon after you and I first met at Topley Park. They tried him at the last Bouverie Assizes, and John Mountjoy actually went bail for him to appear again, because the jury could not agree in convicting him. They call her pretty, but she cannot say "boo to a goose," and is so shy that she hides herself away at Topley: of course people don't call on them, and I hear John Mountjoy is wild about it.'

'Why, Sloper, this is terrible!' answered Dick Harwood, with a sigh. 'I hardly thought John Mountjoy would have done this—still less did I think so when Peter Lewes and his sister were staying at Topley. Poor fellow, I should like to see him for all this, and be introduced to his wife; she cannot be very bad, or much of a duffer, or I am sure John would not have gone the length of marrying her. Why does he not bring her with him to London? If she is pretty, they will forget and forgive a multitude of shortcomings and want of pedigree in the great world of London. You Dhustone folks, I am come to the conclusion, are deuced particular and high-flown in the matter of blood. Why, if we in Broadshire were inclined to go three, or even two generations back before we decided on making a call, it would be precious few calls we should have to make, and the "lower crust" would soon upheave and stare out of countenance "the upper crust."'

'Ah,' rejoined Sloper, 'then you would suit my mother, Lady Sloper,' in your notions. She sticks up for Mountjoy, and says his wife has a right to be treated as a lady, so long as she behaves as such. In fact, my mother was very angry the other day at our Hunt Club Meeting, when Mountjoy had the bad taste to bring his wife there and nobody spoke to her except Tarleton. I suppose he thought it part of his duty to be polite, and so after the second race Mountjoy took her out of the Club Stand into his own carriage on the course, and never came in to lunch or spoke to a soul afterwards, although the horse he had ridden himself the year before won the Cup—he had sold him, you know, to Jackson. I believe that if it had not been for Lady Poppleway and Mrs. Ambrey declaring to my mother that they would do their best to break up the Club if she persisted in it, she would have carried out her threat of going across the course and speaking to the poor little woman; for, Dick, to give the devil his due, she is not bad-looking, was prettily and quietly dressed, and did not behave at all badly through it all. I pitied her more than Mountjoy, who has acted like a proud pig-headed fool, in my opinion.'

'Come, Sloper, that is too strong,' retorted Dick, shortly; 'I am a true Broadshire man, and I side with Lady Sloper, and would have seen all the Lady Poppleways in Dhustoneshire down the river before I would have been a party to driving Mrs. Mountjoy

'out of the Club Stand. Poor fellow ! I must write to him. Good-morning, Sloper.'

'What a sad business this is of John Mountjoy's,' thought Harwood, as he strolled away from Sir John Sloper. 'Too good a fellow to throw himself away like this. The worst thing he could have done in proud Dhustoneshire. I dare say he has chosen a very nice little wife, and that when she gets over her shyness she will be liked very much. If Topley was in Broadshire, all about her parentage would soon be forgotten, and she would have fair-play.'

It could hardly be called chance—scarcely fate—that drew Dick Harwood, as the month of June was on the wane, to bid good-bye to London, and determine on a fishing trip. He had tried Scotland, and had caught salmon in the west of Ireland: those lands had no attraction for him now; he would try Wales. It would have the charm of novelty, at all events, even if the sport did not equal its more celebrated rivals. With this view he consulted his old friend, the maker of his flies, not far from St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

His advice was, 'If you want to go to Wales, Mr. Harwood, for fishing, try South Wales, go to the Towy and Tivy for trout-fishing; don't miss the lakes (the Welsh call them pools), where these rivers take their rise, if you can get leave, and then work back over the hills to the Wye and its tributaries at Gwydyr, where there is plenty of unpreserved water, and some sturdy sons of Rebecca to show you how to catch the fish. I will put you together a book of flies that will suit the country, and be sure, sir, you use the biggest when you come to the lakes, and the smallest in the Wye, where the water is very clear.' Dick swallowed this information greedily, with thanks; purchased a map, studied Bradshaw, completed his kit and his arrangements, and London knew him no more for a long time.

On the banks of the wild mountain river Fairwen, there might have been seen, in the early part of July, a sunburnt man, looking almost 'a backwoodsman' in his attire. He had flogged the Towy and the Tivy, and had tried with success the Welsh lakes or pools, to which he had been recommended, where, by good credentials, he had obtained the necessary leave. He felt himself almost a Welshman, with his smattering of Welsh words, and he quite rejoiced in the 'Dym Sassenach' (no English) which greeted him so often. 'Such a primitive, quiet people,' thought Dick, 'keeping up their own language and customs, and troubling little about what goes on beyond their own clan-like selves. I can almost imagine that renegade John Mountjoy falling in love with a pretty Welsh girl.'

'By Jove, that was a big fish I saw rise in that big pool below me ! I must have a throw for him; he will never resist these London-made flies of mine. Ah ! there he is again—now then !' And suiting the action to the word, Dick tossed his leading fly right into his intended victim's last whirlpool. Up he came. Dick was right: the Cockney fly had been too strong a temptation for him. Having

caught nothing but small fish all day, Dick was quite taken aback at feeling the pressure, so tight on his rod that he had to give his fish more line, and still the strain was kept up—down into the lower depths of the big black pool had he gone. Dick gave a rather incautious pull, but it had no effect. It was quite clear that, so far above the water on the rock where he stood, he should never land him. He attempted to gain the shingle at the lower end of the pool, and almost succeeded, when his foot slipped over the last boulder, and down he came, rod and all. It was the work of a moment for Dick to pick himself up, but that moment had been fatal to his chance of landing a good fish; the line came back to him limp, and no longer taut, as he snatched up his rod. His leading fly had departed, and with it no doubt a splendid trout.

Poor Dick! he would have thrown every fish in his basket back into the river could he thereby have become the possessor of that one weighty fellow. He had been beaten, and like a huntsman who, just as he thinks he is killing his fox, meets with some unforeseen check which suddenly upsets his calculations, and every cast fails to recover the line, causing him to give it up at last in despair, so Dick Harwood sat down on the identical boulder stone which had saved the life of his fish, to ruminate over his bad luck, and take a pull at his flask by way of encouragement for the future.

He had had only time to feel in his pocket for this faithful companion of his tour, when, chancing to look up, there was a figure on horseback within twenty yards of him—a lady too; and she had reined up her pony, wondering, no doubt, at seeing a fisherman sitting stolidly looking into the black pool below him.

RABBITS AND POULTRY.

A REVIEW.

- I. *The Book of the Rabbit.* By various Authors. Edited by Leonard Gill. The 'Bazaar' Office, Strand.

FANCY rabbit breeding is hardly a subject in which the general readers of 'Baily' can be expected to take much interest, and this handsomely got-up volume of 423 pages is mostly devoted to pets of this class, though there is a chapter on 'Profitable Rabbit Keeping,' and it is this chapter which will for the most part engross our attention and remarks. Farming is now at so low an ebb, and, with the seasons we have had for the last few years, corn has been produced at an enormous loss, that some thrifty-minded persons have been asking themselves, as well as other people, whether the breeding and rearing of poultry and rabbits—for which there seems to be an ever-increasing demand—is likely to produce a better return than the production of wheat and oats. Our own experience, which is considerable, though on a very limited scale

only as to numbers, is that not only would it do so, but that it would pay better than wheat-growing even in the good old days of Protection. This, however, is not the opinion of Mr. Gill; but the instances he adduces of failure had all the inherent elements of failure about them, and success under such circumstances would have been a marvel indeed. For example, he instances the 'farm' at Mitcham, which was started and worked under the most 'favourable conditions, and with all the advantages of modern 'appliances and knowledge, failed.' We knew the Mitcham farm well, and we also knew from the first that failure was inevitable. The site selected was one of the most miserable swamps in the county of Surrey; a more unsuitable place for the rearing of delicate animals—nearly all of them fancy breeds—like rabbits, could not well have been chosen. It was also crippled for want of capital. The little capital raised to start it was expended in very costly pens and hutches, and nothing could have been more costly or better adapted for animals intended to be kept in confinement than these hutches were. But the scheme was starved, as were the rabbits, for want of money to provide sufficient and suitable food. When the farm was on its last legs, the manager, Major Storey, told us that so convinced was he of the soundness of the scheme and of its success that if he had only a little capital he would carry it on himself; or if we could find a few friends who could raise a thousand pounds, to be expended only in small sums at a time to provide food and litter, that he would superintend the management without pay until the concern did return a substantial dividend. We were almost inclined to be as enthusiastic as the Major, and very likely should have induced a few friends to assist us in raising the wind. We could have had the plant, hutches, &c., for a mere bagatelle, but the site was so vile and so ill-adapted for the purpose—and it had been taken for a term of years—so, as there was no chance of acquiring the costly plant without the incumbrance of a morass, we did not 'rise' at the offer. But we are certain that rabbit-farming can be made to pay; and if any of the readers of 'Baily' has a suitable soil, such as a sandy or marly soil, for which he has no more profitable use, we would suggest a trial of the breeding and rearing of the rabbits known as the silver-grey. We suggest these because their skins find a ready market at a very high price. Good skins will fetch from three to four shillings each. In these days, when furs are so much worn for trimming the dresses of ladies and children, the silver-grey skins meet with a ready sale. But the animals themselves are much more delicate than most other breeds—and here we are at complete variance with Mr. Gill—and require to be well housed and kept dry, and in wet and wintry weather require dry food, such as clover, hay, bran, &c., with plenty of space on suitable ground: 'plant' is not required; the rabbits build their own castles in the banks. At Mitcham the farm consisted of but some four or five acres of swamp, over which some pigs, geese and ducks roamed; the rabbits were kept pent up in hutches. In this respect we take leave to differ from

Mr. Gill, that the farm was *not* 'worked under the most favourable conditions.' As a contrast to the Mitcham failure, and in opposition to the views of Mr. Gill, that gentleman quotes the statement of a correspondent in the *Field*, who says:—

'One thousand doe rabbits; each doe will breed 25 young ones in fifty-two weeks, worth 1s. 6d. each at fourteen weeks old in London market, 25,000 rabbits at 1s. 6d. each, 1875l.; the outlay for rabbits, at 2s. each doe, 100l.; hutches at 2s. each, 100l.; total outlay, 200l.; 125 ewes will breed 150 lambs in fifty-two weeks, worth 2l. 5s. each at twenty-eight weeks old; 150 lambs at 2l. 5s. each, 337l. 10s.; wool, 30l.; total produce, 367l. 10s. The outlay for sheep, at 2l. 5s. each ewe, 281l. 5s.; hurdles and stakes, 5l.; total outlay, 286l. 5s. The food: one ewe and her lamb will consume the same quantity as 8 does and their young ones, so that the food comes to the same expense; take 367l. 10s. from 1875l., there remains 1507l. 10s. balance in favour of rabbits.'

Mr. Gill's book is very tastefully got up and illustrated—indeed, it is one of the handsomest volumes we have seen for a long time, so that if any gentleman wishes to make an acceptable present to a boy, he could not well select a more suitable book.

II. *The A B C Poultry Book*. By Mrs. M. A. Wilson, of Cheltenham. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

This shilling's worth of poultry lore is presented, we suppose, for facility of reference in the A B C form, which we cannot look upon with favour, because it necessarily gives a disconnected account of the subject, but we are assured by a poultry breeder of great experience that it is by far the best book on the subject. Mrs. Wilson scouts the notion that poultry can be made profitable without any outlay, and she mentions some of the most common causes of failure, which she says are chiefly want of cleanliness, overfeeding, or feeding on injudiciously arranged diet, keeping too large a stock in a small space, and perhaps too many varieties. Want of dry shelter is a common cause of disease.

That poultry can be reared at a profit, and what the late Admiral Rous would have called a 'rattling good profit too,' we have had abundant proof. We knew an old farmer who had a poultry-run in an orchard of some three acres in extent, on which he kept a number of fowls; his daughter acted the part of poultry-woman, and the management was as economical as possible: he told us over and over again that the fowl-run was by far the most profitable field on his farm. It kept the house, and went a long way towards paying his labourers' wages. He had a contract with a poulterer to supply him with young chickens or fowls all the year round at 2s. 3d. per head. The poulterer fetched them as he wanted them, but they were mostly in request at Christmas time, and at the time of the Epsom and Ascot races. Though he made use of an 'incubator,' home-made and of the rudest possible construction, he relied as much as he could upon the hens to hatch the eggs; and as his fowls were a mixture of all sorts of breeds—not a pedigree bird amongst

them—he had usually a fair sprinkling of good sitters. The poor dilapidated farmers might, in these starvation times, turn their hands to a worse pursuit than poultry and rabbit farming. Companies on the limited liability principle inherently contain within them all the elements of non-success: the staff of directors and other officials is far too costly for such an enterprise.

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

STRANGE visions of the past I had one evening during the month just gone out, visions which perchance may interest some of my readers, and if they do nothing else, serve to give them an insight into the manners and customs, and let them see ways of sport which are well-nigh abandoned save in very old-fashioned and old-world places; and as they were strongly impressed on my mind I will endeavour to lay them before them. They came about in this manner. I had been out to slay partridges, had a long day's walking without much success, for cover was scarce and birds wild, and when in the afternoon, or I may say evening, we attempted a drive, things did not go very well, so that when I bade my friends good-bye, and turned homewards, the bag was certainly not one that you would publish in the newspapers, or that would arouse the ire of the agitators against the game laws. It was a cold rough evening, as too many of them have been lately, and when dinner was over I turned into the very easy-chair, where those 'Retrospections' you published a month or two ago, Mr. Bailly, came to me, and which I begin to think must at times be what the Scotch would call 'uncannie;' and had mixed some of the real thing, which a friend sends me a cask of every year from the Highlands, and lighted my favourite pipe, I prepared for one of those evenings one appreciates so much after a hard day's shooting. How long I had been thus enjoying myself I cannot say, when a figure (exactly resembling the likeness of one of my ancestors, which hangs above the chimney-piece in the dining-room of an elder brother) appeared, and as it seemed to me seated himself in a similar chair exactly opposite to me. There he was, to the queue behind and the silver shoe-buckles, all correct, and not a very lively-looking companion to spend an evening with. If you ask me whether he was a good-looking man I say decidedly not, indeed I have always been of the opinion that the family has improved in the matter of personal appearance from generation to generation, with the exception of Jack, the elder brother aforesaid, who certainly took the family nose with the estate. Having stared at me for some seconds, he said—

'I suppose you know me, sir.'

'Well, yes, I take you to be my great-grandfather on the paternal side.'

'Quite right, but you seem sadly wanting in hospitality in these latter days. What are you drinking there?'

'Scotch whisky.'

'I suppose so. We drank port and punch afterwards. This whisky is one of the new-fangled notions again. The doctors recommend it; more wholesome, of course. Fiddle-de-dee, I always did just what they said I ought not; never was ill but once in my life, and then threw all the stuff old Pillbox sent me out of window, and got well in spite of him. However, by your leave, I will help myself and try this stuff, and as I see you have sense enough to keep a churchwarden here, I'll light that, and then I want a chat with you.'

'Very well, sir; pray make yourself at home.'

'I intend to do so, or I should come badly off, it appears.' The old gentlenan scowled when I offered him a vesuvian, and thrusting his pipe between the bars of the grate, soon had it in a glow, and smoked away in long solemn whiffs for the space of several minutes, while I waited in a kind of awe to know what he had to talk about, and wondering if he would reveal the existence of any hidden deed or will by which my present circumstances might be improved; at length removing his pipe he said suddenly, 'Kill much to-day?'

'No, sir, we had rather poor sport.'

'Sport,' growled he in a contemptuous tone, 'it's much you know about sport; don't profane the word, sir. I asked if you had killed much, that's what you go out for, with your breech-loaders and your army of beaters. Butchers, mere butchers, there is not one of you who knows how to find birds for himself like a sportsman. Give him a brace of dogs, steady before and behind, send him out with them on a moderately-stocked manor by himself, and ask him to make a bag, and see how he would set about it. Do you think I did not see your party to-day in those scattered swedes, when you walked up a covey and only got a brace of birds out of half-a-dozen shots. There was another brace hit, though you did not know it, one towered and fell half a mile off, and the other dropped at the edge of the clover, winged, and none of you saw him; why my old retriever, Nell, would have had them both; but we will talk about her presently. I suppose the reason you did not follow your birds was because there was not a man amongst you who could mark— (I beg pardon for using a term I dare say you do not understand). Well, I was there, although you could not see me, and did mark them down in the live fence; and in my day we should have bagged all that covey, and this is how we should have done it. With high-ranging dogs we should have taken them up, or if there was one old very steady dog either left him loose, or used a retriever. Scattered as they were we should have had a succession of single shots, and of course brought them all to hand. You walked straight on, and neither knew nor cared where they were gone.' Then with a grunt of dissatisfaction he settled once more to his churchwarden.

‘ You spoke about a retriever ; we had one, sir,’ I modestly observed.

‘ You had a great black dog that chased hares without being told to do so, if you call that a retriever. I should have shot any dog at once that behaved as the one you had out to-day did. You know how you missed that hare in the second-crop clover ; you admit it, I see, by the way you colour, although you moderns are always boasting of the superiority of your shooting, and calling us muffs for having shot over dogs. Well, no tailor could have done worse than you did there, and your dog behaved like one that a tailor had brought up and broken. He was away at once after the hare without any order being given, ran her line through one hedge, or rather ran in view, and as soon as she was out of his sight lost her altogether. Then, did he come to heel, as a well-broken dog would have done ? Not a bit of it, he went careering about all over the place, and had there been any cover in the next field, would have disturbed it all to a certainty, without your having a chance. No, sir, those are not the kind of dogs to call retrievers ; they may do for you, but don’t flatter yourself that they would have done for us. If we had a retriever we had one that knew his business, and would do it ; but with well-broken pointers one was scarcely required, and not often used.’

‘ Are not pointers to be got as well broken now ? ’ I asked.

‘ No, sir, they are not, because your generation will not take the trouble over them. At the house or grange of a few old-fashioned squires you may find them occasionally ; but such men are fast joining us and becoming more scarce year by year. We thought of seeing our dogs work—you think of making your shooting pay, and saving the expense of dogs, or, if you have them, breeding them for show and sale. Pointers broken, indeed ! Read the accounts of the field trials—we see the papers where I come from—and you will see the tissue of blunders the best make. Why, my friend Lord——, would never work less than four brace at a time ; and I have seen half of them standing, and the other half backing at the same moment. He would take them all in succession, kill his bird, or brace of birds, to each, the dogs dropping to shot, and then not one would stir until he was told to retrieve his bird, the others being at the down charge all the time, until the signal to hold up was given, when they went in and quartered their ground as before. That was breaking, if you like. You are all in too much hurry, in the present day—a great deal the effect of breech-loaders, I believe—and will never give yourselves time to make a dog. Runners, did I hear you say ? Well, there is a disadvantage with them where only pointers are used, I admit ; but it will not hurt an old steady dog, and you always have one such to “ foot ” a wounded bird. Then, talk of retrievers again, I will tell you of poor old Nell. You know her likeness well enough ; it hangs in the dining-room of the old house, or rather did, for I believe it was pushed away into an odd corner when your brother had the

'alterations made just before his marriage—more fool he was for doing it, by the way; the old place always had been good enough for his forefathers. She was painted by Stubbs, and a better likeness was never put on canvas. That is just the way she would look when, as it were, asking leave to bring her game—for she never rushed in as that brute you had out to-day did. By the way, she knew whether a bird was hit or not better than I or any one else, and many a time she has looked at me like that, and recovered her bird on the signal being given, when I could almost have sworn it had been clean missed. I remember on one occasion I was shooting with the Duke of B——, a pheasant got up out of a piece of beans, at which his Grace fired and, as he thought, missed it, for it went right away over a coppice that was close at hand. We had not many double-barrels in those days, and his Grace always used a single, from choice; so he had no second chance. He was in a great rage—for he was by no means the best-tempered man on earth—and although I told him the bird was hit, he would not believe it, neither would the old keeper, who always accompanied him, and who was as contrary as himself generally. The pointers both dropped to shot, and I gave Nell the signal. Well, away she dashed, as straight as a line, into the cover, and having loaded, we commenced again. I did pretty well, but the Duke was put out and shot badly, as he always did if he was annoyed; so things did not go very smoothly for the next twenty minutes, and his Grace was a little hard upon me, and he jeeringly asked if I did not think my dog was run home; but at the end of that time, back came Nell with the wounded bird in her mouth, with not a feather ruffled, and put it into my hand. The Duke was delighted, and offered me two hundred guineas for her on the spot, and five hundred the next day; for he never stood at money to get the best of everything, which of course I did not take; but I sent him one of her pups not many months afterwards, and they had the blood up at the Castle for years; and the Duke always took some of them to Scotland every year with him, to use on the moors. I have known her bring a hare more than a mile, and how she managed the gates with it I could never understand, as she was not very large; until one day I saw her push the hare under one and then jump over herself and pick it up again. Now, sir, show me one of your modern dogs that can rival her feats. And she was as good, mind you, in water as on land. I never used anything else to shoot wild-fowl over, and I have seen the icicles frozen all over her, and hanging from her coat at times, but she never flinched in the roughest, coldest weather. We made companions of our dogs in those days, and they looked on us as their best friends, and worked for us accordingly. You have no time to give to your dogs in these days, or rather pretend that you have not.'

Then the old gentleman puffed out volumes of smoke fiercely for the space of three minutes, after that knocked the ashes out of his pipe, solemnly refilled it, laid it down and built himself what I thought

was a moderately good stiff glass of grog for an elderly gentleman from the whisky aforesaid, lighted his churchwarden once more, and still looking as if he had a kind of moral blister somewhere about him, smoked in silence for some time.

At length a smile appeared to come over his face, his eyes lightened up with a happy twinkle, and he said :

‘ Aye, young man, ’twas a merry time when I shot. We had no swell parties or big bags, there was no great amount of preserving, and keepers were not quite such swells as they are now, but they studied game and the habits of wild game then, as much as they study men now. They might not know much about hand-rearing, or who was the man to place at an especially hot corner, for we had neither one nor the other; but they knew where every hen pheasant was sitting, and, when the season came in, where to find the “nide” she had reared, as well as where to drop on nearly every covey on their manor at any given time of the day or year. Some of them could shoot and some could not, but most of them, in their younger days, could hold their own at single-stick or wrestling, and not a few had appeared in the “roped arena,” as I find it is now called, for a bout at fisticuffs when there was a purse to be won, as often as not with the crack poacher of their district, when many an old grudge found vent in a good stand-up fight; and I am not sure that it did not stop worse work afterwards, for the men who had gone through a rattling mill together would scarcely come to bludgeons and firearms afterwards. Then again we had not the rivalry in our shooting that you have, unless perchance it was when very crack men came together, though that kind of thing was brought into vogue a little after my day, at least when I was an old man; and we thought quite as much of the work of our dogs and our knowledge of where to go for our game as of our individual prowess in bringing it down. No large parties, or at any rate very few; a friend or two met together by appointment as soon as they could see to shoot; and there, mind you, I think we were wrong, not because I belonged to a lazy school and did not like early rising, but because we disturbed the birds when on their feed and before they were settled for the day. We had our dogs, as I have told you, and it was very seldom a first season one ever went out when we had a friend, for it was a great point to see them work well; and we had, what you will never have again, some good stubble as high as your knees to work them in, and that was where we always threw off. I own you beat us for turnips when there is a good season, but we did fairly also in that way, for they began to grow roots before the stubbles went out; and then we had the rough grass, hedgerows as wide as this room, and great gorse patches on the downs and hill-sides, which are nearly all gone now; and then, remember, we could get as good sport in November or December as in September, when we had tried all round and driven the birds into them. I recollect well one piece of about sixty acres where I have shot a whole afternoon over the spaniels

'or Nell; aye, and we got pheasants and hares also in it. Well, as I was saying, we went out with just a friend and a good marker on horseback, who, if he was any use, would tell you where to find every bird of a scattered covey, as from an opposite hill he had marked them down; and so we walked and worked for our birds, and twenty brace a day was a good bag. No hot luncheons, mind you; some good honest bread and cheese, as likely as not both home-made—the bread was certain to be—and real good ale to was it down with; and so on till dinner-time. After that we certainly did take our allowance like men; but you fellows are at it all day; hot breakfast, heaven save the mark! not to mention what you call S. and B., an abomination unknown to us; hot luncheons again, and all kinds of wine with them; and then you know that you "nip" between, and have almost eternal smoke in your mouths; that's the reason you want "traps," as you call them, to the ground, and shooting-seats when you get there. Don't deny it, for I see them advertised every week; and you neither walk before dinner, as we could, nor take your port afterwards. Don't argue, but think it over, and you will see that I am right. And now I think it is about time you went to bed,' said the old gentleman, as he seemed to gradually fade away in the midst of his own tobacco-smoke. Somehow or the other I thought it was time I went to bed too, and so followed his advice; and heard the voice of Mrs. N. saying from beneath the clothes, 'Really, my dear, you have sat up very late to-night; and I suppose you did not see the bedroom candle that was left in the hall, as you came on in the dark?'

N.

ABOUT TWO CRICKET GROUNDS.

I **FEEL** that I am going to twaddle, and 'babble o' green fields,' though I trust not in a Falstaffian sense; for so long as the laws of the Marylebone Club exist I shall be happy to live on, and don't want to shuffle off the mortal coil yet. Expertness in any part of a sport is mostly a gift, and I suppose that I inherited it from my mother, who at seventy years of age would catch an orange thrown at her head in either hand, that when a very little boy I was a 'nailer' at catching a ball, and, after the first year of *semper*—long stop at school, my cricket fagging was perfectly Elysian, as I was almost daily told off as a picked fag in single-wicket matches, watching out for both sides; and now, in the sere and yellow leaf of active cricket, there is no pleasure in life to me equal to captaining a lot of youngsters having a three hours' leather-hunt at point or mid-slip, and going in last; but I must have a field to cover me now, and a good professional for first lieutenant. I only wish Young England's pleasures lay in the same direction, but I am afraid that batting and that wretched average business are to many their only joy. Mind, I like to be captain now, for I can forget everything in

the world but the game before me if I have the whole responsibility. With the aid of a good player, wicket-keeper for choice, to consult, I am in an absolute state of terrestrial happiness. I lived at mid-off all the summer as a boy, and never cared about any innings, and this love of fielding passed me pretty early through the elevens from junior match upwards, and when the height of my ambition was reached, and I was in the eleven and ordered up to Lord's, the old governor, very wisely as I think now, said 'No,' and suggested that middle-off was not my only vocation in life, and intimated that as grace before cricket I must bring home with me a much better report of my doings at school at Christmas and midsummer than heretofore. By Jove, how I pined in silence pending the struggle at Lord's in 1840, from which I was absent, and how I stuck to work next half-year, and that king of men, Charles Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrews, second master, with whom I had nothing to do in school, and who heard of my disappointment, volunteered to coach me privately, and kept me as straight as a die for twelve whole months, and moreover got up single-wicket matches, and played in them with us, and coached us in batting. After the old governor's death, nearly twenty years ago, I found a charming private letter from Wordsworth speaking so kindly of me, and saying that the only thing he was afraid of was that I was a confirmed smoker, 'a small matter in itself,' he remarked, 'but inconsistent with observance of discipline, which he looked on me at my age to support.' I knew nothing of this till I found the letter in 1864, and I went to Lord's on condition that I gave up smoking at school.

What a pleasure it is to interview a kind old governor years after his death, and how we forget the bitters and remember the real lovingkindness and care when we were impetuous, and the yoke galled us. I should have liked to have gone to Lord's in 1840, and would have gone to the deuce too with pleasure for the sake of being mid-off in the matches then, but I believe in reality that the fruit was sweeter for hanging a year longer, as it was earned somewhat.

And so I first saw Lord's on the evening of July 27th, 1841, just at the close of the Kent and England match. What a splendid place I thought the then cottage-like pavilion, now immortalised in a very badly drawn but valuable picture of the Coronation match, North *v.* South in 1838, hanging up at Lord's and in the upper room at the Oval.* I met several of our eleven there, and the two Mynns, who had been playing for Kent, recognised me, as they lived in my part of the world. They were talking to Lord Somebody, I forget whom, and one of them said, 'Here's one of the 'Winchester boys, my Lord,' and I grew six inches on the spot on being recognised by two of *the* Kent eleven, whom I almost

* I gave the Surrey Club the copy at the Oval. I acquired it very dishonestly. The bailiffs were in possession at a cricketing inn, and the landlord suggested to me that it was a pity that the Jews should have the picture, and the temptation was too great, and I took it away under my greatcoat.

worshipped then, and believe in now. And then I stumbled across our captain, the immortal V. C. Smith, who was five years captain of Winchester, and was over twenty-two years old on his last appearance in that capacity in 1843, and V. C. S., who had eyes like a hawk and ears as sharp as an old dog fox, whispered, 'I just 'heard Bob' (the soubriquet of the outer world for a patriotic old Harrovian, just as 'Pam' was the soubriquet of Lord Palmerston) 'call for a bowler, and he has two Harrow fellows with him; we'll 'see what they are like,' and we mixed with a small crowd who were watching at a practice wicket, and shortly after the Harrow Mentor appeared with two pupils, one of whom, I think it was Agar, wore patent-leather boots, and looked rather a dandy. I can see 'Podder' now (as V. C. S. was always called after the Hero of All Muggleton and Dingley Dell) biting his fingers, as was his wont when he was thinking hard, and watching our foes at practice, and I can hear his verdict, 'That fellow can play;' and I can hear the words from the Harrow Mentor, 'Keep that right foot *firm*, I tell 'you, and face the ball.' I heard almost the same words in the same familiar tone of voice at the Oval in a hailstorm in April last, when the same Harrow Mentor forty years later on was very good-naturedly trying to help Mr. F. Burbidge to find some cricket talent out of a lot of raw recruits who had an eye to the County eleven, and who came up for a preliminary trial.

It is no good going on twaddling, but the picnic party of to-day at the school matches at Lord's may like to know what Lord's was like at the school matches forty years ago.

At the Harrow and Winchester match in 1841 there might have been a thousand people present in the afternoon; in the morning there was no one there hardly except the Harrow boys, who then only numbered about eighty in the school, a few members of the M.C.C., and old public school men, a few Winchester fellows who lived near London, and a most critical knot of professionals under the trees in front of the tavern, and a drunken Harrow vendor of fish who called himself 'Lord Warner of Harrer,' came drunk and kept drunk, and offered to fight any one who said a word against his boys. Morgan was his hero, and very well he played. 'Go it, my 'little Morgeen,' was Lord Warner's cry all through his innings. We lost the toss, and went out for a jolly good licking single innings, as we had not a bowler of any kind. Will the present generation credit it when I tell them the reason why? We had notice just before beginning that the then just law of keeping the hand below the shoulder (about which the M.C.C. were very strict) would be rigorously enforced, and our two round-arm bowlers who had won us every match of the year almost, and who bowled as high as the ear, were useless. We had to go on as we could with two second-rate bowlers who sent down twenty-seven wides in one innings, and Harrow got nearly two hundred runs, and we only got seventy-three, and had to follow, and were eighteen short at the end of our second innings. Losing our bowlers, and a long leather-

hunt, proved a damper, and we had to take our licking. I can now hear the 'Who-whoop!' of the Harrow Mentor when the last wicket fell. We had a jolly good shake-hands with our victors, and the H. M., as I may call the Harrow Mentor, gave the Winchester captain a bat. But what a curious game cricket is! Eton had enormous bowling strength—Marcon, the quickest ever seen (*vide* Lillywhite), George Yonge, and Harvey Fellows, two splendid bowlers, but very quick, especially Fellows, who bowled in Gentlemen *v.* Players for some years, and the present Sir Emilius Bayley, one of the finest boy-batsmen seen. It was ten to one on Eton almost. We did not care at all about the quick bowling, and the backing up of the Harrow fellows, who had just beaten us, cheered us up, and we got one hundred and twenty-one runs, and then V. C. Smith went on quick underhand against Eton, and bowled fourteen wickets in the two innings; in the second innings of Winchester nine of the eleven got double figures, and the splendid bowling was wholly demoralised; and when it came to the Harrow and Eton match Emilius Bayley scored 152, and Harrow were knocked into a cocked hat and beaten in one innings by 176 runs. Lord's was the place to try a boy's metal when the matches were played before a ring of spectators representing the three schools, without any fashionable crowd. If there was anything in a boy it was sure to come out in one of the two matches which each school played, and it is not too much to say that the grandmotherly policy of the authorities of Eton and Winchester, who meddled with and muddled boys' cricket, has stamped out the pure gold which consisted of a week's trial of strength between boys themselves before a jury of real cricketers into a two days' tournament for the amusement of people, a large portion of whom believe, as Mr. Punch humorously remarked, that Eton is in at one end and Harrow at the other. The opinions of the Dons as to what boys *do* wish and do not wish, is about as valuable as the opinion of an old relative of mine, a single lady of evangelical principles, used to be as to what I liked and did not like when a child. As sure as Farmer Broadbean's wife suggested that, after having been dragged along a dusty road to church two miles on a summer afternoon, and after listening to a very low church parson, who had discovered a county even hotter than our pew, I should come in and have some plum-cake and ginger-wine, so surely did my relative reply *for* me, 'Oh no, thank you, I am sure he 'would rather not.' And I was blown up because I didn't cry when that old relative died. Lend me a pocket-handkerchief, Mr. Baily, and I will try to do it now. If the boys were left to themselves, and they had the chance of going back to the old ways, and of playing before a ring of real cricketers at Lord's, without the fashionable crowd, *don't* you tell me that they would not do it. Of course, as the authorities tell you, and as I believe, the matches at Eton and Winchester are very pleasant reunions; but for the hundredth time they must be told that it was *not fair* to set up idleness as one of the excuses for discontinuing matches which they had nothing to do

with. I will run the risk of being thought cocky or conceited, but I must record the value of sticking to one thing when a youngster, and I never professed but one thing in cricket, and that was fielding, which was my madness. In fact, I believe that I never scored double figures until I was seventeen, and my batting was almost nil. Emilius Bayley, before the Eton match, had four bowlers at him who could not touch his wicket. 'Podder,' in the first innings, got him for five with a bail full pitch; and in the second innings Bayley set quietly to work, and there did not seem a chance of getting his wicket, and he got fourteen in a few minutes, when he played too forward and a little too quick to a very quick, straight ball, and she 'rocketted' between the wickets; and bowler, wicket-keeper, or point or mid-on might have gone for it, and probably have collided. The space was open for me at mid-off, though I was some way off, and I shrieked in agony, 'Let me come! let me come! I have her,' and running from mid-off I just got my two hands to it about as high as my knee, and had to run some yards on before I could throw her up. Curiously enough, about five or six years since, a handsome gipsy-looking officer came to me at the Oval and asked if he was right about my name. I did not know him from Adam, and he told me that he heard me shout, 'Well fielded!' in the Gloucestershire and Surrey match then pending, and said to himself, 'That is the old voice,' and he reminded me of that catch and that death-shriek. There is great luck in these catches, but when a man shrieks he generally has sighted the ball, and ought to be allowed the try. The man who recognised my voice again was Bob Bright, who held the Khyber Pass most bravely, during the late war, and who had only seen me once for five minutes on his way to the Crimea since he left school.

During the Eton matches there might have been two thousand people present, but the games were played with admirable good temper and chivalrous courtesy, and as I saw all the old School matches from that day until 1854, when they were stopped, I can say without fear of contradiction that the alleged reasons (*inter alia*) of quarrelling and bad blood were the greatest rubbish that ever was talked, and were absolutely untrue, except one misunderstanding in 1836, which was really occasioned by one boy.

There have been ebullitions of temper more than once since the great picnic matches commenced, especially about under the ropes or not, and it was fought out in the papers, but the stopping of the three matches spoil the best summer holiday and trial of real cricket talent ever known. If boys got into scrapes in London, cricket had nothing to do with it, and the disposal of boys in the holidays is purely a parents' affair, and is no business of the masters; and boys who would have got into scrapes in London will and do get into scrapes in country towns. It is all very well for Greedy, who has too much wine, to say it was the fault of the other boys. Boys of that age ought to be out of leading-strings, but Greedy always has a shabby excuse.

Now for what Lord's was. The ground was much smaller than

now, and the club was very select, consisting mostly of members of either house, public schools, university men, officers in the army, barristers, country gentlemen, parsons, &c., and the club received subscriptions only through a banker. With the exception of Gentlemen *v.* Players and Kent *v.* England, anything like a large ring was seldom seen. Wooden forms scattered round the ground were the only accommodation; sandwiches and beer were the only refreshment, except an ordinary at the tavern, which gentlemen never went to. The university matches attracted comparatively little interest; the spectators were all lovers of the game, and there was no fashionable-world movement afloat, though a sprinkling of ladies came in carriages. Matches, such as Hampshire and Marylebone, or Marylebone and Sussex, drew the county gentlemen, who followed their county, up. Gentlemen players wore tall white hats, which, by-the-bye, cost some thirty-five shillings, and white shirts or jerseys, flannel shirts not being invented, and there were no thunder-and-lightning and leopard-and-tiger and harlequin suits, and no lardy-dardy cricket, and going away with substitutes to field. The Marylebone Club played real, true cricket and nothing else.

The match days were, as now, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and on other days strangers could hire bats, balls, and stumps, and rare bad ones, too, for little matches or practice. I once saw, on a Saturday afternoon, a match in the 'bat wood corner,' between omnibus drivers and omnibus cads, and a man of twenty stone, the facsimile of Tony Weller, in drab breeches and top-boots, and a striped waistcoat, literally drove us into fits; and he received a hot one full pitch *a tergo* full on the mark, and bellowed like a bull. There were no nets, and boys longstopped and scouted. Old John Bayley, whom I was with on his deathbed six or seven years ago, and followed to his grave in his 80th year, and Caldecourt were the oldest professionals, both good underhand bowlers, and frequently umpires. Old Lillywhite, Cobbett, Hillyer, Good of Nottingham, Tom Barker of Nottingham, and Tom Sewell were—and Tom Adams later on—I think, the stock Marylebone men off and on. Kent and Sussex provided a large portion of the elevens in Gentlemen and Players. Amongst the leading amateurs were the Grimston family, the Hon. F. and Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, Sir Frederick Bathurst, Mr. Kynaston, W. Pickering, a splendid field, the Rev. E. H. Pickering, a very fine bat, Mr. Charles Taylor, Lord Winterton, Lord Charles Russell, Lord Ward, Mr. W. Bolland [founder of the I. Z.], M. Anson and A. Mynn and Felix, and many others. The ground was not so well levelled as now; in fact, there was a miniature hill and valley between the farther corner of the pavilion and the lower wicket, and Lord's was more like a cricket field pure and simple, and the rigour of the game was insisted on, and that was *the* ground to test a man's batting ability.

The law of L.B.W. was read to mean a ball pitching from the bowler's hand to the wicket, and before pads and gloves became common men were frequently crippled. It is not too much to say that

the general use of large pads, and the almost impossibility of getting a L.B.W. decision now have greatly increased the scores, in proof whereof a barrister who came limping along in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on explaining to a friend that he had been fearfully punished for an hour by Harvey Fellows bowling, was asked, 'How was it that you 'only got two runs?' 'Aye, my boy,' was the reply, 'but I got 'twenty-seven *leg-byes*.' It is childish to say that the best bowling at Lord's forty years ago, when they had W. Lillywhite, Hillyer, Redgate, Cobbett, Mynn, Sir F. Bathurst, W. Clarke, Alfred Louth, Fenner, Tom Barker, and many others (though not so many as now), was not equal to the bowling of to-day; and it is certain that amateurs who played in first-class matches would never have been allowed to do so if they constantly dropped catches as some do now.

The madness about the Eton and Harrow and university matches was doubtless the foundation of the overwhelming prosperity of the club of the present day, though it must not be forgotten that the club was saved from bricks and mortar through the noble liberality of one member, who advanced the money to buy it.

The Lord's of to-day is very different from that of the past. The M.C.C. very wisely opened their doors wider, and the extreme exclusiveness of the club is a thing of the past, and the club has been made large enough to meet the wants of an enormous population. With between two and three thousand members, and an income of some fifteen thousand a year, they have made it a princely place for the public, and play over a hundred matches a year in London and towns and villages of England, and they deserve their prosperity, and long may the M.C.C. reign, provided they retain the sovereignty of the game; but if ever they are content with the 'suzerainty' (which seems to mean allowing the British Lion the privilege of putting on a swell crown to be kicked in) may cricket perish.

We must not omit three or four well-known figures in the old pavilion. Mr. Aislabie, the secretary, an *enormous* man, Mr. W. Ward, whose fun and jokes no adverse circumstances could extinguish, and Lord Frederic Beauclerk, in his regular seat just inside the wicket of the pavilion with cigar in mouth and his little white snappish dog who barked at every one who went in and out, Old Darke, who had a will of his own, and Steevie, the Caliban of Lord's, who never walked about without a roller at his heels, and W. Dennison, the *Standard* reporter, sailing about with his wristbands tucked up, note-book in hand, who actually persuaded the M.C.C. that he could bowl slow round-arm; there was not a *scintilla* of break or spin in it, and going in against Dennison was what young England now calls 'real jam.' No; Dennison could not bowl; but he could and did compile a very valuable record of cricketers of the past.

And now for the Surrey side of the water. In 1845, when a very young man, for the first and only time in my life I was at the

Beehive at Walworth playing in a match—the Kent Club *v.* the South London Club, which, I believe, was pretty much the Montpelier with Day, Box, and Heath given. We had a large number of the old Kent eleven on our side, and it was a two-day match, and there was a return coming off at Canterbury on the Beverly ground in the autumn, and the laudable design of the Montpelier to play against good men was the origin of their aspiring to found a county ground.

The Montpelier Club, though boasting many good and influential cricketers in its ranks, was to a great extent supported by residents and tradesmen in the neighbourhood who liked quoits and bowls and social gatherings after the matches, with old-fashioned suppers and harmonious evenings, which extended sometimes into the small hours. It happened so in my only visit, as I remember about two o'clock in the morning after the Kent match dancing a quadrille with Fuller Pilch, Box, and Dorrington in the road, to the music of Jack Heath's whistling, accompanied by Mr. Popjoy, the 'stock' umpire, who played on his chin, and I alone am left to tell the tale. Of course we are open to the suspicion of having imbibed too freely—if I was drunk it was off weak sherry and water, for nothing else passed my lips. I can hear Fuller's voice now, 'Pus et-pus et' (*poussette*), 'Turn your partner, Tom Box;' and I have a lively reminiscence during the evening of Messrs. Heath and Popjoy whistling a duet, 'Flow on, thou shining river,' and they afterwards sang 'Good night, (h) all's well,' most beautifully, and also a song of Heath's (which brought down the house) in praise of 'Nutting 'and the blind god.' In that same year Mr. W. Ward at the first meeting, and the Hon. F. Ponsonby at an adjourned meeting, considered the possibility of founding a Surrey Club, and without going into the tedious details, suffice it to say that they found a rugged market-garden inside the Oval to work on, and thirty-five years afterwards over fifty thousand people passed within the Oval gates to witness the grandest match ever seen between a splendid Eleven of England and one of our greatest colonies, whose cricket is wholly attributable, in the first instance, to an eleven captained by a Surrey player, and consisting, *inter alios*, of six Surrey cricketers who were the pioneers of good cricket at the antipodes in 1861-2. The Surrey Club were loyally supported by many leading members of the M.C.C. and the best gentlemen and players in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; but the foundation-stone was laid by the old Montpelier Club, who brought over seventy members, their secretary, their funds and their ballot-box, which is now used. The Blackheath men, headed by Mr. Felix, and the Clapton Club with the Walker family, came too, and with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether its success was secured. Without much aristocratic influence or capitalists' money the club quietly worked its way, and of course depended greatly on the gate; and, naturally, being in a somewhat homely district the ring was wholly composed, and is now wholly composed, of real lovers of the game who come solely for cricket; and its fortunes

rise and fall according to the success or failure of Surrey. Our ring is not aristocratic and our carriage company few and far between, and you are more likely to see a swell publican with a bang-up white coat and cheese-plate buttons, driving a priceless trotting cob with a hog mane and docked tail, with hardly any harness on to speak of, attached to a rakish spider-wheeled cart, than a coroneted carriage. I once saw a coroneted carriage there, and a lady in it, and my friends with the short pipes winked to one another, and said, 'There's 'Lady 'Arris'; and so it was. They spoke with affectionate respect out of regard to her husband's popularity, though they robbed her of a sixth of her name.

It is a matter of history how Surrey within fifteen years of the County Club's existence had an eleven of Surrey men who played and beat All England, and a real eleven of All England too; how she brought Yorkshire first to London, and claims to have been mainly instrumental in introducing the Graces to a London ring of spectators. We all know that she petted and somewhat spoilt her players and showered guineas on them, and how at one time the players got wholly out of place and had ruinous temptations put before them, and how she went through troublous times of cliques and jealousies, as all clubs do; but it must also be remembered how within the last few years the committee sat down in a back room one stormy winter night and, without a lease or any security which was worth a straw, guaranteed three thousand pounds and bought the ground; and how nobly the Prince of Wales came to the rescue as landlord. When Kent and Sussex were in the wane, the County stepped in, and from the village greens of Surrey created a small army of cricketers who were very useful on the Players' side at the annual match at Lord's. At the present moment Surrey is making every effort to become herself again. She suffered from an amateur clique, who monopolised the eleven to such an extent that she was obliged (against the protest of an influential minority) to condescend to the expedient of importing and acclimatising north-countrymen, with not much success. But even that day is passing away, and the future is bright. Poor Fred Miller was a rough diamond, but when viewed after his death, we find that he was true and loyal and liberal to cricket and cricketers; and, as the Rev. Charlton Lane, one of our most brilliant players of the past, said of him, in a touching letter, which he wrote on the occasion of poor Fred Miller's death, 'that his right hand did not know what his left hand did.'

The Surrey Club numbers amongst its friends and supporters some of the best and truest noblemen and gentlemen in England; and, as poor Charles Hoare used to say, the only qualification for membership is, and *should* be, that a candidate is a respectable man who is fond of cricket. Prince's had a short and brilliant career as a public cricket-ground, and now is admirably adapted for fashionable matches, lawn-tennis, and a charming lounge. To tell the truth, there was hardly room for three grounds for general public matches in London, cricket is better with two only. I am not a

man fond of what people call low company, but seldom having any time to get up to Lord's, I am well contented with the Oval as my cricket world; and if there is more of a 'short-pipe' ring of spectators there than at Lord's, I don't criticise the dress or manners of the spectators, in my appreciation of their love of the game.

True and loyal work has been done behind the scenes at the Oval by true and loyal men, unseen and unknown, for the love of cricket, just as true and loyal work has been done, long before the Oval was dreamt of, at Harrow-on-the-Hill, by the same Harrow Mentor (who has stamped his own hall-mark on Harrow cricket for between forty or fifty years past), with the aid of his *fidus Achates* Lord Bessborough, our first and only Vice-President in Surrey, to whom 'those cads at the Oval'—as the Surrey County Club is styled by some ill-natured 'beggars 'on horseback' in Mayfair, mushrooms who are guiltless of blue blood, and whose ancestors founded the prosperity of the family with a pick and shovel perhaps, or some lucky speculation fifty years ago—owe so much for his constant aid and sound advice.

F. G.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE season of 1881 is now a thing of the past, and despite the measurement wrangle, which threw a cloud over most of the matches on the Thames, besides shearing the squadron's programme of its fair proportions, the year's sport may be described as a good one, committees generally having enjoyed better luck than usual in the matter of wind.

Amongst the best supported events this summer was the Royal Dorset Regatta at Weymouth, where most of the regular never-say-die division of racers found themselves, and an entry of three crack cutters, *Samcena* and the rival forties, *Annasona* and *Sleuthhound*; the two best yawls, *Florinda* and *Latona*, with Colonel Williams's gigantic *Enchantress* to represent two-masters, looked like a good beginning. Only half the number however started, *Latona* and *Samcena* making a grand match of it in a light wind, while *Sleuthhound* did well with the big ones at first, but eventually tailed, and there being less than five starters did not get a third prize. It was not one of *Samcena's* best days, but she carried a rather undersized mainsail, her new one having been split up by *Boadicea* in the R.V.Y.C.'s Round the Island match at Ryde, so it was no wonder that *Latona* got home far enough ahead to win, with two minutes and a half to spare. At the Weymouth Regatta matters began rather tamely, the chief item being a match for forties, and *Annasona* beat *Sleuthhound*. *Freda*, which had won in the twenties' prize from *Amathea*, *Louise* and *Enterprise* in the Royal Dorset programme, repeated the performance, and the second day, out of a good entry in the all-rig match, *Latona*, *Miranda* and *Annasona* took the honours.

The Royal Dart Club's doings commenced by re-sailing a match left from last year, when *Formosa* carried the Prince of Wales's colours, and led at the end of the first round, thereby in general opinion entitling his Royal Highness to the prize. The committee, however, elected to withhold it, and from a

variety of causes the affair would have fallen through, had not Samœna turned up and sailed over. Formosa having changed hands was of course not available; Mr. Lampeon refused, to start Miranda, and Florinda, *aut volens aut nolens*, could not go, as her mast was sprung. Last year's forties' match, also postponed, was in somewhat similar case, as of the quartette, Bloodhound, which then belonged to the Marquis of Ailsa, has, like the Formosa, changed hands, and Major Ewing has not raced the Norman this season, so that only Mr. Richardson's Coryphée and the Glance were likely to put in an appearance, and of these Coryphée of course soon proved herself the better. In this year's programme proper, Miranda, Samœna and Latona were entered, as well as Lorna, a new south-country yawl, designed by Mr. A. Richardson of Liverpool, and built by Nicholson for Mr. J. H. Morley. She was, like Gudrun and many others, intended for cruising purposes, but with a suit of racing canvas proved no mean rival to the doughty Latona, and next season, if smartly handled, will no doubt hold her own; she cannot, however, expect to be more than a good second to vessels twice the tonnage, though on this occasion her record was a remarkably good one. Samœna did best, until her spinnaker-boom went, and eventually, after a lot of fluky changes in the wind, which died to nothing and came again, Latona (first prize) arrived home ten minutes before Samœna (second prize), Lorna and Miranda following about four minutes later, so the former missed by something under a minute, getting within her time of the champion yawl. A match for non-winners of 50*l.* this year was curious as bringing out some out-of-date vessels, notably Christabel and Glance. The former, a Wivenhoe-built craft of mature age, turned out by no means *endimanché*, her canvas being of the grubbiest; while another veteran, Mr. Rushton's Glance, as natty as possible, was a perfect contrast. Wraith and Opal also sailed, but the Christabel had all the best of the race, Wraith and Glance taking the other prizes.

Last month, though not rivalling the excitement of a twelvemonth ago, proved a pretty lively one for professional oarsmen, the money prizes offered by Messrs. Chinnery attracting scullers of every class. These gentlemen observing with regret the poor show made by oarsmen of the United Kingdom against America and the Colonies last autumn, very liberally offered 200*l.* a year for five years, confined to natives of Great Britain and Ireland, obtaining the co-operation of an adequate committee to arrange details. Eventually, 120*l.* was offered as first prize for Seniors, and 50*l.* for Juniors (i.e. those who had never won more than 20*l.* in a sculling race), with second and third prizes in each class, making altogether 15*l.* more than the sum first proposed. The Senior Race was practically a failure, and only served to prove, what every one suspected, that R. W. Boyd is still the best man in England. Though the affair may be called a failure, as it did not bring to light any unexpected merit amongst our better known professionals, it is perhaps wise to foster such merit as remains to us, so that the 120*l.* carried off by Boyd must scarcely be reckoned as wasted, and next year it is to be hoped that he will be opposed with more vigour. It is hard to know whence the coming man is to come, unless Largan be he, as Hawdon, once a tower of strength *in posse*, showed very second-rate pace, and can scarcely be expected to improve now. A more likely dark horse is Feeley, a northerner, who was much disappointed at being declared ineligible for the second class, from having won 25*l.* at a regatta, which his party thought (or affected to) did not apply to him according to the published conditions. Their chagrin was so manifestly genuine that the winners of the second class would

probably have caught a veritable Tartar, and there is no saying how good he may turn out. Largan was second best, but Hawdon seemed scarcely equal to more than beating L. Gibson, the Putney lad going very strong as far as Hammersmith, where he gave up. Hawdon, it must be remembered, was rather hampered by the steamers towards the finish, for he lay so far astern of the others that both passenger boats and the umpire's launch were inevitably close on to him.

Amongst the Juniors, D. Owen of Barrow-in-Furness had by far the most taking appearance, as he looked a well-built fellow, with long reach, pulled freely and slid well, after the modern fashion which the achievements of Hanlan and Ross have persuaded us to be correct. Rix, of Richmond, on the other hand, though a lively little man, feathered his sculls with so much dexterity and rapidity, that every one felt sure he could not possibly stay the course to Chiswick, over which the final heat had to be decided. Nothing, however, is certain but the unexpected, and though he had to peg away at over forty strokes a minute to keep the lead, he did keep it, Owen following him in provokingly easy-looking style, apparently capable of drawing up with a few extra strong pulls, which, however, never came. Rix, it is said, has tried what is called 'rowing properly,' and, like Laycock, can't do it, or can't make his boat travel when he does do it, so that, however formidable in average company, he cannot be looked upon to fill a first-class position, as he is not built, like the splendid Australian, with every advantage of physique. Of the others, Pearce, of Hammersmith, seemed rowing strongly in the trials, but the final showed G. Thomas, of Strand-on-the-Green, who worked very neatly, to be a faster sculler. Several of the non-successful candidates gave considerable promise, and the fact that no less than thirty entries were received in the Junior division, shows that Messrs. Chinnery's gifts were appreciated by those for whom they were intended. Large entries could not be expected amongst the Seniors, as their form is pretty well exposed, and a field of eight, all of whom (except Blackman) came to the post, must be ranked as fairly successful, though we are entitled to anticipate an improvement before long. The absence of Boyd would make the event a fairly open one.

During the three days occupied by the several heats, some consternation was caused by a rumour that steamers could not run, the men being on strike. It appeared that wages had not been paid, according to usual custom, on Friday; but matters were somehow arranged during the forenoon, and the boats arrived, though somewhat behind time.

The match between Blackman and Thomas was a very hollow affair, the latter being still pounds above proper weight, in spite of a good deal of strong work. Blackman, who expressed a wish to be allowed to row the race according to his own lights as to pace, instead of obeying the orders of his pilot, went away very leisurely, lying astern up to the Point, when he drew ahead, and leading hence forward, won easily at the finish, neither man showing really to advantage.

At the Toronto Regatta the weather seems to have been most unpropitious, strong wind doing its best to spoil form. Hanlan did not scull, and the chief event fell to Wallace Ross, followed home by Conly, Courtney, Hamm, and Ten Eyck. Trickett, who had been badly beaten in his trial heat by Conly and Courtney, managed to secure a consolation prize from Gandaur, Hosmer, and Riley, so the last-named may be presumed—to use a vulgarism—'on the job.' Trickett issues a challenge to Courtney for a thousand dollars a-side, which the carpenter, if any good at all, should find

friends to cover on his behalf. Hanlan, after a deal of badgering, has at last agreed to row Wallace Ross next month, but details were not arranged by last advices. This, if carried on, should be a good thing for the Canadian. Meanwhile, Trickett's plucky *confrère*, Laycock, has been *fêted* at Sydney, N.S.W., in a practical manner, a money testimonial being collected for him, though his last trial of skill over there seems to have been unsuccessful, Michael Rush, an Australian rower of note, having, it is said, beaten him for a stake of 400*l*. Over here, while his *quondam* opponent Boyd was full of honours at home, and at work for the *Sportsman* cup, W. Elliott, the ex-champion, took to betting, and his financial arrangements not chiming in with the views of the majority, treatment remarkably like that administered to welshers was adopted, and with pertinacity so great that he proposes postponing his next visit to Blackpool *sine die*.

The amateur rowing season is fairly closed, all the principal clubs having inaugurated their regattas, which may be taken as the outward and visible sign of putting up the shutters, though winter practice is of course pursued. It is, perhaps, absurd to mention the Cornells in a paragraph commencing with amateur doings, but professionals would probably disclaim them, and they have so often themselves said that they are not tradesmen that, like exposed handicap horses, it is hard to know where they are to be placed. Their last exploit is a worthy one. At Vienna, as we stated last month, an Austrian crew beat them, which they elect to account for by stating that their stroke sold the race. The American press, which heralded their start in so inflated a style, as though three Iroquois were in the boat, with Archer at the steering-thwart, now ridicule them soundly, and they will, if possible, follow Trickett's example and travel awhile before returning to their admiring fellow-townsmen.

The Amateur Championship of France, to be contested on the 2nd inst., will this year attract more interest than usual, as W. R. Grove, who is about the second-best sculler in England, has entered, and with a new boat by Jack Clasper should win, barring accidents.

Mr. Joseph Chitty, Q.C., so well-known a name in Oxford rowing annals, and so familiar a figure at the University Boat Race, where he has 'stood 'umpire,' to use the old-fashioned, if not orthodox term, for many years, has been raised to the Bench, taking the work, though not the title, of Master of the Rolls. Will he continue to add his former pleasant judicial functions to his newly acquired ones?

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'The Return of the Native'—Doncaster, its Leger and its Sales—Sundries.

Home again! Back from the toil and travail of Swiss mountains and the tyranny of Swiss landlords; from the boiling and stewing of German spas; from perpetual *douches* and mid-day dinners; from Cook-besieged Scotland, where shakedowns in coffee-rooms are counted as luxuries; from the climbing of everlasting Bens, and the 'wishee-washee' of unceasing Bads; from the vulgar fastness of Scarborough, and the decorous dulness of Eastbourne; from Brighton, beloved of 'the tribes,' and the Island beloved of

pretty women,—the gradual 'return of the native' causes town even in September to assume a look of home. Not but that the majority of the natives are still widely scattered. We are not all yet tired of going to and fro upon the earth, and some of us have much to do and see before we seek our London *lares*. The happy ones are still where

Flusheth the rise with her purple favour,

or having good times on early stubbles. Others, not so happy in their lot, are bound on that annual northern pilgrimage to the little town by the banks of the Don, from which so many return all shaven and shorn. Some are still lingering at Boulogne-sur-Mer, delayed by causes beyond their control; many still cling to the marine hotels, fast emptying; a few yet rejoice the hearts of sea-side landladies. But the average paterfamilias begins, when the days shorten, to think of Palmyra Square and Rhododendron Gardens. Especially does he think of them in such weather as we were enjoying at the beginning of last month, when the cold rain merged, in the north, into incipient snowstorms, and in the south developed floods. Then does the sad outlook recall many wanderers, and both Belgravia and Tyburnia are no longer autumnal deserts.

Still London to that unhappy being, the man without ties, is not an amusing abode in September. In the first place, it is a well-nigh clubless land. It is even betting that the tieless one, be he young, middle-aged or old, finds on his arrival in town the doors of his favourite club closed, with a notification upon them referring him to some refuge for the destitute or another, where he is unable to make himself at home, and to whose *menu* and *carte* he is as perfect a stranger as most of the members are to him. He does not know which is the best sherry or the best 'dry,' and he is morally certain to go wrong in cigars. The restaurants profit by the tieless one at this time. Though he grumbles, and with justice, at having to pay half a guinea at the Bristol, and is not appeased by the elegant manners of the *garçons* or the stately bow of the manager, yet he is found here, like Ancient Pistol, eating his leek and swearing; wondering how he can be such a blank fool as to pay the money, and—paying it. The Continental, too, thrives more than one would expect in the dull season. And, by the way, the Bristol has done one good thing. It has put the Regent Street establishment on its mettle. The dinners there are better; the *garçons* fly at your orders; the *sommelier* does not keep you waiting for your wine. If the Continental will continue on this excellent path for the future, they will have our good word. There was a time when it threatened to lose it.

And now the tieless one, having dined, the question of the pious Frenchman, 'Where am I to spend my evening?' naturally rises to his lips. Alas! in the dead season we cannot promise him much. Our personal experiences this year were limited to a depressing hour or so at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, where the tawdry, not to say dirty decorations, and the ghastliness of the Floral Hall, together with the wonderful people we encountered, sent us to our bed in a very desponding frame of mind. The rival concerts at Hengler's are much nicer—at least so far as the locale goes—the lounges being extremely prettily decorated, to say nothing of the æsthetic young women at the buffet. There were not so many 'Arries' either at Hengler's, which is a great recommendation. Of the theatres we have not much to tell. The Folly, under the temporary management of Mr. Carton, has got a sparkling little comedy, or perhaps more correctly an elongated farce, from the pen of Mr. Pinero, which with all its extravagance is clever,

and, despite of its improbabilities, most amusing. The locality is a Bayswater Boarding House; the *dramatis personæ* the queer people generally to be found in establishments of this description. The sketches are exaggerated, doubtless, but there is a great under-stratum of truth beneath the surface. If any one has ever spent an evening in a 'High Class Boarding Establishment,' 'Clive Terrace, Lavender Square,' he would have met something very like Coxe Dalrymple, C.B., and Captain Rattlefish, R.N., would not have been unknown to him. Both these characters, admirably played by Mr. Clifford Cooper and Mr. A. Wood, are of the true boarding-house type—vulgar, selfish, quarrelsome. They are not pleasant characters; and indeed that is one blot upon Mr. Pinero's play. None of his characters are pleasant. The men are, for the most part, selfish schemers; the women—there are two—and one is an advanced flirt, the other not particular who is her husband—so as she gets one, are not very pleasant either. The dialogue is sparkling; the fun never flags. Some of it consists in the old business of hiding in cupboards, &c., but it is none the less laughable. It was capitally acted. Mr. Righton, as the henpecked husband of the pronounced flirt, is very good; and Mr. Carton, as a sort of cynical hero, one Baines Durant, acts with quiet force. Miss Kate Bishop has an unpleasant part as the young woman in a great hurry to get married, but she redeemed it as much as possible, and acted like a lady. Mr. A. Wood's make-up as Captain Rattlefish was admirable; and we must give a word of praise to Mr. A. Redwood for his sketch of the boarding-house servant.

But after we have taken the tieless one to the Promenade Concerts and the Folly, what more can we do for him? No, Mr. Augustus Harris, not 'Youth' again, if you please. We will accept as granted everything you say about it; the 'gigantic success,' the 'deafening applause,' the 'triumph of stage management,' and the 'money nightly refused,'—but go a second time we will not. The latter circumstance, by the way, 'the refusal of money,' we hold to be unworthy of you, and trust you will not do it again. We are glad to hear of the pecuniary success of the piece; but not even the persuasive powers of that benefited clergyman, whose name, for his own sake, we refrain from further advertising, and who saw so many of what he is good enough to call his 'confrères' in your theatre on the occasion of his visit, will induce us to see 'Youth' again. We trust, however, you have been enabled to effect a meeting between the benefited clergyman and his 'confrère,' the Rev. John Ryder, because we think good might arise therefrom. A mutual interchange of ideas on the subject of 'Youth,' and the private opinion, if he would give it, of the Reverend Ryder as to his own particular rôle, would add greatly to the knowledge of the benefited clergyman, and, we should say, would much impress him. A *rapprochement* between the Church and the Stage might be greatly helped by these means. Perhaps Mr. Augustus Harris, if he has not already effected the introduction, will turn the matter over in his mind.

The Haymarket for some little time dragged along a weary and unprofitable existence, and its latest production of 'Blue and Buff' was bewildering. The title was not a happy one. Did the author never hear of the famous toast of a past generation—

Buff and Blue and Mrs. Crewe?

On the first night of the piece the rehearsals had been so inefficient and the orchestra so manifestly incapable, that there was a good deal of amusing conversation between Miss Thorne, who was playing one of the principal parts, and the conductor. 'I cannot possibly go on in this way,' said Miss

Thorne, stopping short in a song, alluding to a mild too-tootling from the orchestra, supposed to be the accompaniment to the said song, and the house cheered her vociferously. The poor conductor was to be pitied; but who was responsible for such carelessness and lack of preparation? The Hay-market is not the home of comic opera and silk stockings, and the temporary management have taken that to heart. Perhaps if it had also taken to heart the fact that to keep open a theatre in the dull season a pit is a pecuniary necessity, it would have been better still.

But since our return there really has been something worth seeing in the theatrical world, and the production of 'The Lights o' London' has stirred the playgoing public to the depths. Nothing remarkable in the way of novelty—old stock properties, so to speak, as are most of the incidents of Mr. Sims's play, yet has the author so arranged them and so re-dressed them that one is tempted to forget that it is an old story we are listening to, with our conventional old acquaintances the transparent villain, the virtuous hero and heroine, and the final triumph of oppressed innocence. A good deal of this reawakened interest is due, apart from the skill with which the author has arranged his materials, to the dialogue, which is telling throughout the piece, and here and there tinged with very effective satire. Then, in addition to this, it is on the whole very well acted, while perhaps its crown of success has been the stage management. Something of this has been seen in 'Youth' at Drury Lane, notably in the embarkation scene and the fight at Hawk's Point; but Mr. Harry Jackson has succeeded at the Princess's in showing the town what it had never seen until the coming of the Dutch comedians, and the Saxe Meiningen troupe taught our managers what could be done by attention to every minute detail. The aspect of the stage of the Princess's, when the scene of the Borough on a Saturday is being represented, is most realistic. In the old Princess's, and in the days of Charles Kean, we saw many well-drilled crowds during his Shakspearean revivals; one especially good crowd we remember in 'Henry V.' in the scene of the triumphal entry of the king into London, but we never saw a better drilled or a more earnest and passionate crowd than that disorderly assemblage of roughs and vagabonds in the scene we have mentioned. There is not a super there who does not thoroughly earn his weekly stipend. We have never seen the Borough on a Saturday night, and after its counterfeit resemblance at the Princess's, we must confess to having no desire to visit that locality.

We have said Mr. Sims's play is of the old familiar pattern, and that it is to the skill with which he has worked up old material, the scenic efforts of the painter, and the zealous work of the stage manager, that 'The Lights o' London' owes its success. But we must not forget the acting, which is very good throughout. Miss Eastlake in, for her, quite a new *rôle*, takes, we think, the honours. The lively *ingénue* whom we have been accustomed to see at the Criterion displaying the neatest of ankles, and arousing the intense admiration of the stalls, now displays an unexpected force and pathos as the heroine. It is a nice point between her and Mrs. Stephens, who as an old woman has not an equal, but we think we must accord the palm to Miss Eastlake. Mr. Wilson Barrett as the hero exhibits high dramatic power, and Mr. Willard, the villain, impressed us with the idea that he ought to be more known. There was a cynical policeman too, name not given, who we feel sure is an actor. But our readers, if they take our advice, will go and judge of all this for themselves.

And now again it is Northward ho! We seem to have only just returned

from there ere we find ourselves on the G. N., speeding to the pretty town on the banks of the Don, intent on penetrating the mystery that hung over the last of the classic races of the year. The word 'mystery,' by the way, is so often misapplied in speaking of racing events, that we feel we should owe an apology to our readers for using it, if on this occasion there was not really some reason for the term. Sporting writers speak of a Derby or Leger 'mystery' because they are unable to indicate the actual winner. There is no mystery about the matter. They simply don't know. But about the Leger of this year of grace there was certainly something very mysterious, and that was the position of Iroquois in the market, in the face of the good reports concerning the work he was doing at his training quarters, and the expressed confidence of his trainer in his being able to win the Leger. It is an old story now how the attack opened against him at York, and how, with various fluctuations, it continued up to the moment the flag fell—three weeks of anxious suspense to his early backers; of sarcastic comment on the part of those against him, and doubt and don't-know-what-to-make-of-it on the part of the public. So here was a real 'mystery;' and what the merry book-makers knew, and what they did not know, was anxiously discussed wherever two or three racing men were gathered together. The general feeling naturally was that 'something was wrong,' and that it would be madness, under the circumstances, to back Iroquois even at the tempting price of 5 to 1. Most of his friends fell away from him in his time of trouble, after the manner of poor humanity, and the few who were steadfast were jeered at by their companions for their simplicity. Such was the state of things as we journeyed northwards.

Nor on arrival could we discover anything beyond the fact that Iroquois had come to Doncaster; though that was something, because there were plenty of people ready to declare two or three days previously that he would not see the Leger post. Here he was, safe and sound, as much as could be seen of him in his clothing as he walked from the station to his stables. He was strongly guarded, as it behoved him to be, seeing the hostile market and the natural suspicions of foul play arising therefrom. If the horse had been ailing—if he had lost his action, and there was something decidedly wrong with him—there would have been no need for the precautions taken by Pincus; precautions that provoked ill-natured and ironical remarks from persons who, it is fair to suppose, were in ignorance of the facts of the case. But as his trainer knew that Iroquois's condition was exactly the reverse of what we have supposed, he was naturally alarmed, and in taking these precautions he only did his duty. He was, we believe, in sole charge of the horse, and his position was a very delicate and responsible one. If there had been some conspiracy against the horse; if foul play was intended, and had been successful, what would the American people have said of Pincus? He might have been as innocent as the day, but an indelible stain would have clung to him through life. So Pincus took his precautions, and if some people laughed and jeered when they saw Iroquois guarded by policemen, those who knew all the circumstances, knew that the trainer was only doing the right thing. He had been assailed too with anonymous letters, threatening all sorts of evil against him and the horse, saying that he would not be allowed to win the Leger, &c.—probably the effusions of some of those ill-conditioned idiots who take a fiendish delight in creating panic, and nothing more. But for all that, Pincus could not disregard them; and so, when half Doncaster turned out on the Tuesday morning and wended their way to the Moor, with the laudable intention of touting Iroquois from the time

he set his feet on the course until he was in his stable, they found him just pulled up after his gallop, and being hurried down a bye-lane into the town. We need scarcely say that, to the average racing mind, this was confirmation strong as Holy Writ that something was very wrong indeed. 'You see,' Jones said to Robinson, 'they dare not let us look at the horse even; he's 'as safe as if he was boiled; and then every one went home to breakfast, and poor Iroquois was down among the dead men all that day, though the cautious bookmakers only offered 9 to 4. Still, what was 9 to 4, when the odds ought to have been 2 to 1 on him? They might as well have offered 4 to 1 on the field, as they did at Sandown.

But here we are amidst the din and bustle of the opening day, and in the absorption of trying to find the winner of the Great Yorkshire—no very difficult task, by the way—we for an hour or so forget all about the Leger. Or rather we should do so, but for our excellent friends who pull us up in the paddock and demand what is to win. It is the unfortunate lot of all those who handle the pen of the more or less ready sporting writer, that they are expected to know everything. Whence and where arose this extraordinary idea, we are unable to say, but it is a popular superstition, and, like many other similar superstitions, utterly fallacious. The racing journalist is only helped by the judgment that God has given him. It may be an excellent judgment, and it may be the reverse. Intimately acquainted with many trainers, it is also the popular belief—a belief which we are bound to say many racing journalists encourage—that he is the chosen recipient of stable secrets. How this may be we know not, but we should much doubt it. If we were a trainer, we confess we should be very shy of prophets, and if we *did* tell them anything—but for fear our readers may entertain a bad opinion of the Van Driver's morals, we will drop the subject.

The Great Yorkshire and the Champagne were the features of the first day. The meeting of Kermesse and Dutch Oven in the latter was of course interesting, but still all of us who had seen the July and the Richmond Stakes could have had but little doubt as to the result. At even weights, Lord Rosebery's filly is manifestly the superior of Dutch Oven, and she won the Champagne very cleverly. The high-priced and good-looking Shrewsbury ran in the race, and was strongly fancied by his stable, but from his running here, and subsequently in the Tattersall Sale Stakes, we fear he is but moderate. On both occasions he was well backed, and Mr. Jardine and Bates evidently had a high opinion of him. He may improve with time, but at present does not look like carrying the blue and silver braid to the front. It was asking Petronel to do a great thing to win the Great Yorkshire with 8 st. 12 lbs., but still he was a Two Thousand winner, and he had not anything great to beat. Eideweiss in the opinion of a large majority ought to have won the Goodwood Stakes last year, and so he was backed well, but his supporters had better have left him alone. He is, as his running showed us, a very moderate horse; but as moderate horses have their day, there is no doubt that his day ought to have been the one on which Reveller beat him at Goodwood by a short head, and Greaves was looking after Boy Archer, with whom Mr. Crawford had declared to win. Eideweiss never troubled Petronel for an instant in the Great Yorkshire, but Teviotdale ran, to the surprise of most people, a very game and honest horse, Petronel only beating him by a neck, though a clever neck we fancy. This performance of Teviotdale was the means of Yorkshire losing a good deal of money, for there was a rush on Ishmael for the Leger. He was said to be 10 lbs. in front of the second in the Handicap. Then said Yorkshire, 'Ishmael will win.'

Alas! for Yorkshire—but we are anticipating. The running of Eidelwiss, who was said to have been in the Geologist trial, had a bad effect on the market *status* of Mr. Gretton's horse. Weight of money had made him second favourite at one time, but he declined after the Handicap to 10 to 1, or a point more, with few inquirers. The horse was never a great favourite with the racing public. He had always been about to do something, and had never yet done it. He was a commoner to look at, too, and despite the wonderful accounts of his improvement, and of his never having been properly up to the mark before, most of us doubted him, as it proved, without much cause. The Leger morning dawned brightly, and, wonderful to say, continued fine, though there was an oppression in the air and a mugginess in the atmosphere rather trying, especially to the chief characters in the scene—the horses, who lathered a good deal. The attendance was as great as ever we remember it; the railway traffic enormous; under Mr. Cockshott's able management that was got through without a hitch; and there was the usual unceasing tramp of the heavy-footed sons and daughters of toil, from the station to the Moor, which is one of the sights of Doncaster. Those qualified to judge, pronounced the crowd on the course larger than it had been for some years, and a reason for this was sought in the fact that agricultural operations, owing to the weather, had been nearly suspended in many parts of the country, thus allowing farm-labourers and others a holiday. It was an orderly crowd, as far as we saw, though locomotion was seriously hindered, and in the enclosure was well-nigh impracticable. Many of us discovered this at the last and very critical moment when Iroquois, having done his preliminary canter, we saw that 'the safe 'un' was looking remarkably fit and well, and going with all his old fire. Then were there frantic struggles on the part of imprisoned men in private boxes, and on the summits of stands, to get down and back him, but alas! the struggles were for the most part ineffectual. Happy was the man within shouting distance of a bookmaker, though we fancy many of the latter fraternity turned deaf ears to the vociferous cries of 'Iroquois,' borne to them from afar. Some of us thought with bitterness at that moment of the 5 to 1 we might have had at Sandown; or the 4 to 1 which, barely half an hour previously, had been in some instances pressed upon our acceptance. This is a fact. A short time before the numbers went up for the Leger, 4 to 1 in thousands was offered to a well-known owner of horses against Iroquois. 'The secret is out now,' was the general remark. Half an hour afterwards he was cantering down the course, and 'the secret' that he would win forced itself unwillingly on our belief.

A curious story the Iroquois 'scare,' and one of which we have not yet seen any satisfactory explanation. We have been told, indeed, a good many things. We have been told that the bookmakers meant nothing; that they were only playing when they offered 4 and 5 to 1 against Iroquois. Other informants have told us that bookmakers are like sheep, and follow a leader wherever he goes. Others, that they seriously believed that the brief stoppage in his work had seriously affected his Leger chance; others, that the openly proclaimed hostility of the leading Newmarket trainers had convinced them that it was true what the aforesaid trainers said, that 'Iroquois couldn't win,' and so they played with him. But again, we heard that there was not much harm done after all; that their loud offers against the favourite were only so much sound signifying nothing; that nobody accepted them, and if the layers were, as we have above intimated, so many silly sheep following a silly lead, backers were no better, for they were all afraid to take one. It may be so; probably is; only there is this excuse for the backers, that they have been educated in the firm belief

that when the Ring is hostile to a favourite, mischief is in the wind. This is an article of racing faith, and he would be considered as flying in the face of whatever Providence looks after such mundane matters, if he were to disregard it. So little wonder if but little money went on him in the teeth of this opposition. Commissions, it was said, came by cable from the States, and one man we did see at Doncaster who was said to have won some 8000*l.* on Iroquois—and which, by the way, he seemed in a fair way of getting rid of before the season is over. The reaction set in when Iroquois was seen, but even then 2 to 1 might have been had to any amount, when according to Cocker it ought to have been that on him. Nothing went particularly well. Iroquois out of the way, the race looked a very open affair, left as it was in that case to as bad a lot of horses as ever came to the post for the great event. Ishmael at one time in the morning had been favourite for money, and though experience should have told us how often the Great Yorkshire Stakes has been won by moderate horses, the majority was not to be stalled off him. Teviotdale—good performer as we have before remarked—had a great effect, no doubt, on Ishmael's position; and then 'Johnny' was reported, we cannot say how truly, to be very fond. A cautious man is 'Johnny,' not wearing his heart upon his sleeve, and therefore the slightest expression of opinion from him would weigh more than the openly expressed confidence of the sure-to-win school. Ishmael is not a taking-looking horse to the eye. His colour is an undecided bay, and he looked to us, on the Leger afternoon, just a little overdone. His stable companion, Privateer, was the best looking of the two in our eyes, though he was called a hunter by many excellent judges. St. Louis we never very much admired; Geologist had a mean look, and the gentlemen of the party were Scobell and Limestone, as Bal Gal was of course the lady. She looked and moved splendidly, and despite her infirmity (now apparently worse than ever) and the oppressive atmosphere, there were plenty of people ready to back her. She was to be 'the surprise' of the afternoon.

It was provoking that the best glasses could make out nothing of what was going on half a mile from the Stand. A mist hung over the far side, and directly the horses went up the hill they were in it, and did not emerge therefrom until the Red House was passed. We saw Falkirk, Josyan, and St. Louis in front, followed by Ishmael, Geologist, and Scobell; and as they disappeared up the hill Iroquois was seen to drop to the rear. It was an anxious moment, and probably if anybody had wanted to back the favourite then he might have been accommodated with his own price. There are always people, our readers know, who can see through a millstone; so we listened to various purely imaginary accounts, as they passed the Rifle Butts, as to what was leading and what had gone to the rear. When they did fairly come into sight Ishmael's blue jacket was made out well in the front, and Iroquois and Geologist not far behind him. At the bend the hope of Yorkshire was beaten, and Lucy Glitters, *mirabile dictu*, appeared on the scene. It was only for a moment or two, however, for at the distance she was beaten, and a fine race between Iroquois and Geologist resulted in the win of the former by a length, amidst as enthusiastic cheering as we ever remember on the Town Moor. It was taken up again and again as the, we trust, proud and happy Pincus led Iroquois back to the weighing enclosure, and the Americans present must have been gratified, we should think, by the genuine feeling displayed. Of course there was the usual, and more than the usual, word-eating after the race. We had to endure the host of people who always knew Iroquois would win; to encounter the many liars

who 'took 4 to 1 about him, my boy, at Sandown Park.' The genuine backers of the winner, the men who had got on him and Peregrine coupled at Ascot, of course were fairly jubilant. Undismayed by the downfall of Peregrine they had stuck to their guns, or rather gun, for they had but one, and were worthy of congratulation on such a happy result to their painful suspense. That is the worst of gambling on the Turf—the terrible time it takes in these 'classic' races before you know your fate. Backers of Peregrine and Iroquois must have suffered tortures all this summer. Now at the board of green cloth we watch the rolling ball or call the lucky mean, and it is over in no time. Gambling, if it is only sixpenny 'nap, should be quick.

The running of one or two horses in the Leger call for a few remarks. And first, we must give all the credit due to Geologist, a horse for whom, we confess, we had no fancy, but who ran a thoroughly game and honest race; and it was evident that what Alec Taylor and his party said of him before the race, that we should see a different Geologist from the one at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, was quite true. St. Louis ran as we expected, and who but their own sanguine friends could make stayers of Scobell or Limestone? Lucy Glitters getting where she did was a surprise; but perhaps staying is her *forte* after all, though the way she collapsed at Redcar, when in receipt of all the allowances, forbid us to think so. Ishmael, while going well and flattering his backers, stepped to nothing—another Great Yorkshire failure. Opinions were divided as to how Iroquois won. It appeared to us that Geologist was more full of running, of the two, at the finish, and seemed to be catching the American, on whom, we fancy, Archer was glad to get home. But there are plenty of people who will tell you that Iroquois won easily,—and so much for the memorable Leger of '81.

The rest of the racing at Doncaster, while it was good, did not offer very salient features, nor in its result call for much remark. Exeter again suffered defeat in a Queen's Plate, and this time Tristan was his conqueror. He had Eurus to make running for him too, but it was of no avail, and we must dismiss the handsome chee-nut to the limbo of moderate horseflesh. Mr. Jardine's high-priced Shrewsbury was again tried and found wanting in the Tattersall Sale Stakes; and, as he had previously disappointed his stable in the Champagne, he too must be classed, we fear, among the moderates. The winner of the Sale Stakes was Lord Falmouth's Little Sister, a very improved and imposing filly, who is sure to do yet better. It is not often that Lord Falmouth wins with one not of his own breeding; but Little Sister is by Galopin—Penitent, and was purchased by her owner as a yearling. The Portland Plate hardly excited the usual speculation, and, despite the fact that the top weights almost as a rule run well in this race, Mowerina was rather neglected. An American speculator, who had landed a good stake over the Leger, much pleased Sir John Astley by putting 800*l.* on Zanoni for this race, and when 'the Mate' commission went into the market 6 to 1 was the best price attainable. This was delightful, and of course Sir John expressed his opinion on the subject freely. If the American speculator goes on in this way he will not take much of the 8000*l.* he won on Iroquois back to the States with him. However, Zanoni did not take the prize, for when on the line for home Mowerina came to the front she easily shook off Mazurka and Sir John Astley's horse, and won in a canter by three lengths. The Duke of Portland did not much fancy her, we believe, but she ought to have been followed for all that. It was a very good performance, and another 10 lbs. we don't believe would have stopped

her. Mazurka's second must also be commended : 7 st. 12 lbs. is a respectable weight for a three-year-old. Wokingham we never saw, but he was backed in a half-hearted way, though many thought him the pick of the handicap. Meldon, too, did not show prominently ; and Angelina, who had made most of the running, finished fourth. There was a magnificent finish on the Thursday in the Wharnclyff Stakes, for which there was no very strong favourite, though Camlusdean held the lead in the market ; the others backed being Chevronel, Regent, Favo, and Kaleidoscope. Chevronel and Knight of Burghley made the running to the distance, where they were joined by Mount Pleasant, an outsider, whose name had never been mentioned—Regent, and Camlusdean. They came on together, Camlusdean being the first to give way, but the other four could have been covered with a sheet ; eventually Mount Pleasant got his head first to the front, the same distance separating the other three. It was a grand race, though we cannot say much about the racers. In the next event, the Rous Plate, Yorkshire was treated to a sight of Bruce, and the way he was followed in the paddock, and the way they cheered him when he returned there, showed the old Yorkshire for a good horse. That whatever beats him will win the Leger was an accepted article of belief. He certainly is a grand-looking horse, just a little too set, if we must find a fault ; but what a horse to follow ! It was amusing to see Sammy Mordan take some of the Bruce cheers to himself as he returned to weigh in. Wait until you ride him for the Derby, Sam, and then you shall be cheered.

Friday, in its results, read a good day for backers ; but when the price current was consulted the odds were painfully short. We hardly think losses could have been recouped that day. It was all 6 to 4 on Bal Gal for the Park Hill, doubtless, and Zanoni, by his running in the Portland Plate, had made the West Moorland Stakes a good thing for him, as Au Revoir was an equally good thing for the Scurry. But the laying of evens, and 11 to 8 on, is not profitable, except to hardened plungers. Three to one on Petronel for the Cup, too, though of course the odds were fair, seeing he had really only Tristan to beat, was a blow to the intending getters home on that good horse. The prize, by the way, was rather of the old-fashioned type of bowl ; but, if we remember rightly, Doncaster has never gone in for the elaborate art efforts of Ascot and Goodwood. Petronel beat Tristan easily, we thought, and the Duke of Beaufort again was warmly congratulated. Truly it is not given to every one to have one horse in training, and that a Two Thousand winner. Cameliard of course won the Doncaster Stakes, and there was a good wind-up to the meeting in the match between Little Sister and St. Marguerite, which the former won easily at the finish. And then the throng of notables and unnotables dispersed north and south, each to their occupations, to farms and forests, to stubbles and seaboards, and to their merchandise and money-making,—and the great meeting is a thing of the past.

Our opening day in the sale ring at Doncaster is invariably tame and spiritless, many of those carrying heavy metal not having arrived on the scene of action, or holding themselves in reserve for the greater attractions held out by succeeding bills of fare. Hence, Tuesday is the great opportunity for pickers-up of unconsidered trifles from the studs mostly of 'little men,' though perhaps this term can hardly be applied to an old stager like Mr. Wright of Richmond, or to the 'spirited proprietor' of the Woodlands stud. Of these the former treated us to a sight of some likely looking yearlings in the ring, but buyers held aloof from the 'fancy prices' at which they were

reserved; and though Mr. Van Haansbergen fared slightly better in this respect, he had still a large proportion left on his hands, and of those sold, we thought the Mr. Winkle-Rappette colt about the most promising, as there is a soft look about the Claremonts, though they are not wanting in size, bone, and style. The young Nunehams sent up were certainly not the most favourable specimens, as their prices testified; and perhaps Brother to Beddington was pick of the yearling band, of which the great majority were sent back unsold. Lulu and her foal we thought dear enough to Marquis Talon; and the foreigners are welcome to the roaring Reconciliation, albeit she promises to frame into something out of the common as a nursing mother. On Wednesday we experienced the usual 'row, crush, jabbering, and jam' in the vicinity of the rings, and once more the proposition was mooted of a poll-tax on every individual desirous of witnessing the knocking-down process; and no one can for a moment call in question the policy of such a reform, though its practicability may be doubted as matters stand at present, when so many entrances to the premises threaten to make the process of a levying the 'gate-money' a precarious one.

Operations round the centres of attraction in the sale paddock on the St. Leger morning were harassed more than ever by the crowds which took up their position early by the rails, and steadfastly refused to budge an inch for those who naturally wished to look before they made the final leap. Mr. H. Bailey's brace of Craig Millar colts 'moved off' very fairly, and after Mr. Jennings had parted with his Macgregor colt and filly at really remunerative figures to Messrs. Martin and Towneley Parker, half a score from Croft took their turn in the ring, of which Camballo's Sarcasm colt at 300 guineas, and a very shapely son of Beauclerc and Utopia at a century more, were Mr. T. Stevens's selections, and both look 'muchly' like racing. Another member of the same Berkshire family of trainers was busy among Mr. John Watson's team, taking home the half-brother to Geheimmisse for a 'thou,' and a very sweet Sterling filly for a monkey; and of the Albert Victors it may be said they made all sorts of prices, from a thousand to twenty guineas, Mr. Lefevre's choice being his School Girl filly at 230 guineas, while Marsh waited to the last for a doubtfully bred one out of old Lady Trespass, well worth his 320 guineas. An average of over 430 guineas tells the story of the Tickhill ten graphically enough, all of them running into three figures, and Acrostic and Goldmaster into four, Mr. Gretton and Lord Stamford being the last bidders in each case, while Scotch Pearl brought T. Stevens to the front again with 400 guineas; and other dividers of the spoil were, among professionals, W. Gilbert, W. P'Anson, Arnall and W. Day, Captain Machell and Messrs. T. E. Walker and Higgins representing the amateur element. In Mr. Eyke's lot, only the Childeric—Hygeia colt, which Capt. Machell ran up to 600 guineas, saved the sale from failure, as the New Hollands did not altogether please; albeit Dr. Proctor fared better with those in his lot, Capt. Machell going in for another out of Claretto, and Mr. Walker for the Novara colt. Nine of the Hinnington youngsters contrived to find new owners, but most of them 'little men,' though W. G. Stevens gave 140 guineas for Domitian, and Mr. Smith 200 guineas for the Quickstream colt by Wisdom, at present head of affairs at Mr. Hoole's newly founded establishment. Mr. Pain started later in the morning with some odd lots, among which a very handsome colt by Craig Millar out of Frivolity fell to Robert Peek's nod for 450 guineas, and Tom Cannon picked up a nice Strathconan colt cheap at a century. The Beenham House reserves came next, and were all disposed of as usual, but bidders

declined to advance more than nominal sums until Mr. Christophers broke the ice by giving 120 guineas for a very sturdy Plebeian colt, and Mr. Jackson stayed longest for the well-favoured Cymbal—Ursula filly, and Alec Taylor for a colt by the same sire out of Jeannie Deans, 300 and 120 being the consideration for their 'orders of release.' Tom Green took home a likely Wenlock colt for 200 guineas, but Sir John Astley could not find customers for his young Highbornas, Mr. J. Lowther alone coming to the rescue of his Tiny colt. Major Stapylton made a clean sweep of his three at prices far below their value, though we thought 200 guineas plenty to pay for the Vocalist filly, notwithstanding her relationship to Fortissimo; but there was a slight spurt when Mr. Smallwood's quintette came up to take their turn in the ring, Mr. C. Perkins having made up his mind about the Beauclerc colts out of Empress and Canonical, of which we preferred the latter, though his figure was only 230 guineas against 530 guineas for the 'big 'un.' Tom Cannon picked up another real useful yearling in the Princess Augusta colt; but, on the whole, there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth among those who 'would not when they could.' Many absurd reserves were insisted upon, the consequence being in many cases a return upon the breeder's hands of the 'whole boiling,' without a chance of getting any of them in edgeways into another catalogue during the week, with the irksome obligation meanwhile of touting among owners and trainers for customers, and consequent 'loss of money, and ditto of temper.'

Thursday's sales are quite the most important as well as pleasantest of the week, for not only are the crack lots paraded, but the crowding is as nothing to that experienced on the St. Leger day, when sight, hearing, and locomotion are alike impeded. Some *remnants* from Bonehill opened the ball, which all found purchasers, Tom Cannon paying the highest price for Miss Hungerford's colt by Pero Gomez, who was responsible for all, save one, of Peter Scott's lot. Master of Arts, bred by Mr. H. A. Harrison (a name well known in the world of breeders), was voted a real beauty, and so irresistible did he prove, that Mr. George Lambert had to pay 610 guineas for the son of Beauclerc, a very rising young sire in the North of England; while Mr. Hudson of Brigham disposed of a very clever-looking Albert Victor filly to Mr. T. Stevens for 300 guineas, and no one breeds more winners from a very limited stud. Every one was delighted to see patience and perseverance reaping a rich reward in the case of the Moorland's lot, which Mr. Thompson invariably sells without reserve, and there is none of that vulgar touting and 'crabbing' of other people's goods which forms such a marked feature in certain circles, where bounce and swagger are the order of the day. The merits of the young Speculums were alluded to in these pages, but we hardly anticipated that Mr. T. Brown would have put down 1550 guineas for the Produce colt, and 1100 guineas for the Remembrance colt, after a severe tussle with Lord Zetland; while another of the family was taken by Mr. Gretton for 600 guineas, and substantial customers were found for the entire collection. Sir Tatton Sykes's Blue China did not altogether please collectors, and only one of the Sledmere trio changed hands; but Mr. Botterill had not reckoned without his host in patronising Tangible; and if Mr. Crowther Harrison was slightly disappointed in getting only 420 guineas for Splendor, a Gold-field was discovered elsewhere in his lot, and the Salvators, though rather plain and leggy, will probably not fail to reflect credit on their breeder's judgment. As to the Neasham Hall division, all we can say of them is that Mr. Cookson's vow to make Mr. Winkle a fashionable sire gives every promise of

being fulfilled, so well did most of his youngsters please; and there were some capital advertisements for Uncas, who will show up in stronger force next year, while the Roseberys were voted vast improvements upon anything yet begotten by the mighty double-event winner, and if Beaumaris was a bit of a disappointment, Bobbin' Around's Beauclerc filly made ample amends, and so all went pleasantly and profitably as usual.

At the other ring Mr. Pain succeeded in realising a magnificent average of over 500 guineas for the 'second battalion' of the Yardley regiment, but still their breeders were not happy, declaring that the presence of a certain noble lady would have still further improved prices, samples of which we may cite as follows:—Brother to Geologist, to Mr. Smith, at a monkey; Menestho, Meliz, Hygeian, and Energy to Bloss at 500, 540, 1000, and 1000 guineas respectively; Parallel, to Sherrard, at 650 guineas; and Craft, to Mr. Gretton, at 500 guineas! To such a storm of heavy bidding there naturally succeeded a calm, only partially broken by the entrance of the Woodborough division, headed by Mr. Bob Howett, blowing his own trumpet, and indulging in that forcible language characteristic of the 'lambs' of his native town. However, it could not be termed a case of all cry and no wool, seeing that Mr. Hungerford put down 600 guineas for the Gem of Gems filly, one of the few greys got by Blair Athol, and that Richard Marsh ran the Cremorne—Activity colt up to 800 guineas, taking home besides a Lowlander and a Munden, though our fancy rather inclined to the choice of Mr. Redfern for 310 guineas of a charming Kingcraft colt from Merry Bells. After a brief interval of 'leather and prunella,' we got among the beauties of Lord Lonsdale's stud, from which Mr. Hume Webster selected sister to Prince Charlie and her Petrarch colt for 600 and 300 guineas, and Mr. G. Thompson expended some of his Speculum 'takings' at the other ring in the purchase of Sweet Agnes, a matron by no means belying her name. Friday morning in former years has been devoted to one or two batches of yearlings and a collection of miscellaneous lots, including the rejected of previous catalogues; but these waifs and strays were crowded out on the present occasion, when there was ample business for two rings, Mr. Edmund superintending on behalf of old customers, and his partner taking care of sundry consignments of mares and foals, with just a 'dash' of the yearling element for variety's sake. Mr. Lant's Struans fetched only moderate prices, and the heavy reserves on the Middle Parkers frightened away all but W. I'Anson, who took the sweet Scottish Chief—Czarina filly for 300 guineas; so that it was a boon and a blessing to see the Baumber Park lot step boldly into the ring, with the motto of 'no reserve' giving buyers confidence, at present rather a difficult feeling to instil into the minds of those who look and long, and get ever stalled off by the apprehension of something being not altogether on the square. Mr. Sharpe's first three did not quite please, but the succeeding lots soon put a different complexion on affairs, Keel Row and Bright Idea realising 200 and 210 guineas, while Mr. Stevenson gave 820 and 450 guineas for Lord Berners and Cirrus, both scions of Cœruleus, and Mr. Lefevre 580 guineas for Montroyd by Camballo, Cecil Craven going into Marsh's stable for 410 guineas. Others by Cœruleus also helped up his average, which is most respectable for a young sire; but only a few of his consorts changed hands, while none of the Neasham mothers were disposed of at the hammer. Mr. Smith-Barry's breeding stud, however, went for what they would fetch, prices ranging from 150 guineas to a 'fiveer,' and some good judges divided the spoil. Colonel Maude took a very dear mare, we thought, in Servitude for 150 guineas, though there is a

vast deal of the old Glasgow blood in her composition ; and we wish Colonel Barlow joy with Thorwater, unless this grand combination of Pantaloon and Lanercost has turned over a new leaf in her old age. Mr. Pain held forth to quite as large an audience, and nearly every lot left his ring with a new owner booked to its number ; Mr. Carew Gibson securing a likely Lord Clifden mare in Novelty, with an 'unfashionably bred foal at foot, plainly indicating what might be expected from some more eligible alliance ; and we considered Maidenhair absurdly cheap to Mr. Benson, as was Medway, by Blair Athol from Shannon's dam, to Mr. Hetherington. Of the Croft contribution Gentle Zitella and poor old Letty Long returned whence they came ; but not so Oblivion, a fine lengthy Speculum mare, who joins the Beenham House stud, Nella and her promising Speculum foal being also put down to Mr. H. Waring, the three representing a sum of 800 guineas not unprofitably invested. Old Hoodwink and young Frances join a whole host of recent purchases at Middle Park, where the collection is waxing larger than ever ; and from among Mr. Watson's cast-offs, Goode selected a very charming Blinkhoolie mare in Retirement, with a Cathedral filly at foot, and with Geheimniss still at the top of the three-year-old tree, a mare similarly bred to the dam of that celebrity should surely visit Rosicrucian next season. Others were almost given away, or sold far below their value, until Mr. Anthony Harrison's mares appeared, from which Mr. J. Watson culled Sweet Violet for 520 guineas, and she looks worth every penny of the money, Tilt and Nymph of the Tees going for mere old songs. There was nothing else of much account, except Mr. Lant's string, from which Mr. Carew Gibson took a nice Struan colt ; and then the curtain fell upon perhaps the busiest week on record, and we may state without fear of contradiction that enough blood-stock was left on the hands of vendors to furnish forth sales for another morning or two, while we tremble to think of the fate of many of the rejected candidates.

Rarely has the season been more favourable for cub-hunting, which is now in full swing, and there are few countries which have not already been enlivened by the merry cry of hounds and the horn of the hunter been heard on the hills. In some favoured counties the harvest was early and safely stored before the disastrous rains which retarded operations, and in many cases, it is to be feared, blighted the hopes of some of the best friends to fox-hunting ; but one of the keenest farmers that ever followed hounds, who always makes the best of everything, made a remark that is worth recording. Day after day the pitiless rain prevented his carrying his harvest, cut and rotting in the fields, till he was tired of watching it. 'Well, there 'it is, and I hoped to be able to buy a young horse out of it ; but, though 'there is no chance to get it up, the rain has softened the ground, so we can 'hunt and it won't hurt the old horse, so he must do again.' Away he trotted to the kennels to make arrangements, and the next morning he forgot all his troubles as hounds raced a cub through and round the wet stooks, and he says the old horse never galloped stronger.

There are few countries so favourable for cub-hunting as the New Forest, where there are neither crops to be avoided nor fences full of leaf to bring grief to followers of hounds. Last to leave off hunting, and first to begin, Mr. Meyrick is indeed lucky to hunt such a country. From the 3rd of May, when they finished the season at Bolton's Bench, to the 30th of August, when they commenced cub-hunting, seems a short span, and yet the Master managed to make a sporting tour, fishing and shooting big game in Canada and North America, returning in time to hunt his hounds the first

day of cubbing. The contrast between the hunting in the Forest at the end of the season and the beginning is striking.

Where are now the fashionable crowds who are to be seen at the 12 o'clock meets in spring, both with foxhounds and Captain Lovell's buckhounds? Ten or twelve keen sportsmen and two or three young ladies comprise the field when the meets are at 4.30 A.M., increasing in numbers perhaps as the hours roll on, till there may be about twenty to thirty by the time when most of the early risers are ready to go home to breakfast. Though cub-hunting involves getting up in the dark, tubbing and shaving by candle-light, anxious all the while whether the groom will be up to feed and saddle the hunter. Very enjoyable are these early mornings once a start is made. Whether the mount is an old and tried favourite that knows as well as his rider the reason of this early start, or a young one that has all to learn, and by his eager snatching at the bridle seeming to enter into his rider's keenness, shows that he is anxious to learn his lesson. Horses always appear to know when they are going hunting. Gaily they step along till a turn in the road shows the pack jogging along just in front. Now nerves tingle, and merry are the greetings, while a houndsman throws a loving but critical eye over the pack, and down in the Forest it must be said the pack has improved this season; for besides being able to put forward a lot of home-bred hounds, Mr. Meyrick secured the Duke of Grafton's draft, and Frank Beers must have had a good entry to spare such a lot. There is no change in the staff, the Master carries the horn, and Will Hawtin is kennel huntsman and first whip, Jack Raby is second. With a country well stocked with foxes they were lucky to get blood the first morning, and have brought cubs to hand since, so the youngsters have entered well, and now it is a treat to see them hunt.

A visit to the Hertfordshire kennels, at Kennesbourne Green, showed that Ward has a rare entry this season, for good as are the young dog-hounds, the ladies are worth going a long distance to see. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful lot, and there is no doubt they would have made a mark at Peterborough. On September 13th they were out for the first time cub-hunting at No Man's Land. In the famous Hill End Springs they found a litter, and brought a cub to hand in Langley Wood. Prospects look bright, and all that is wanted is embraced in the old toast 'luck, and an open season.'

The Old Berkeley (Mr. Longmans) met at Abbott's Hill on September 22nd for their first day's cubbing, and those who found their way there in the dark, for day was just dawning at half-past five, when hounds met, enjoyed a smart little run, about the best imitation of the real thing that the most sanguine thruster could have expected or even wished, while fences are blind and hounds are expected to keep in covert. It speaks well for the condition of the hounds, and especially the puppies, that few were missing when the roll was called. Out of thirty-three couples that started one who never makes mistakes counted thirty-one couples out of covert when all was over. After drawing one or two little belts and spinnies round Abbott's Hill they hit off the line of an old fox in the park. There was a blazing scent, and it would have been a sin to stop them even for the litter which was left behind. After one turn round the park he set his head straight away, and they raced him up hill and down dale to ground at How Grove in twenty-five minutes. Those who followed them had to ride as sharp as condition could carry them, nor was there much time to pick places. Messrs. Hibbert, Peel, Smith, Bower and Miles enjoyed this little gallop, and perhaps the Master would have looked serious had he not seen such happy faces, for

it was not cub-hunting. Trotted back to Abbott's Hill, but the cubs had taken the hint and moved, so across to Shendish coverts hounds were soon busy. One cub ran across the park with the racing ladies close at him, just saving his brush in a rabbit burrow in a dell hole. Another went away to Scatteralls with the pack in hot pursuit; there they changed and brought another cub back to Shendish. After rattling about some time from one to another hounds were taken home. Reluctantly Worrall called them together, but the hot sun had dried up all the dew, and it was close work for puppies in covert. On Monday they had a good morning at Chorley Wood, and hounds were blooded.

For the benefit of sportsmen who get up early for cub-hunting the following receipt can be recommended. Invented by one who would get up in the middle of the night if necessary to meet a pack of hounds, he finds this the best stay for a long day's work, and calls it Dragon's Milk. Beat up two eggs with cream and old rum, sugar to taste, pour on half a pint of hot milk, and grate some ginger over. Mix and beat it all up with an American whisk till it froths, and he naïvely remarks, 'you will not regret it.'

The death of Mr. Henry Savile removes from the busy scene of the racing world a figure that can be ill spared. Small is the number of the men now left us, of whom Mr. Savile was the type, the owners of large breeding establishments like that at Rufford and Mereworth may easily be counted, noblemen and gentlemen devoting a lifetime to the Turf are few and far between. Mr. Savile was wedded to racing from an early period, and when in the 2nd Life Guards he showed his fondness for the sport in regimental and other minor races; but it was on the death of Lord Scarborough (eighth Earl of that title), when he became possessed of the Rufford Abbey property in Notts (the seat of the old Saviles), that his taste showed its full development. There had been for some time a close friendship between him and the then Lord Zetland, and Mr. Savile may be said to have begun his racing career proper under that great sportsman's auspices. From him the owner of Rufford no doubt acquired that fondness for the stout blood of Blacklock, which showed itself in his descendant Skirmisher, and so in 1859, when Mr. Savile formed his breeding stud at Rufford, that horse and Parmesan were selected as sires. What the latter did for his owner is well known. D'Estournel, one of his first sons, was an undoubtedly good horse, cursed with a temper that proved his ruin, but it was in 1871 that we saw the two destined to make his name celebrated, Favonius and Cremorne. The former had not run as a two-year-old, Baron Rothschild declining all his engagements, and so when Albert Victor just beat him by a head in the Newmarket Biennial, there were not wanting some who fancied the longer course at Epsom would reverse the running. How he won the Derby is a matter of history, and as Cremorne had the previous day taken the Woodcote, 'the little black' became a famous sire at a bound. Cremorne ran eleven times as a two-year-old, and had nine winning brackets to his name. He went down before Prince Charlie in the Criterion, and the following year he had the ill-luck to meet again the greatest miler of latter times in the Two Thousand. But for that Cremorne would have been the winner of the double event, so much coveted, and so rarely gained.

Mr. Savile had other good horses too, and the names of Uhlan and Lilian, two thorough stayers, as hard to beat as their unconquerable owner, will occur to every one. The Ranger, too, was the first English horse that carried off the Grand Prix, which Mr. Savile took again with Cremorne.

Then there were Rippenden and Kaiser, the latter perhaps the best second-class horse of his year, with many others that we have not space to mention here. It is to be regretted that Cremorne has not as yet set his seal on any of his descendants. He has been a comparative failure at the stud, and very trying it must have been to Mr. Savile to see his stock year after year, good-looking as they were and full of promise, turning out, if not worthless, something very far removed from what we mean by a racehorse. Ridette was a fair handicap performer, Cadogan's early promise was not fulfilled, and we must for the present look to Kermesse to redeem the character of her sire. We will, however, not despair of the grand son of Parmesan, and think that the blood and the breeding will yet tell.

To say that Mr. Savile was 'popular,' is to use a word that we should like to see expunged from our turf vocabulary. It is a term applied in the most indiscriminate fashion to every racing man, be he lord or commoner, baronet, bookmaker, or brewer. Mr. Savile was, we trust, not 'popular,' but something higher and better,—he was loved and esteemed. He was known to be possessed of great courage, to be the soul of honour, true and just in all his dealings; and he was also known to be a gentleman in that high sense of the word—the gentleman of the kindly heart, and not alone of the polished manners. That we take it was why the Master of Rufford Abbey was so much loved and liked by the many degrees of men with whom he was brought in contact, and that is why his memory will live among us, and his vacant place will not easily be filled.

The somewhat sudden death of Mr. Joseph Radcliff, on the first day of Doncaster races, came like a thunderclap on the majority of his numerous friends, who were unaware that he had been suffering for some time previously from congestion, which ultimately affected his lungs. Ten years since there was no figure better known at Newmarket than that of 'Joe,' as, clad in breeches and black boots, he was wont to steer his hack towards the rails of the betting ring, bent on deadly combat with the knights of the pencil. Such combats, when carried on with heavy metal, have ever come to the same conclusion; and although 'Joe' had his 'turns,' as the phrase goes, no reasonable fortune could have lasted long, when its owner betted with the pertinacity which characterised the man whose early loss we are now deploring. Had he stuck to the support of his own animals, and to the advice of his excellent trainer William Arnall, we firmly believe that all would have gone well enough; but rather than not bet, 'Joe' would back his own selections or his friends' tips, till when the golden opportunity presented itself in 1872, he was not in a position to take full advantage thereof. It was in this year that Salvano was let into the Cesarewitch with the bottom weight, after being tried both privately and publicly to be almost a certainty for the race. It was in this year too that a young light-weight was engaged to ride, whose name was almost unknown to fame, and who required a great deal of convincing on the part of owner and friends, before he would believe that a mount on a Cesarewitch winner was in store for him. That jockey was Freddy Archer. Salvano started at 100 to 7 against him, and won by many lengths, the victory of his owner being one of the most popular ever witnessed at Newmarket, while the scene at his club, on the receipt of the news, attested the immense interest which was taken in his success. How the horse ever lost the Cambridgeshire, for which he started at 2 to 1, Archer being again in the saddle, has never yet been explained, but naturally his owner lost heavily by his defeat. After that year came the beginning of the end, which we need not enlarge on, except to express a hope that the perusal of Joe Radcliff's career on the Turf may point a moral

to some of the younger owners of racehorses of the present day, who may be inclined to make the Turf a business instead of a recreation. Educated at Eton, Joe was a man of great information and sound scholarship; full of anecdote and quaint sayings, he was an excellent companion, while his liberality and kindness of feeling endeared him alike to high and low. Truly of him may we say in Lord Macaulay's words—'His noble equanimity was tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.'

Many of our watering-places, from all we hear, have been doing badly this season, that is, according to the pecuniary notions of the inhabitants. Neither has our lively little French neighbour, Boulogne, been spared the prevailing epidemic. In her case she seems to have had rather the worst of it. A report of small-pox being rife got abroad, and kept visitors at a respectful distance for a time. Whatever grounds there were for the scare have now disappeared, and this favourite resort is as desirable a residence as any of its more favoured rivals. As usual the yellow sands are not the least attractive feature of the place, bathing and flirting going on all day with an innocence of attire worthy of our first parents, Adam and Eve.

High jinks have just been held over the inauguration of a statue to Frederic Sauvage, a townsman, and engineer of some renown in his day, and who is supposed to have been one of the first inventors of the screw propeller for ships. Everybody joined *con amore* in the celebration, concerts and balls being the order of the day, while *free* amusements were provided for the people, all of which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. There was of course a run upon the hotels, but most of them were equal to the emergency. Our friend Bodart, at the Hotel de Paris, was, as might be expected from the reputation of his excellent cuisine, heavily taxed; his well-drilled staff, however, succeeded in making his numerous guests thoroughly comfortable, and the festivities which brought the *fêtes* to a close will long be remembered by those who were present.

There are several indications of the coming hunting season already to be seen in Rugby. Cub-hunting has been successfully commenced with the Atherstone and North Warwickshire, and there is a good show of foxes in the Atherstone county, especially at Newbold, Revel, and at All Oaks. Mr. John Darby had over a first-class lot of horses from Ireland, including the prize winners at the Dublin Show in August, which went off as quick as ripe cherries, and he was very soon obliged to send over and try and find some more to meet the demands of some of his regular customers. His nephew and namesake has just commenced practice at Rugby as a veterinary surgeon, and when we state that he was a favourite pupil of Mr. H. Cartwright of Wolverhampton, whose reputation in his profession is so well known all over the United Kingdom, we have little doubt but young John Darby will in course of time make a name equal to that of his instructor.

We have some good news for our readers. Towards the end of October or beginning of November, Mr. Frederick Gale—the gentleman who under the signature of 'F. G.' has charmed them for now some few years with his graphic descriptions of, and comments on, sport of various kinds—will deliver a lecture in London on 'Modern Sports, their Use and their Abuse.' Professor Ruskin will take the chair, and due notice will be given of the when and where. As there is no one more qualified than Mr. Gale to speak on the theme he has selected, we think we are fully justified in believing that the lecture will be a most interesting one. He has the pen of a ready writer we all know, and we expect him to talk to us as pleasantly as he writes.

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VOL. XXXVIII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. T. HARVEY D. BAYLY.

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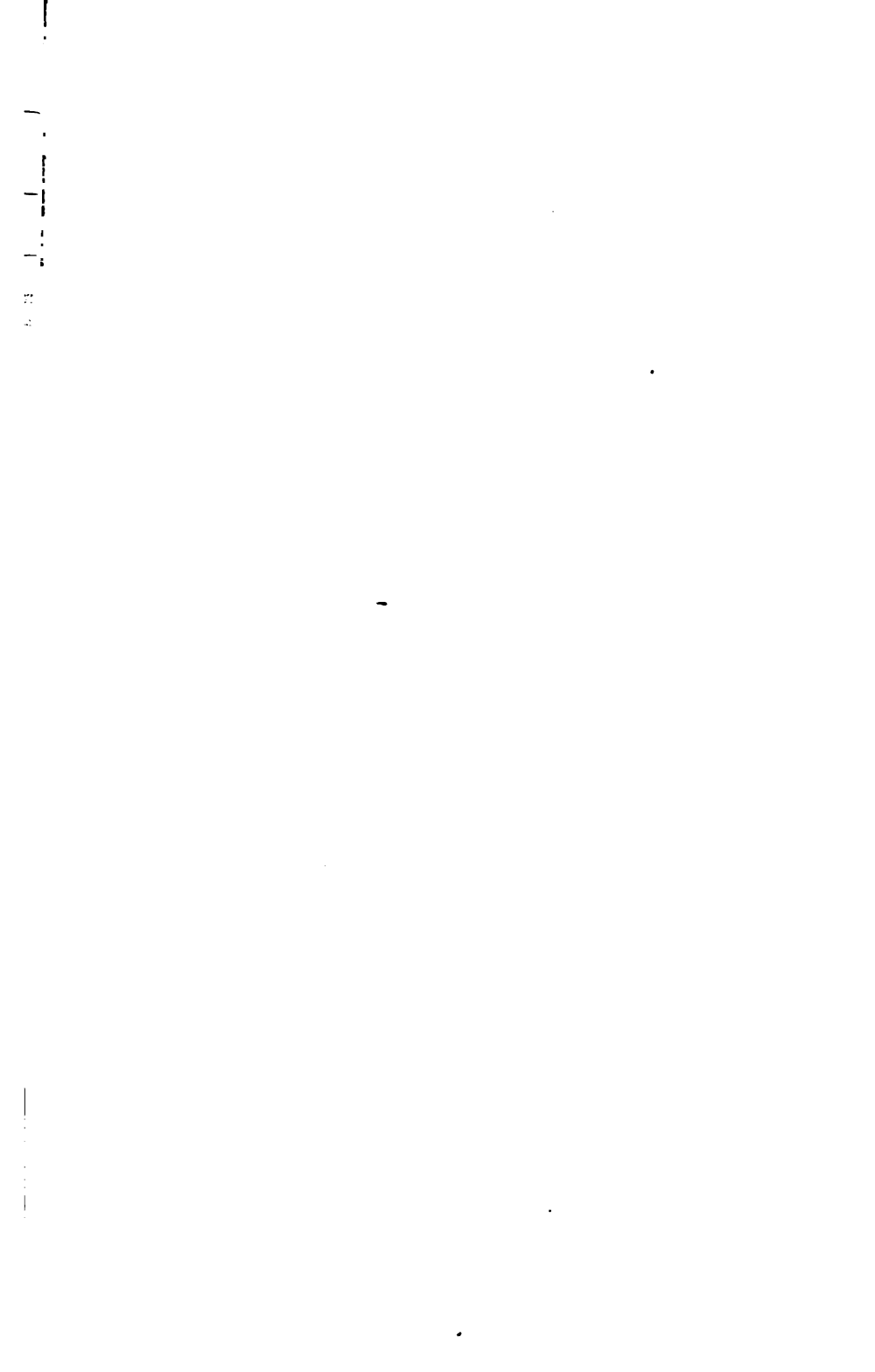
DIARY FOR NOVEMBER, 1881.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TU	Two Pounds Game Licence begins. Worcester and Brighton
2	W	Worcester, Brighton, and Lincoln Races. [Races.
3	TH	Lincoln and Lewes Races. Sussex Club Coursing Meeting.
4	F	Lewes Races.
5	S	
6	S	TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
7	M	
8	TU	Liverpool Autumn Races. Kenver Hill Coursing Meeting.
9	W	Liverpool Races.
10	TH	Liverpool Races. Cheshire Club Coursing Meeting.
11	F	Liverpool and Alexandra Park Races.
12	S	Alexandra Park Races.
13	S	TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
14	M	
15	TU	Derby Autumn Races.
16	W	Derby and Shrewsbury Races. Ashdown and Altcar Club
17	TH	Shrewsbury Races. [Coursing Meetings.
18	F	Shrewsbury Races.
19	S	
20	S	TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
21	M	
22	TU	Warwick and Manchester Races. [Meeting.
23	W	Warwick and Manchester Races. Kempton Park Coursing
24	TH	Warwick and Manchester Races. Ludham Club Coursing
25	F	Four Oaks Park and Manchester Races. [Meeting.
26	S	Four Oaks Park Races. Birmingham Cattle Show begins.
27	S	FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
28	M	Birmingham Dog Show begins.
29	TU	Croydon Steeplechases. Southminster Coursing Meeting.
30	W	Croydon Steeplechases. Berkeley Coursing Meeting.

•• Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.

NOTICE FOR THE BINDER.

The Title-page for Vol. XXXVII will be published with the December Number.





Engraved by

J. W. Brown

J. W. Brown

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. T. HARVEY D. BAYLY.

If 'merrie Sherwood' was deserving of its name in days of old,
when in

'the good greenwood
Mavis and merle were singing,'

and the forest of legend and song was peopled with the shadows that have been household words in England for five or six centuries, assuredly it has its merry days now, when the glades re-echo to the cheery blast of the horn and the deep note of the hound, as through the big woods between Rufford and Thoresby we seek to push the fox, over ground where 'Norman kings hunted and Plantagenet 'kings held parliaments,' and when from Nottingham Castle to Doncaster town 'twas greenwood all.'

A Master of the Rufford may, we think, consider his lines as cast in pleasant places. He has no very large meeting of horsemen to keep in order. No fashionable watering-place is to be found in the county. He has few strangers; he knows his fields, and is known of them. The country may not be one that a hard rider would select, but it can show sport, and a man who is fond of hunting can see hounds work to perfection. The subject of our present sketch, whose features have been so well limned by our artist, may be instanced as one who has found the post he so well fills to his liking, for he has been twice Master of the Rufford hounds. Mr. Harvey Bayly is of an old Gloucestershire family, the son of Mr. T. K. Bayly, of Frenchay in that county, and nephew of the well-known Mr. John Bayly, both of these gentlemen constant *habitues* with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and the last named one of the finest riders of his day—the day of Lord Wilton, Captain Percy Williams, and latterly of 'Josey' Little. Few wearers of silk could beat him, and there were good men to the fore at that time. Mr. Harvey Bayly was born in 1839, and, after an educational *curriculum* at Eton and Christ Church, settled down for a time in the Oakley country, then under the mastership

of that fine sportsman, Mr. Arkwright, whose pupil Mr. Bayly considers himself to be. He had previously, when a boy, hunted with the then Duke of Beaufort, in the time of the celebrated Will Long; and, under the tuition of both his father and uncle, may be supposed to have been well grounded in the noble science of which he is so fond. While residing in the Oakley country he managed to have a week or two every year with the Rufford, under the respective masterships of Captain Percy Williams and Colonel Welfitt; and it was on the resignation of the latter in 1867 that Mr. Bayly was persuaded by his friends, the late Speaker (whose property the hounds were), Lord Manvers, and the late Mr. Savile, to take the country. This he did, starting with Machin as huntsman; Castleman—now carrying the horn with the Atherstone—as first whip; and Sam Hayes—Mr. Bayly's present huntsman—as second ditto. Mr. Bayly continued in office, Castleman succeeding Machin as huntsman, until the end of the season 1871-2, when he resigned, and the hounds were sold, Castleman taking most of his old favourites with him to join the present Atherstone pack. Mr. Bayly then acted as Hon. Sec. to the hunt, and though pressed on more than one occasion to resume the mastership, it was only at the close of last season that he determined to do so. He, as we have said above, has selected his old second whip, Hayes, as his huntsman; and the latter left the Atherstone country with the substantial good wishes of every one brought into contact with him. Mr. Bayly's resumption of office has been received with a feeling of thankfulness by the country, for he is deservedly popular with gentle and simple. Everything bids fair for a prosperous season.

The Master of the Rufford has had a turn at most things. He has kept greyhounds; he had at one time several horses in training at Arnall's, Percy's, and Joseph Dawson's, and won a fair share of races; Old Warden and Lady Macbeth being the most successful. A good shot, he goes annually to Scotland, and with his life-long friend, Mr. W. Miles, is now in occupation of Stratheven, where the late Lord Henry Bentinck once killed 100 brace to his own gun.

But it is in the Show Yard, on the sawdust of Islington, the grass of Alexandra Park, at Manchester or York, that Mr. Harvey Bayly's name will perhaps be most familiar to our readers. He has a wonderful eye for a good horse, and his judgment has been shown in the long list of his prize winners, chiefly of the 'blue riband,' beginning with Borderer and ending with Whitebait, The Robber, and Huntsman. That perfect gentleman, Rossington, the powerful Tavistock, Black Jack, and others that our limited space forbids us mentioning, have been among his successes. He has taken the Champion prizes at Islington and Alexandra, and there is not a Show Yard in England in which his horses have not been winners. Brought before the judges in the most perfect condition, Mr. Bayly will tell you, and those who know his home and its surroundings will confirm the statement, that to the zeal and care of his stud groom, the faithful 'John,' so well known at all the shows, such condition is due.

Caring little for town life, the bay window at Boodles' sees Mr. Bayly but rarely. It is at Edwinstone House, his charming bachelor residence, near Rufford Abbey, that we must meet him to appreciate the kind and thoughtful host, the warm-hearted friend. Rather reserved in general society, those admitted to his intimacy know how to appreciate the sterling qualities that have won him the respect and liking of gentle and simple. Quiet and yet earnest, conscientious without ostentation, a just steward of the goods committed to his use, Mr. Bayly fulfils the duties of a country gentleman with the ability and discretion that might be expected from him. As we have intimated, his resumption of the Mastership has greatly pleased all of every degree in the Rufford country. May his tenure be prosperous and long.

SCATTERED ABROAD.

THERE is always something melancholy and depressing in connection with sales such as that advertised to take place at Doncaster this month; and the probable surroundings thereof do not promise to render the operation of 'scattering abroad' the late Mr. Savile's breeding stud so exciting or lively as other important dispersions within our recollection. The time and place of the sale will certainly not conduce to mitigate the solemnity of the occasion, for it would be impossible to imagine anything more dreary than the aspect of Doncaster's dirty and dead-alive streets on a raw November morning, the Yorkshire town presenting the appearance of 'some banquet-hall deserted' after its September revels, from which most of us retired with a fervent desire not to set eyes on the old place again for another year. However, the fates have willed it otherwise, and certainly there is much sense and reason in the plea for holding the sale in the Turf capital of the North, and for the fixture being appointed for the first week in the month sacred to fogs and suicides. It was rightly argued that some concession should be made to local interests, in the shape of friends, neighbours, tenants, and others, who could hardly be expected to take wing to Newmarket at this season of the year; but whose presence at the ring side would be desirable as highly likely to favourably influence prices, many of those attracted thither being desirous of taking away a memento of the kind master and landlord recently deceased. Add to this the celebration of the Lincoln Autumn Meeting, and the undoubted fact that the Doncaster sale paddocks afford ample room and verge enough for a sale of such magnitude and importance, in addition to considerations of economy and safety in transporting some threescore valuable animals over a short distance instead of a long one—and we have all the reasons *pro* the selection of locality and date for the event now so much discussed in breeding circles.

As to the composition and administration of the Rufford Stud, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Savile, one of what we may now

term the old school of sportsmen, established and conducted the same solely for the purpose of supplying racing material to the stable over the fortunes of which he presided, and by no means with the object of tickling the tastes of that section of the racing public which relies for its resources on the enterprise of breeders for sale. Hence we may at least excuse, if we cannot admire, the jealous conservative spirit which ordained that, except on the rarest of occasions, no foreign alliances should be contracted for the mares in the establishment, which in itself contained such material to resort to as the stallions in the list before us. Therefore those in search of brood mares will find that in many cases recourse has been had to a system of crossing and mating not altogether in accordance with the accepted orthodox theories of the majority of breeders; while, on the other hand, the preponderating proportion of Sweetmeat blood in the female line frequently obliged Mr. Savile to have recourse to sires, of his own well-bred and excellent blood indeed, but hardly of sufficient calibre to sustain the exalted reputation acquired by Rufford through the production of Cremorne. Such progenitors as Earl of Dartrey, D'Estournel, Reverberation, Sealskin & Co., are all very well in their way, and we cannot but appreciate the determination of their owner to stick to his own blood for better or for worse; but such experiments cannot but be risky in the extreme, and to these we may not unreasonably, in part at least, attribute the long series of disastrous seasons experienced by the owner of the yellow jacket and scarlet cap since the palmy days which saw the star of Cremorne in the ascendant. Rufford might well be termed a perfect stronghold of the Sweetmeat blood derived from Parmesan, whose name crops up, occasionally more than once, in the pedigrees of no less than twenty out of the twenty-eight matrons catalogued for sale on the 2nd of November. Few of our leading sires of the day were so thoroughly and entirely self-made as the sire of Favonius and Cremorne (Derby winners in two successive years); and it was doubtless in no small degree owing to the success of a persistently exclusive policy in the case of the queer-tempered little brown, that Mr. Savile was induced to adopt a similar line ever afterwards, and to rely strictly on home resources. What are likely to be the fruits of the system we shall not attempt to predict, seeing that Mr. Savile bred only according to his lights as a private individual, and not with an eye to please the public taste; but we may go so far perhaps as to express our belief that a large amount of excellent material shortly to be 'scattered abroad' will benefit purchasers in the end, when released from the restrictive measures recently adopted in its behalf, and sown broadcast in soils more varied than before, and consequently with a better chance of bringing forth good fruit. In a brief purview of the mares, we shall aim at classifying and grouping them as far as possible, with the object of rendering our labours as complete as possible, as well as of facilitating reference to the various lots.

As corner stones of a collection of nursing mothers formed with

jealous care, and almost unique in its fixity of tenure at Rufford, we may instance Doeskin, Lady Blanche, Ravioli, and Rigolboche, as responsible for a very large share in its composition. No stud was formerly considered complete without a Newminster mare, and accordingly we find Doeskin, having actually completed her quarter of a century, the representative of that famous line, and the 'oldest inhabitant' may yet respond to the dalliance of Reverberation, to whose lot has also fallen her five-year-old daughter by Cremorne, while Sibell is the result of her Parmesan alliance. Lady Blanche by Voltigeur dam by Ithurriel, also due to Reverberation, is but two years junior to Doeskin, and her contribution of 'three fair daughters' comprises Blanchette by D'Estournel, Lady Beatrice by Cremorne, and Zee by The Palmer, this trio having divided their favours between Earl of Dartrey, Reverberation, and Cremorne, and the first-named is again represented by White Lady, a King o' Scots mare, dam of Whitechapel by Cremorne, and carries an own brother or sister to that smart two-year-old. Ravioli, by Parmesan out of a Melbourne mare, and served by Cremorne, next presents herself, and though only in her seventeenth year, Mr. Savile's old favourite can show no less than five contributions to this 'family party,' viz., Amice by The Palmer, an unnamed mare by Lecturer, Piquante and Ravigote by Skirmisher, and Victoria by Victorious, which have been allotted respectively the first three to Cremorne, and the remaining pair to D'Estournel and Earl of Dartrey, Sauceboat by See-Saw out of Ravigote having cast in her lot with Cremorne. Rigolboche by Rataplan, the dam of Cremorne, was foaled the same year as Ravioli, and has visited D'Estournel once again (having produced a now two-year-old winner to him), and in addition is responsible for Gavotte and Mabilie, a brace of own sisters to the Derby winner, the former dropped in 1874, and the dam of Mazurka in 1868, both having been the portion of Reverberation last spring. The Ranger has left Bertoldi out of Terpsicrate, Carmen out of Regina (dam of Kaiser), and Malvoisie out of Cos to keep his memory green, all three stinted to Earl of Dartrey; and mention of Cos, by D'Estournel, reminds us that she and her daughter by Sealskin (a son of Doeskin) have been similarly mated to the scions of The Ranger. Electric by Thunderbolt from Heather Bloom was also on the Earl's list, and her daughter Illumination on that of Sealskin; and thus this method of classification leaves us with mention to make of only a few odd lots, such as Primula by Camerino, Thœa by the Duke, and Rosherville by Cremorne, all suitably allotted, the former pair to Cremorne, and the last named to Reverberation. It will be gleaned from the above brief *résumé* what a remarkably 'close borough' was the establishment now on the point of dispersion, which if it contains not a large proportion of dams of winners, is at least entitled to consideration for the reserve of Sweetmeat blood now for the first time open to competition by breeders all over the world. We cannot doubt that the boon will be duly appreciated, no less than the fact to which we

have made allusion, of the existence of too great a preponderance of the strain at Rufford to enable it to receive full justice. Many of the mares are young and practically untried, and over many (tell it not in Gath) too unfashionably crossed to have final judgment passed upon their chances of future distinction. Most are as well favoured as they are well bred, and if not the big, lengthy, roomy sort, so dear to the hearts of theorists, it must not be forgotten that the racing line from which at least two-thirds of their number claim descent, has ever been more distinguished for compact neatness and quality than for the characteristics of size and bone which prevail elsewhere. Happily wide differences of opinion exist among our reputed best judges as to the ideal type of a brood mare, and looking back through the pedigrees of good winners, it is instructive to find how many have sprung from comparative obscurities, without shape or racing credentials to recommend them, but furnishing examples of the truth of the *dictum* that 'blood, like murder, will out.' Among the sires, it is to be feared that none save Cremorne will excite that flutter round the ring which marks the entrance of some turf or stud celebrity; for the Earl of Dartrey, taking into consideration his unimpeachable pedigree, is, or was (for we have not set eyes on him since his return to England) one of the nondescript sort, and totally lacking in the 'character' of his progenitors, which we fancy a race-horse 'of mark' should in some degree reflect; at least we have found this to be the case in many instances coming under our observation. A more desirable customer is D'Estournel, a true son of Parmesan, and a Sweetmeat from head to tail, but then his 'manners' have always been against him, and to the vagaries of youth have succeeded the crochets of mature age, failings which the majority of his stock have been found to inherit. Ripponden, another of the faint-hearted brigade, appears to have been used for other than thoroughbred mares, of which Sealskin has had a few strays and spares; but both are better adapted for the 'h.b.' business, and considering the number of notoriously unsound walking 'gentlemen' now on country circuits, such sires should be well worth picking up 'at a price.' But all the honour and homage are likely to be reserved for Cremorne, deservedly a prime favourite with his late owner, who is reputed to have refused for his pet a price exceeding that placed by Robert Peck on Doncaster, after that celebrity had doubly crowned the edifice of his success at Ascot. As nothing could tempt a former Marquis of Westminster to part with Touchstone, so did the lamented master of Rufford regard Cremorne as the very apple of his eye, and in the pride of his heart deemed him as assured a stud success as his sanguine wishes could make him. Whether he has quite succeeded in playing to perfection the very high part for which he was cast, bidding for his possession round the ring at Doncaster a day or two hence will reveal far more effectually than the raking up of statistics from the pages of Weatherby, and comparisons of his position year by year on the tell-tale list of 'winning stallions.' We would rather Cremorne

were left to speak for himself, standing there with his head towards the hammer in the waning sunlight of 'the brief November day,' with a ring of excited Yorkshiremen murmuring around him their half-suppressed admiration of the horse who did so handsomely all they asked of him, and never for a moment risked his reputation fairly earned of a game 'un, a good 'un, and above all a glutton. He stands revealed the true equine gentleman, every inch of him, and though the learned in horseflesh, so reputed, may seek to expose each little fault and failing, turning their eyeglasses steadfastly upon him, as if to detect spots in the sun ; it is enough for us to watch him striding in stately guise round the crowded confines of his limited kingdom, and to mark him led away, at the hammer's fall, still the same old public favourite as in the days when he shook off Pell Mell on the Epsom post, or secured his double-first over the heart-breaking Ascot track.

AMPHION.

THE HUNT CLUB MEETING.

PART III.—CHAPTER IV.

A CHANCE MEETING.

ANOTHER glance, and he was assured. Yes, he was certain of it. It was Miss Lewes who sat there in her blue riding-habit watching him. She did not recognise him in his rough attire and bronzed face, but he sprung to his feet in an instant and doffed his cap as he approached her. 'How do you do, Miss Lewes? who would have thought of our meeting here? Have you ridden far? How is your brother Peter?'

'Oh, Mr. Harwood, I did not know you for the moment, and it is so unusual to see any stranger fishing up here, that I could not restrain my curiosity. I hope you have had good sport. Peter is at home, and very well, thank you. He will be delighted to see you.'

'I have been wandering about on a Welsh fishing tour, Miss Lewes, and have just lost a splendid fish in that pool; but it is amply compensated for by the happy chance of meeting you.' Gladys gave a languid little sigh that betokened something akin to pleasure at having her solitary ride so suddenly broken in upon, and Dick continued: 'I am working my way down to Gwydyr to-night. Can you tell me how far it is, Miss Lewes? Do you live far from here? Because I must do myself the pleasure of calling before I leave Gwydyr.'

'Indeed,' replied Gladys, 'you must not go to Gwydyr to-night. You will have to pass Dryscoyd to get there, and Peter will never forgive me if I were to let you give us the go-by in that way. We Welsh people are only too pleased to see a friend now and then, if he happens to come near us. It is so seldom that we can persuade people to come and visit us.'

This pretty little speech brought a little colour into Gladys' cheeks, which Dick could not help noticing were paler and thinner than of yore, and that she looked faded and sad; nevertheless there was the beautiful Miss Lewes he had met at Topley Park, in the Row, and at several dances, in her own native wild country, as charming as ever in his eyes; how could he refuse her invitation? So he gracefully accepted it.

Dick had hardly time to express his thanks for the directions which she gave him for finding Dryscoyd, before Gladys had caught hold of her pretty fourteen-hands cob by the head, and was lifting him quietly into a canter towards home. Ah, thought Dick, as he watched her intently, that is graceful; she has not lost her good hands, at all events, that landed her safely over those big places in the Sandfield Run. How in the world could Jack Mountjoy ever have turned his back on such a woman as this? but, perhaps, she declined him.

'What a grand wild valley this is!' exclaimed he, as he began to approach the Dryscoyd Woods. After the bareness of Tivyland and the wild wastes of hills, on which he had spent the last few days, the deep warm grandeur of the oaks and sycamores, and the tall larches and Scotch firs that shrouded his path on all sides, and the heather-clad hills, with slate-coloured rocks peeping out ever and anon along their sides, and the river Fairwen tossing away rapidly over its stony bed, completed a picture that Broadshire Dick Harwood had failed to dream of, and now drank in with a delight past description; and, ere he had reached Dryscoyd, was in raptures over this lovely home of the Lewes's.

CHAPTER V.

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Gladys and Peter saw to his every want—there never could have been more hospitable people in their own house, and Dick was as happy as a good constitution and a minimum of cares could make him.

As they sat in the smoking-room that night Peter began:

'I cannot help thinking how odd it is that in the very same pool where you say you hooked the big fish and lost him, and where my sister met with you, a certain gentleman who shall be nameless (you know, Dick, who I mean) caught the best fish I ever saw in the Upper Fairwen, and pretty proud he was of it. I verily believe, between ourselves, that that fish proved his ruin; he would persist in going up there almost every day afterwards, and I believe there met with the girl that he took away and has since married.'

'How very odd,' said Dick, soliloquizing.

'Ah,' said Peter, 'he will rue that mistake in life before he has lived many years. Better, Dick, to be a bachelor like you and I, than marry beneath you.'

'It is not so much your wife as her belongings. There's that fellow, William Reece, his wife's brother, the head of the Re-beccas, quartered on them at Topley Park, I am told. Fancy a man of sensibility tied to such company as that, and all his old friends quarrelled with, or cut on some pretence or other.'

'Yes,' replied Dick; 'I can hardly bear to think of it.'

Oh, those pleasant days among those grand romantic Welsh hills! the fishing excursion to Llyn Cadew, at which Gladys Lewes did her part so excellently, and helped him to land his fish; the picnic to Llyncerrig, and the lawn-tennis parties—they filled up the happiest vista in Dick Harwood's existence.

He had already spent a week at Dryscoyd, but, like all good things, his visit must come to an end; he was due in Broadshire soon, and he could not any longer prolong his Welsh tour. There was, however, one ambition he wished to satisfy before he left.

Peter's story about the Fairwen fish which John Mountjoy had killed brought up the green-eyed monster jealousy into his heart.

He would not be beaten; he would at all events have one more try for that fish that had escaped him once in the big black pool.

He unfolded his plan to Peter, who rather derided it, as he always did the Fairwen fishing, but Gladys gave him encouragement; she would bring him some luncheon, and have a medal struck for him to take back into Broadshire if he succeeded.

So away he went, like a brave warrior of old, 'on conquest bent,' his foe but a two-pound trout, twin brother to the one that had wrought such unconscious havoc in the life of his friend John Mountjoy.

To conquer here was no great feat after all, and when he had done it, carried the day, and his prize lay gasping on the mossy turf, he sat down to gaze admiringly on it; that done, his eye wandered down the valley towards Dryscoyd.

Yes, there she came, followed by her groom, well laden. He should at all events claim his medal—what would it be, he wondered? Oh, that she would give him the chance of naming it. It should then be her heart, her own precious self, that he would claim as a reward of victory. He would be brave to-day: 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.' He would at all events know whether Mountjoy had robbed her of all the love she ever intended to bestow in this world, or whether there was hope for such a sublunary mortal as himself. Then, indeed, would life go hand in hand with hope, and they might some day live to avenge the past.

'Hurrah,' cheerily sang out Gladys, as jumping off her pony she caught sight of Dick's fish. 'Well done! I congratulate you on your perseverance. What a beauty it is! So like the other one' (and she suddenly faltered).

'Yes, I feel as pleased as if I had won a prize, Miss Lewes; but tell me about the other fish—which do you think is the best? "thereby hangs a tale," does there not?'

She did not reply, but kept eyeing the fish.

So Dick continued : ' Your brother Peter told me he reckoned ' all the misfortunes of a certain gentleman as dating from his visits ' to Fairwen ; while I am anxious to reckon mine in the reverse ' ratio.'

' Oh, Mr. Harwood !' burst out Gladys almost passionately, without heeding apparently the latter part of his speech. ' It was all my ' fault.'

' Your fault ?' Good gracious ! thought Dick, how could this be ! Unless she had refused John, and had driven him in spite, or malice, or perhaps out of sheer perversity, to marry the little Welsh girl off the hills, and now she is sorry for it.

' It was my fault, all my fault in the beginning. I might have ' stopped it all had I had the courage, the sense to do so. Oh, if ' you knew how bitterly I have repented it since ! You are Mr. ' Mountjoy's friend, and I will tell you the story, which the sight ' of that fish brings back so vividly. I have never dared even to ' tell Peter of it ;' and she told him the story of Myra coming to her the day after the Rebecca riot, and of her (Gladys) writing the letter which brought down Mountjoy to carry her away.

Its recital brought a flush into her pale cheeks, and added a roseate beauty to her fair face that carried away Dick Harwood in a perfect flood of admiration.

' So you actually wrote Myra Reece's first love-letter for her,' Dick went on. ' He, the poor misguided man, has chosen the wild ' flower of the Fairwen, and taken it into his hot-house, expecting ' it to luxuriate in another clime, only to see it fade away and be ' neglected by those who he thought would admire it.'

' Yes ; but I admire him for standing by Myra in her affliction,' broke in Gladys.

' So do I,' retorted Dick, ' but not the less do I wonder at his ' choice. Oh, Miss Lewes, how could a man like Mountjoy have ' chosen the wild flower of Fairwen to transplant, when there was a ' lovely exotic in the same valley, aye, perchance within his reach, ' that had to be passed by and left to grow to even greater perfection ' in this wild romantic climate of its own.'

Gladys caught the meaning of his words slowly at first, with a look of surprise, and then, seeming to realise them, she blushed deeply, and looked away in silence.

' And if I may call you Gladys, I will, and claim my " medal." ' Its inscription shall be " hope." I am content to claim the right ' to carry away the Fairwen Fairy flower, the cultured plant amid a ' host of wild ones—the pearl among the pebbles. It has been a ' good omen to-day that I have caught this " triton among the ' " minnows" ' (pointing to his fish). Oh, Gladys, give me but ' " hope ;" say here in this lovely spot whether you will send Mr. ' Richard Harwood back to Broadshire a castaway from Wales, or ' whether he shall wear your medal " hope," in due time to claim ' its fulfilment.'

It was a bold stroke of Dick Harwood's to go so quickly to the

point, and he trembled in every limb when he had done it. He hardly dared to look at the effect his words had made on Gladys. He could not see her face, but he saw enough to know how much the wearer of the blue riding-habit was perturbed by what he had said. Still no answer came; it seemed an age, and neither spoke.

Once again he broke forth: 'Mine has not been a love of to-day; I admired you in days when I dared not hope to win you. I hate poaching even in love, and having met you at the house of another, who I judged would claim you first, I struggled resistingly against my feelings—till—till one day this summer I heard in London the news of John Mountjoy's marriage. From that day my disguise was thrown away. I could no longer endure the glare of London without you. I feared for you—pitied you—hoped for you—and to-day I am here, dearest Gladys, to lay at your feet all that is truehearted, all that is worth offering of Richard Harwood, a well-tried love, a man's devotion. Say, and say now, shall the inscription be "hope" or "despair?" I await your verdict.'

He leaned his head over her shoulder as he spoke, and watched her trembling lips. Was there a word formed there? He dared not be sure of it.

'What!' said he in a soft whisper—and then there came the still softer aspiration—yes, he was sure he had caught the word 'hope.'

'A thousand thanks! Oh, Gladys, once more let me hear it—"hope."'

Her reverie seemed at last to be over; she had thought it all through in the vista of her own imagination, and turning round placed her hand in his with one rapturous look of confidence that told more than reams of parchment would have done that those two hearts were one.

What a knight-errant Dick felt himself as he walked home proudly at Gladys' saddle-bow that July afternoon! The triumph of the morning over that miserable little fish was dwarfed and forgotten before the crowning victory of the afternoon, for was he not now the affianced of Gladys Lewes!

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXODUS.

But what have become of Mr. and Mrs. Mountjoy all this time? They had in due time returned from their cruise in the Mediterranean, endured the torture of being present at the trial of Myra's brother, William Reece, for the Rebecca riot, which ended in his discharge, because the jury did not agree, and had afterwards retired to Topley Park, hoping quietly to settle down to a country life.

It had turned out that Reece, returning to his old haunts at Gwydyr, found that the ban of the landed proprietors was upon him, and that the farmers did not like to employ him for fear of

offending their landlords. His occupation as a shepherd in that district was evidently gone; time might heal the breach, but for the present he was a marked man. So, after spending a few weeks in semi-idleness, the lionising of the public-houses began to grow tedious, and, to tell the truth, drink and its temptations began to have its effect on him, and he was glad to escape anywhere.

Where else could he go than to his sister and her husband, who had been so kind to him? So away he had trudged across the country to Topley, and arrived travel-stained, footsore and penniless, and was received with open arms by his little sister Mrs. Mountjoy, to the evident surprise of the Topley household from the butler downwards.

John, on the principle that 'what can't be cured must be endured,' swallowed the leek, and made the best of it.

William Reece was installed for the present in the housekeeper's room, on a par with the butler. This worked pretty well for a short time, and then a quarrel broke out in which his brother-in-law was evidently in the wrong.

A fresh plan had to be devised, and William was put on as a sort of extra keeper, and this was more in his line, he liked the work.

As the autumn came round, however, and the cubhunting began, John had to confess to Captain Bell, the Master of the hounds, that he was short of foxes.

The culprit was soon forthcoming. It was William Reece. He made his boast of it. 'The varminths they used to kill my lambs up on the hills, but I pretty soon quieted them; and here they set to work on the pheasants, so I treated them to the same meat.'

'But, William,' expostulated John, 'this sort of thing won't do in a hunting country. I had sooner lose the pheasants than have the foxes destroyed.'

'Well, Mr. John' (he used to call him Mr. John, not sir), 'I can't stand by to see my pheasants eaten no more than I could my lambs, nor will I.'

This insubordination touched John Mountjoy in a very tender place, but he turned on his heel and said nothing.

That evening, however, he had a long and earnest conversation with his wife. To his astonishment she stuck up for her brother. She could not see why, if William was put to preserve pheasants, he should be prevented killing their enemies, the foxes. She had no idea of the real pleasures of hunting, poor girl; she had no nerve for riding. It was no use arguing the question, so he quietly decided to move Reece into the farming department and make him a sort of bailiff, although it pained him to have to get rid of a better man to make room for him. If he sent him away altogether it might seriously affect his wife in her present delicate state of health.

This was only one of the many domestic cares to which poor John Mountjoy found himself a martyr. Days, weeks, and months passed, and hardly a carriage drove up to his door.

Captain Bell and his wife were almost the only people who had darkened his hall since he brought home his wife.

When business took him to the county town, or to a magistrates' meeting, there seemed a studied avoidance of his domestic affairs by every person whom he chanced to meet.

All this galled him bitterly; but the climax to his agony came when he was systematically 'cut' at the Dhustone Club Meeting, and when later in the summer an invitation to the Annual County Bow Meeting, a very old-established archery affair, came for 'John Mountjoy, Esq.,' without any mention whatever of his wife. He immediately made inquiries from the secretary, and found that the omission had emanated from the committee, and that Lady Poppleway and one or two other leaders of fashion had made representations which had brought it about. What those representations were the secretary was not in a position to say. Mountjoy could carry it no further. His writing to the committee would probably only result in his own further discomfiture.

He had nothing to do but to bow to the decision—the cruel, unfair, harsh decision of polite society. As for his wife, Myra grieved over it all in a less degree; she only felt pained to see her husband annoyed and worried. To her, Topley Park was world enough. She cared little or nothing for the gaiety of society apart from him. Her natural shyness of character made her love home better than all the race and bow meetings in the world, and she tried her best to comfort him; but John Mountjoy was withal a proud, sensitive man—he could bear these insults no longer.

'Myra, dear,' he said one evening, 'would you mind very much if we were to leave Topley, at all events for a time, and try a fresh climate and new friends?'

She did not take in his full meaning, but replied: 'Oh yes, dear, I will go anywhere you like after October; but I am very happy here.'

'Then we will talk it over some day soon,' and John thereupon gradually unfolded his plans to Myra, who, wondering at first, showed her childlike obedience by falling into them in the end.

The world of Rufusshire was soon astonished to read or see, just as the month of November was being ushered in, with its opening of the hunting season and its usual cold fogs, an announcement in the 'Shipping News' among the outgoing passengers by the mail steamer for New Zealand, 'Mr. and Mrs. Mountjoy and child (a baby), with servants, for Auckland.'

It was true—they were gone—before any one knew of their intentions; so well had John Mountjoy kept the secret of his separation from his old home—the home of his fathers, that none guessed that he intended going to the colonies and severing so completely every home tie. Driven forth by his own act, hunted down by Society, whose opinion he had hoped to conquer, he could face its barriers no longer, and flew with his dear belongings to other climes, where the social barrier was a thing unknown, and where he could breathe the free air of equality with all around him.

CHAPTER VII.

RÉCHAUFFÉ.

Once more the shutters are taken down from the big windows of Topley Park. The unsightly board 'To let, &c.' is removed. The grass-grown drive is cleaned and sided.

There is evidently to be an arrival of new tenants; new servants keep arriving to warm and air the house. There is a stir in the village; who is the new tenant to be? young or old? liberal or stingy? sporting or non-sporting? what is he like?

Few can answer it; those that can, say 'Wait and see.'

On an appointed day, and at a certain hour, the village of Topley is astir; it has by some mysterious means become noised abroad that it is a bride and bridegroom that are coming to the big house to-day, and a welcome has been decided on. The bell-ringers are summoned, the school-children collected at the lodge-gates, with all the garlands that can be gathered in the early spring—daffodils and primroses predominate—and presently a carriage and four comes bowling along, with postillions in their gay liveries. The bells strike up their merry peal. The children cheer as only children can, and fling their flowers before the carriage. The women, old and young, stare at the newcomers, the occupants of the carriage, with eager, inquisitive faces, as is the nature of English people.

The newly married couple take possession of their new home, looking the perfection of happiness.

It soon becomes known that Topley Park is let for a term of twenty-one years, and that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harwood are the tenants. Such charming people, only just married. Mrs. Harwood was the Bouveryshire beauty, whom people wondered had not married before.

Carriages full of callers come pouring up the drive every day, till it is positively worn into ruts with its unusual traffic. The wealth and fashion of Rufusshire vies to do them honour. The invitations to dinner-parties, balls, and afternoon gatherings lie three deep on their writing-room table. If one half of them are to be accepted the bride will lose her roses from the sheer hard work of trying to do her duty. And what will be the work too of returning all this kindness and civility? Mr. Harwood begins to shake his head, and say this is too much of a good thing; but the hard uncompromising world of polite society will have no denial. The Harwoods are for the time their idol, and must be worshipped.

That they did survive it is pleasant to have to record, and when we last heard of them they were still keeping Topley Park alive with happiness and contentment.

And what has become of the other personages in our story?

William Reece had 100*l.* given him by John Mountjoy, and with this he was persuaded to emigrate to Australia, where his knowledge

of shepherding would stand him probably in better stead than his Rebeccaism.

Most of our Dhustone lasses, as well as lads, are thinking about changing their estates, but the fit does not come upon them hurriedly.

Sir John Sloper is still single. To do him justice, the wound created by the engagement and marriage of Dick Harwood had cut him deeply. 'Such bad taste on Miss Lewes's part, to prefer Dick to him, and after he had shown her so much attention.'

Cruel, indeed; he did not know where to turn for her equal, and was doubting between May Prince and Kate Mocktrety, forgetful of the contingency that here again he might find either or both of the ladies in question unwilling to reign under such a dictator.

Peter Lewes has not yet taken that leap, which will bring Dryscoyd once more into the list of sociable places, where female influence bears a sway. He is thinking seriously of making a proposal to Idalia Swan, but 'procrastination is the thief of time,' and if poor Peter only knew that there are at least two other aspirants for that fair hand and heart, he would considerably mend his pace, and all we can say, in the present doubtful state of the case, is that whoever gets her will carry away a prize in life's lottery.

Miss Wilcox has gone abroad, it is believed to New Zealand, and John Mountjoy has had a hand in persuading her to emigrate.

But what of the Mountjoys themselves? Have they been so systematically forgotten that their friends have allowed them to drop out of sight altogether?

Not quite so, for here is a letter from John Mountjoy, written from Auckland, New Zealand, that may interest our readers, so it is reproduced:—

'DEAR HARWOOD,—So it really is true that you have settled down at Topley as my tenant, and that your wife (may I not call her Gladys) still likes the place. I fully expect to hear of your taking the East Rufusshire hounds next season. I hope the place turns out as good as you expected in the matter of game. I must tell you something of ourselves. Myra has quite recovered from the delicate health she had at Topley Park; the climate suits us all admirably. I have added to a small place which I bought soon after landing, and made it a really comfortable house. The situation is lovely; you may almost imagine yourself in an English park, so beautifully wooded is the country, and hilly, with a splendid river running through it. I find game of every kind thrive wonderfully, pheasants particularly. They were costly to import, but I shall soon beat Topley in my bags. Rabbits grow like rats, too thickly, and our difficulty is to keep them down. The only sport which I miss is hunting. The settlers will persist in putting up miles of wire fencing, which enclose sometimes hundreds, and often thousands, of acres in a place, and interfere sadly with our straight-going notions; and the majority of settlers are

'dead against the introduction of foxes. You know that hunting without them is Hamlet unhamleted in my opinion.

'I have some beautiful horses, some of them imported ones, and I have a cut in at the big races down at Auckland, which go off with great *éclat*. You would be surprised to see our horses; they are quite up to the English standard.

'They want me to go in for politics, and be elected for the Legislative Assembly here, but I have not yet made up my mind about this. I should astonish you with my Radical notions, I fear; but they are bred from a contempt of all I have seen in Society and Government in the Old World, as compared with the New. Depend upon it the English people will learn the lesson when too late, and they will find themselves not only passed by, but left far behind, by new countries like this.

'Of course a man with my income is a big man here, and we are in the best society. You need not be afraid of our wishing to dispossess you of Topley Park. It may be your freehold whenever you like.

'Remember me to all old friends, and especially to old Bell. I have the kindest recollection of him among all the East Rufusshire people. May they some day be forgiven for their treatment of Myra, who, thank God, has long ago forgiven them, as I try to do. God bless you, dear Dick, and Gladys also.—Yours ever,
'JOHN MOUNTJOY.'

THE END.

A GOSSIP ABOUT GAME AND ITS COOKERY.

DEAR BAILY,—This appears to me an opportune season for inserting in the pages of your popular periodical a series of remarks, more or less sensible, on the subject of game and its cookery.

We are now in the very height of the shooting season; grouse and black-game we have been enjoying for several weeks past. Partridges, too, we have had since the 1st of September, whilst our tables during the last four weeks have been occasionally graced by the royal pheasant. The harvest, such as it is, is now in the stack-yard, and the stubbles are open to our sportsmen, this month therefore will be devoted to cover-shooting, and the numerous 'battues' will provide ten thousand head of game for the markets every four or five days, a grateful and pleasant addition to the national commissariat, especially when the birds can be obtained at something like a reasonable figure. As a matter of course, the definition of what constitutes a 'reasonable' figure is somewhat difficult to determine, but a lady friend of mine has been able, during the last three or four years, to obtain, in the course of the battue mania, fine pheasants a shade cheaper than she can buy domestic fowls! That is a fact which there is no harm in knowing; such bargains cannot,

however, be obtained at the will of the purchaser; pheasants do not fall to such a price (half-a-crown) unless the large supply has caused a glut in the market, but such an occurrence may be annually looked for in the months of November and December, when from ten or twelve of the 'Dukeries,' and from other equally important country seats, a few thousands of these beautiful birds is constantly arriving in Leadenhall Market. Now, Sir, a fine hen pheasant at two shillings, or even half-a-crown, is really a bargain, and I have known these birds to be sold in quantity at half that price to the clubs and restaurants of the great Metropolis. A plump pheasant, trussed ready for table, will weigh two and a half pounds, so that the readers of 'Baily' can themselves judge how far I am right in what I am saying.

In penning the following remarks, I have put in the saving clause that they shall be 'more or less sensible,' and for the best of all reasons have I said so. In the matter of game cookery no three persons, perhaps, will be found to agree as to the proper degree of *haut goût*, indeed many sensible men (myself most assuredly among the number!) are beginning to think that the plan of not eating game of any kind till it stinks, is altogether a mistake. A very intelligent Scottish female cook, who has written a good cookery* book of its kind, told me recently an anecdote on this subject, which is worth repeating here. One of her masters, a most hospitable country gentleman, said to her, once upon a time, after the departure of a series of guests, 'Mrs. Wren, now that the house is free from company, let us have the treat of a roast pheasant at table before the bird is only fit to be thrown on the dunghheap.' That gentleman was assuredly in the right; no bird is so much spoiled as the pheasant by 'over-keeping.' Not that I am an advocate of its being transferred at once from the gun to the spit, not at all; but I do say, as a rule, that these birds are spoiled by being too long 'hung.' When recently I had the pleasure of taking luncheon in a Scottish country house, we had a couple of pheasants at table, and the conversation, opportunely for me, turned upon the cookery of game, and I am bold enough to say that I converted the fair *châtelaine* of that mansion to many of my views of game cookery. At any rate, not one of those present who ventured to join in the argument could give a reason for the keeping of wild animals till they become as nearly as possible putrid. 'Not for me,' as Monsieur Blazé, one of the best sporting writers of his time used to say, 'the rotten bird; those who keep a pheasant till it can change

* 'Modern Domestic Cookery.' By Jenny Wren, Cook and Housekeeper. Paisley, Alexander Gardner. Those desirous of obtaining genuine recipes for the preparation of the numerous Scottish dishes now so fashionable, will find reliable formulas in this work. The 'Cook and Housewife's Manual,' by Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronans, is also still in print, and contains numerous directions for Scottish cookery. 'Margaret Sims' Cookery' is also good for Scottish dishes. The authoress is housekeeper at Rosdhu, the seat of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, N.B.

'its position without man's aid, must permit me *not* to be of their opinion.'

Perhaps, however, I am getting on too rapidly with my work and have not, as a good workman should do, begun at the beginning of the dinner—namely, with 'the soup.' That being so, I shall finish up this preface as it ought to be finished with a few more general remarks; but the pith of all that I really can say lies in this observation, namely, that we eat our game after it has become 'high' simply because our fathers and grandfathers did so before us. Little Jack takes an occasional surreptitious draw of the pipe because he has seen his big brother do so; and Tom, the big brother in question, smokes in imitation of 'the governor,' or in emulation of some schoolfellow who is able to show a couple of pipes of his own colouring. For similar reasons, then, we eat our game as a rule long after it has become unfit for food! All wild animals are sufficiently 'high' in the natural course of their feeding without being kept till they are putrid. That they are so is simply a consequence of the food they eat. What is more delicious than a *gigot* (haunch) of fine black-faced, heather-fed mutton sent to table well roasted, about the fifth or sixth day after it has been killed, and who in his senses would insult his palate or run the risk of poisoning his blood by eating that same *gigot* after it had begun to fall to pieces? Why do not we keep our roast beef till it is high? Why not allow the Christmas turkey or the Michaelmas goose to be tainted before it comes to table? This is no doubt a rather rough-and-ready way of putting the case, but if this style of stating it brings home the absurdity of 'high' meats to my readers, I shall be glad to think I have done them a service. Why, for instance, do we drench oysters with strong vinegar and dredge them with pepper? Why indeed, except for the simple reason that to do so has become a custom, but it is a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; it is a custom, too, of most immoral origin; it was originated, in my opinion, by the oyster dealers of long ago when it was almost impossible to obtain these delicious bivalves fresh from the sea. Sixty years since the barrel of oysters was a long time on its way, and as often as not the 'natives' or 'powl-doodies,' or 'whiskered pandores,' had become very stale before they reached their destination, but even in that state they were far too precious to be thrown away, and 'therefore' it was, the device was hit upon of peppering them and vinegaring them, so that their noxious flavour might be disguised. The man who really knows what oyster-eating in its purity is, sucks the animal from off the deep shell, grateful if there be a supply of its own salt-water sauce to 'liquidate' it during its passage to the stomach. That is so; and doubtless the acute reader who has followed me so far will at once perceive what I am driving at, namely, that bread sauce, fried bread-crumbs, and red currant jelly are simply agents employed to disguise the disgusting putridity of the various dishes to which they form an accompaniment. Game in the olden days was often a long time in reaching its destination, but when it came to hand, being 'game,'

it had to be used, and in a moment of inspiration some genius of a cook conceived the happy thought of disguising the high flavour with such simple agents as bread sauce and (in the case of venison) red currant jelly! But tell me, gentlemen epicures, why you permit this—why do not you eat the carrion in all its native rottenness? Surely you who advocate *haut goût* in excelsis cannot believe in your own doctrine, or you would scout the very idea of bread sauce and such like accompaniments.*

So much by way of preface, over which I trust I have not been too long-winded.

As all dinners should commence with soup, I shall now say a few words about such soups as can be compounded from the birds and beasts which are protected as 'game'; and first of all let me say of soups in general, that I am fondest of such as can be made directly from the animal which bestows its name on the compound; if it is to be grouse soup, let it be made from grouse; if hare soup, then let it be hare soup in reality, and not a compound of greasy water into which a few pieces of a hare have been thrown just by way of giving it a name. It is too much a custom of the period to compound most kinds of soup from two kinds of stock. Ox-tail soup is simply some particular preparation of stock with a few joints of the tail thrown in; kidney soup is made after the same fashion. In making grouse soup I will take it for granted that the cook has at her disposal plenty of birds. At all shooting-lodges there is usually a dozen brace or so in the larder that are unrepresentable from being too much shot, or from some other cause; half-a-dozen of these will make an excellent pot of soup. Cut off all the most presentable pieces of the flesh and lay them aside to be served in the tureen when the soup is sent to table. Break up the carcasses and place them in a goblet with the necessary quantity of cold water, and with seasoning to taste, such as parsley, a little thyme, two small onions, and a slice or two off a large carrot, with the addition of a small apple. Boil till the meat is into a sort of mash, then strain carefully through a sieve into a clean pan; put on again with the flesh previously cut from the birds and boil for half-an-hour or so, or till the pieces are nicely cooked, season with a salt-spoonful of cayenne, as much salt as is necessary, and then dish. The least *soupçon* of catsup may be added, also a glass of claret if liked. This soup, as can be seen, is easily prepared, and is a really excel-

* Some observations of 'Meg Dods' on this subject are worth quoting here, although even Meg gave in too much to the absurd custom of having her game high. She says: 'Necessity, and the vanity of producing at a dinner what is 'rare and far travelled, must first have introduced among cleanly civilised nations 'the custom of *over-keeping* game, till in time it came to be considered as 'essential to its perfection that it be kept till putrid, and that what has not 'flavour may at least have *fumet*. It is at the same time indispensable that 'game be kept till *tender* and the flavour brought out. . . . Game—we speak 'not of giving grouse and pheasants to immortality—may be kept good a long 'while by drawing, cropping, and (without washing) rubbing with equal parts of 'salt, pounded loaf sugar, and a little pepper.'

lent winter *potage*. Grouse soup can be made in other ways, and those *gourmets* who like a very pronounced flavour may add a slice or two of lean ham and a little 'thickening,' made with butter and flour. This compound need not be decanted through the sieve, but may be served as a thick grouse soup. The remains of cold grouse may be economically used in its concoction.

Now, my readers, take notice that excellent soups, for which the above recipe may serve as a general formula, may be made from pheasants, partridges, and wood-pigeons—don't let your cook, however, be seduced into adulterating your pheasant soup with veal broth; let it be genuine, and have the true and delicious flavour of the royal bird. One of the very finest of our game soups can be made from the hare. If I were to be called upon as a student of gastronomy to sum up the merits of this animal, I would do so in the following words: 'The hare was evidently created for the purpose of being made into soup: to cook it in any other fashion is to lose it.'

Now hare soup, above all other soups, should have no foreign body of the flesh kind in it, and to admit of a plenteous potful being made of the requisite fine flavour, 'rich, ruddy, and appetite-provoking,' two hares must be provided, and it is all the better if they have not been shot, the blood being a most important factor in the concoction of the soup. Hare soup is seldom well made out of Scotland, because most persons destroy it by the introduction of elements which are not required. Cut the meat off two hares, being very careful to save every drop of the blood. Use the carcasses of the animals with as much water as is necessary as stock, along with a couple of sticks of celery, an apple, an onion or two, and the heart of a white cabbage; boil well and season liberally with black pepper. Strain into a fresh soup pot in which has been placed the cuttings from the hare, put on to boil and at once stir in—very, very slowly—all the blood which you have saved; keep stirring with great attention till the soup comes to the boil, after which let it simmer for about twenty-five minutes, when it will be ready to serve. A single glass of port wine may be added before dishing, as well as a snuff of cayenne pepper. Some persons like a potato grated into a pulp added to this soup, and I don't object to that, if the potato be carefully added so as not to lump; take out a little of the soup in a basin and then gradually stir into it the potato pulp, adding the lot to the soup a few minutes before it is dished—the same way of working in the blood may be adopted. This soup, if great pains be taken in its preparation, is a really palatable winter *consomme*. I dislike it when it is much disguised with catsup, or when (as some cooks prepare it) it lacks the blood—the blood, in my humble opinion, being the very essence of the compound.

The old cook at Ellangowan Castle was famed for her hare soup, which George the Fourth, when at Holyrood Palace—and that king was no mean judge of the good things of this life—said, was 'real happiness.' Grace McLardy (the cook) used to ask the butler,

whenever there was a dinner party, 'how they liked the soup,' and if she were told that any person had dared to use additional seasoning, she took huff, and would threaten to leave the house; but Colonel Mannering was always able to pacify her by reminding her that the hare soup which she made was, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'simply perfect.' A celebrated French cook, I have been told, blew out his brains because some stupid foreigner put additional seasoning in his potage—it is a theory of all French cooks that soup is perfect before it goes to table.

Some *gourmets* are fond of venison soup, but I cannot say that I am at all partial to it. It is usually made from fragments of the deer that might, if not so used, be lost. To retain the real flavour it should be sophisticated as little as possible with condiments, and I do not like the slobbery custard pudding that some cooks think it necessary should be mixed into the soup. The best plan is to make a good stock with the head and neck, reserving a few cutlets to be served in the soup; onions, carrots, cabbage, and celery, may be liberally used in preparing the stock. Celery is a splendid vegetable, and should be used as frequently as possible, both for making stock, and as a separate 'dish;' persons afflicted by rheumatism can cure themselves and frighten away the malady by the constant use of celery.

Probably I have now said enough regarding soups. Any wild animal can be confectioned into soup; wild pigeons or rabbits may be so economised with great effect.

As to the best modes of cooking the birds of sport, a consensus of opinion has decided that, as a rule, they should be roasted. Roast pheasant is excellent, so is grouse prepared in the same fashion. Snipe and woodcock, too, are best when so cooked. I need scarcely enter into details: every cook knows, or should know, how to roast a grouse. It must be done quickly at a clear fire; half-an-hour should do for a properly kept bird. Some men like their game to be underdone, I don't. This is a matter of taste. A gastronomic friend of mine says that no man (and particularly no lady) ought ever to see another man eating a grouse; in other words, he maintains that to touch the bird with knife and fork spoils it, and that nothing but the fingers should be used! So be it; as Mrs. McLardy used to say, 'tastes differ, some folks like parritch and some like puddocks' (frogs).'

Coming now to the pheasant; we find from the practice adopted in regard to this bird—the evil practice of over-keeping game birds, finds encouragement. *Faisander*, if I am not out in my French, is the verb meaning to give high flavour. Keep your bird, say the French, till the *fumet* is well developed, and then it is fit for the spit, and not till then. This is a direction in gastronomy, however, which I give without homologating—other people can take it for what it is worth; whenever I have the choice I take up the position of the gentleman already referred to, and eat my pheasant before it becomes only fit for the dunghill. But *chacun a son goût*. There are epicures who

think differently. Blazé, the French sportsman, whose opinions I have mentioned at the beginning of this paper, lays down the law on pheasant-eating. 'This superb animal, which is food for queens, when placed in your larder,' he says, 'should never be abandoned, without a great amount of reflection, to the capricious arrangements of a cook, who may roast it two days too soon, or two days too late, according to the number and quality of your guests. A pheasant must be roasted on the day it is to be eaten: if your friends are not with you on that day, it is their misfortune and not, perhaps, your fault.' I am not sure as to the authorship of the following extract; I take it from a commonplace book, it must have been written either by Savarin or Soyer, who, as all gastronomers know, was an enthusiast: 'When the bird is perfectly fit pluck it, not sooner; then lard it with great care, selecting the primest and freshest bacon. It is by no means an indifferent question that of plucking a pheasant at the proper time. Experience has proved that those which are kept in their feathers are more perfumed and of better flavour than others which have been kept plucked, inasmuch as the air neutralises a portion of the flavour, or that the juice intended to nourish the plumage dries up and injures the flesh. Your bird being plucked, it should be stuffed in the following manner: take two woodcocks, and divide the flesh into one portion, the trail and liver into another; with the meat you make a stuffing, by hashing and mixing it with some beef marrow, a small quantity of scraped bacon, pepper, salt, and herbs; add truffles sufficient to fill up the remaining portion of the inside of the pheasant. Be careful to secure that stuffing so that none of it escape, which is difficult when the bird has been kept long. Nevertheless, there are several ways of achieving this, and, among others, that of placing a crust of bread over the orifice and attaching it with a thread. Prepare a slice of bread an inch thick, on which the bird rests in its length. Then take the trail and livers of the woodcocks and mix them with truffles, an anchovy, some grated bacon, and a morsel of fresh butter; cover with this paste, so that it shall be soaked through with the juice which melts while roasting. When the pheasant is done, serve it on the toast, surrounded with slices of orange, and be satisfied as to the event.' In my opinion, a bird so roasted will lose much of its own flavour, but a learned commentator on the above recipe says: 'A pheasant so cooked is food for angels! Already distinguished by its own flavour, it imbibes throughout the savoury and delicious odour which escapes from the woodcock and truffles, whilst the toast, rich in itself, is impregnated in threefold combination by the juices which run through the bird when cooking; and thus, among all these good things, not an atom escapes its full appreciation; indeed, such a dish is fit for the table of kings.' Heliogabalus used to feed the lions of his menagerie with pheasants; we know better, we eat them ourselves; it forms a feature of our game-bag; on the table it is a still more splendid feature.

Before leaving what I may assuredly call 'high art game cookery,' I must be allowed to place under the observation of the sportsmen and gentlemen who peruse 'Baily' one or two remarks on the cookery of snipe and woodcock, which have been forwarded to me by a noble and learned Scottish epicure.

Here is what he says about the snipe: 'Four birds will make a dish. Do not overdo them, but on the other hand let them be fairly well roasted. Dissect and arrange them on a deep silver dish over a flame of spirits of wine; divide the wings, legs, breasts and backs; crush the livers of the birds along with the trail, on which sprinkle the juice of four lemons, and the rind, finely grated, of one. On the dismembered birds dust with a seasoning of salt, allspice and dry mustard, or mix all these in a glass of good sherry, which dash over the meat as arranged; lastly, sprinkle all over with pure olive oil. Serve so that it can be eaten while it is very hot. Be careful not to touch any of the birds with your fingers, in case you feel inclined to eat them!'

I have some recollection of having seen the above cookery directions in a book. I may, however, be wrong as to that fact; still it seems to me that it is the *salmis des Bernardins*, and is a method which may be applied to other kinds of game as well as the snipe. Here is what my friend says of the woodcock; it is worth reading, but may probably, like the above, have been obtained from some foreign source of information: 'This bird is excellent when plump, and always best for eating during keen frost. A woodcock must not be emptied, but should be eaten trail and all. Pound a few of these birds in a mortar and the result is a delicate *puree*, and on such *puree* if you place the wings of partridges *piquées*, a very happy culinary result is obtained. Be careful as to timing your birds; do not keep them too long, nor eat them while they are too fresh, in which case they will lack flavour. Prepared as a *salmis*, the perfume of the woodcock mixes delightfully with the odour of truffles. When the bird is roasted, let it be armoured all over in bacon with a double breastplate of the same. Let it be done to one turn absolutely. A clever *chef* can decide by a glance of his eye the moment a woodcock is done. Too much done the bird is spoiled, but done to a turn and served on toast, black and unctuous from the trail, a woodcock is perhaps the most delicious morsel which any man can put on his palate. Wash down your birds with three glasses of choice Burgundy, and be happy!'

Let us now approach the partridge. This is a game bird about the cooking of which epicures differ considerably. There are men who say there is only one way of cooking it, that 'it must be roasted and eaten with slices of orange.' That may be so, but I really prefer the verdict of Mrs. McLardy, who said to me long ago that a partridge to be thoroughly enjoyed must be stewed. The old housekeeper of Ellangowan was right, if we may judge from the fact that France has accepted *Perdrix aux choux* as its national dish. The bird, which they braize or stew on a bed of cabbage, is of course

their own particular partridge, the red-legged variety, but your true epicure will always in preference eat the common bird; it has the better flavour of the two, no matter what interested persons may say to the contrary. Some *gourmets* of great understanding say that both ways of doing the partridge are best, the old ones to the stew-pan or *purée* pot, the young ones to the spit. So be it; no one should be too dictatorial in matters of eating and drinking. As a curiosity of the dinner-table, it may be mentioned that some of the more pronounced epicures of the period say they are able to judge by tasting on which thigh the partridge sleeps, because of its more pronounced *goût*! Has any reader of 'Baily' yet attained to this height of gastronomy?

In an essay on the cookery of game, it would be too bad to ignore the rabbit. It makes a capital curry when well manipulated. 'Rabbit Pot,' is not to be sneezed at either. The first time I enjoyed rabbits done this fashion was on Cramond Island, when with two or three friends I had been surrounded by the tide and compelled to pass the night in the house of the warrener. His wife gave us rabbits for supper. Probably as many as eight were cut up and stewed in a deep pot, with an immensity of onions, layers of nicely streaked island-fed bacon going between the stratas of rabbit flesh. The carcasses were stewed, and the gravy, after being nicely seasoned, was added to 'the pot.' With that best of all sauces, 'hunger,' this banquet was a pronounced success.

As I am not desirous of being accused of 'cookery book-ism,' I shall now draw these remarks to a conclusion by saying a few words about venison. It is a meat that personally I do not esteem very highly; red deer venison, in my humble opinion, is not 'up to 'much' as a food stuff. A haunch of park-fed venison is a very different affair; it is excellent when not too long kept, and should be roasted in a batter envelope made with flour and water. It may be here stated, as confirmatory of my own opinion on the keeping of game, that Mr. Horatio Ross, the veteran Scottish sportsman, rarely keeps his venison; it is eaten fresh, as if it were mutton, and is excellent. I was glad to see the fact made public the other day in the columns of a popular newspaper. Venison has been wonderfully cheap this season, having in some places been sold at tenpence per pound weight. A venison pasty, about as big as a washing-tub, used to be a feature in country houses during the game season, whilst hashed venison was served to all and sundry of the 'baron's 'retainers' in the servants' hall. The cost of a stag in a Highland deer forest is still estimated at fifty guineas, so that whatever may be the value of venison as a food product, it is costly enough in all conscience. Park-fed deer will not of course run so high in price, as 'it is there, at any rate,' and, generally speaking, is more for ornament than use, except that every season a few haunches are given to the poor and presented to friends.

'Chance game' need not be formally dealt with, nor need I refer to mediæval cookery, when peacocks were roasted whole and sent

to table with their tails full spread, and when the huntsmen were regaled with roasted sucking-pigs and other such delicacies. As to a *menu* for a game dinner of the period, I can give a real one, although it may not come up to the expectations of some epicures, in its variety either of dishes or cookery. Although, in the opinion of such, it may want the light and shade of gastronomic science, it is practical, and may be served in any country house from October to December. It is the bill of fare of a dinner at which I assisted, as the saying goes, and which at least one person enjoyed, that person being the reader's humble servant, the writer of these 'presents.' By way of preface it may be mentioned that the dinner was given by the chamberlain of a ducal estate in Scotland, chiefly to a party of his old schoolmates. There were eighteen of us who that day placed our legs under the mahogany in the fine old dining-room of Drawcansir House, the minister of the parish and the major of a regiment quartered in the district being the only strangers. We were waited on by old Alan Barry, my friend's butler, and by two well-dressed Scottish damsels, with both shoes and stockings on their 'shapely shanks.' This is stated just to confound some English notions that all Scottish girls go about to kirk or market barefooted! Old Barry was a rare good servant of the fine old sort, who served his master more for love than money, while the two girls waited upon us with an alertness which would have insured them a speedy fortune in an English restaurant. The parson of the parish said grace with commendable brevity, mercifully thinking no doubt that most of us would be in a 'passion of hunger.' By way of 'whets' we had a service of 'birsled' peas, and pressed caviare! Then came a *consomme* of game, as well as a tureenful of rich and ruddy hare soup, to which most of the guests did ample justice. Woodcock of the sea (red mullet) with salmon cutlets *à la Tartare* followed. The four *entrées* were stewed partridges, *salmi* of snipe, plover *à la Buonaparte*, and curried oysters, all of them excellently cooked and well served. Roasted pheasants, a haunch of park venison, grouse, capercailzie followed, in addition to which there was a black-game pie—apple pudding, pancakes, and other sweets followed—then came a large dishful of 'melted' cheese with a supply of oat cakes. The dessert was selected and sent by the Duke as a mark of respect to his chamberlain. I need scarcely say that we had plenty of sound wine: Amontillado, Liebfraumilch, Roederer's Champagne, Burgundy, and Claret. The *menu* will perhaps not compare with some which might be put down on paper by a professed diner-out, but, as I have said before, although it might lack variety, and want that light and shade so dear to the educated *gourmet*, it had the advantage of being real and undoubtedly most substantial; nor was that hearty welcome which gives its best 'savour' to all true hospitality wanting. When at the end of his grace after meat the pastor of my friend's parish said Amen, we all said Amen also, feeling we had been well used.

THE GUARDS À CHEVAL; OR, "THE GUARDS AU GALOP."

PHILOSOPHERS and moralists are very apt to air their platitudes on the hackneyed theme of compensations which redress the seeming irregularities of fortune on this peripatetic planet of ours! The *fête hippique* or *chevaleresque* given by the brigade of Guards to their friends and acquaintances in Ireland, on Friday, the 8th of July, in Woodlands Park, might have served for theme or text for such expounders of the law and the prophets of daily life in Ireland, and they might have enlarged on a dispensation which, while it suffers the land to be overrun by sedition-mongers and the locusts of the Land League, send balm and consolation in the shape of a gallant garrison whose *métier* it is not only to protect life and property within this sea-girt isle, but to brighten existence by their presence, and ærate the social circle with the sparkle of life and pleasure. Apropos of one section of the brigade, now quartered in Eastern Ireland, I may state that so open-handed and so open-hearted have they proved in their flittings through the disturbed districts, and their temporary sojourn in Dublin and the Curragh, that they have been rechristened by the *vox populi*, 'the Goldstreams,' *vice* Coldstreams, a literal tranposition which led to the following couplet:

'Pactolus from Miletus' plain
Has turned his reflux tide,
And now by many a rath and fane
His golden waters glide.

For Forster's alchemy can turn
Lead into golden ore;
And Guards who came to shoot and burn,
Enrich green Erin's shore.'

Friday morning was warm, but somewhat lowering and ominously black as one looked westwards, but by noon things brightened, and in the raised ceiling of the sky might be seen, the hues of the cat's-eye, the onyx, and the turquoise, though as the day wore on the latter predominated, an omen which the lady augurs of Dublin and its environs interpreted into the seasonableness of silks and the shimmer of satin, and a general *étalage* of summer toilettes, worthy of the occasion and the surroundings. By two o'clock P.M., Dublin, social and festive, was on wheels, and making its progress through the Phoenix Park towards the trysting place, which is some five miles from the metropolitan centre, every one of which is a delight to the lover of sylvan scenery and the mingled beauties of mountain and vale, river and forest. The Phoenix Park, the Campus Martius of Dublin, has specialities which are sought for in vain even in the park of Hyde or the Bois de Boulogne. If not so æsthetic in point of architectural surroundings and vividness of floral decoration as

either, it transcends both in the breadth of its grassy beauties, its secular timber, and the sequestered stillness of its bosky glades. After traversing its three miles diameter, two roads invite the traveller to Woodlands by their special attractions; the lower and larger one follows the sinuosities of the Liffey; the upper one leads you by Castleknock and Farmley, Mr. Cecil Guinness' pheasant park, till after a couple of miles you reach a battlemented gateway, overgrown with ivy, which is the entrance to Woodlands Park, outside of which a laager of hackney cars and carriages of all sorts give you a preliminary hint that this race meeting is private and 'by special invitation.' Once the postern is passed the eye ranges over an extent of several hundred acres of park plateau, where the lush pasturage is of the vividdest emerald, and though depastured by cattle galore, proves so luxuriant in its exuberance, that the mowing machine or scythe has to be used for some of the track, which is nearly a mile in circumference, and is commanded by a small hummock, shaded by a tope of old trees. Here is the Grand Stand, or rather the Ladies' Enclosure, roped in very simply, while behind it is the long marquee, where the cups that cheer but do not inebriate, as well as those capable of both functions, are dispensed with true military hospitality. Whatever faults captious critics may find occasionally with Ordnance commissariat arrangements, here none was discernible to any sense—a huge iceberg from the lake of Wenham, giving assurance of cunning cups and cool drinks on the premises.

We have assumed that our visitor to Woodlands came by the upper or Castleknock road; historic ground where such heroes of history and tradition as Roderick O'Connor, the Duke of Albemarle, the Marquess of Ormonde, and Roe O'Nial, played parts more or less tragic in the island's drama. If he chose the lower track by the Liffey bank, he had a narrower horizon, and less scope for vision, but the windings of the wooded stream are beautiful in themselves, while it is something of a new experience to see miles of strawberry cultivation with leaf enough to crown the ambition of thousands of coronet hunters. By this route too you reach Woodlands Castle by a forest drive, where a brawling beck gravitates to the absorbing Liffey by a series of cascades and falls pleasant to ear and eye, and fit adjuncts to the unities of a summer landscape.

We may now pass on to the green acclivity I alluded to just now as the *point de mire*, where some five or six coaches with their freights have taken up their position, conspicuous among them the drags of the Scots Greys, the Royals, and the 'Ubiques.' We have no time to survey the fine proportions of Woodlands, a castellated old mansion, where King John is said to have wooed sleep like any other good or bad puppet of the historians, and where later on the Luttrells, lords of Carhampton, held hospitable *séances*—Luttrells of whom I think it was Lord Beaconsfield who said that the men of the race were remarkable for straight hair and curly teeth. The hill-side has now changed

its character and tone. Watteau-like groups are moving about under the shelter of polychrome parasols and sunshades. From the dressing marquee gorgeous figures are to be seen emerging at rapid intervals, glorious in the sunshine as dragon or butterflies, while the stentorian though subdued tones of the 'Bar-one' Barabbæ vibrate in the sultry air. *De minimis non curat lex* is a legal aphorism, but it finds no place here, for a pony on or against a pony can be had at a second's notice, and perhaps a monkey will not be denied to the victim of strong hippic self-assertion.

There is no saddling paddock *par excellence*, and consequently no guinea to pay, and though one or two owners and trainers who affect mystery and the airs of 'great medicine-men' may perform the initial rites to their charges in the seclusion of a clump of trees or distant glade, the majority of the twenty-five or thirty miniature hunters and chasers are saddled and mounted close to the refreshment marquee, and every one can indulge that fascinating fancy for horseflesh which seems an almost irresistible and ineradicable mania, and pick out his winner *à discrétion* or *à volonté*.

They are, generally speaking, an extremely good-looking lot, full of muscle and brilliancy of coat, and make many a welter weight regret that nature is not so prodigal of her perfections to animals cast in a larger or more heroic mould. Perfection of make, shape, and condition are easily seen, and become somehow patent facts after any decided success, but only judges of racing points pinned their faith to Sir Charles, a strong-built but not very taking pony, whose coat was not as lustrous as some of his compeers, but whose wide and rather ragged hips and great girth round the heart told that lungs and leverage—two great winning factors—were not cramped or defective.

After you have satisfied your acumen in judging and guessing, turn towards the ladies' enclosure, and you will be in time to see the four outriders and the handsome brown team of the Vice-Regal carriage coming up *au grand trot*, and Lord and Lady Cowper, with their staff, take their places in the roped square, among whose occupants are the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and Lady O'Hagan, the Ladies Fitzgerald, the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple, Lord de Vesci, Colonel and Miss Lindsay, Major and Lady E. Hutton, Sir John and Miss Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Brooke, Colonel and Mrs. Vesey, Lord Francis Gordon, Captain McCalmont, &c., &c. In fact, all who were not on the banks of the Thames or the borders of Rhineland were on the wood-fringed banks of the Liffey on this particular afternoon.

Of course the essence of sport and excitement in racing is the struggles of equals in speed, strength, condition and staying power, and when an Eclipse or a Peter appears upon the scene such contests must be lacking; and so it was in two races this afternoon, when Sir Charles fairly squandered his rivals, making nothing of the penalty of a stone which was imposed upon him for his early victory. Things were different, however, in the Consolation Plate, when Mr. Jones,

of the 5th Lancers, and Mr. Wolfe, of the Scots Greys, steering Rags and Dandy respectively, made a finish so close and even that opinions were about balanced as to the primacy till the Judge declared the order of return. One of the comic sides of the races was to see a polo pony carrying a jockey of some six feet four inches or more, over hurdles!

The general verdict was that nothing could have been more successful than this almost improvised meeting of the Brigade, and Ireland owes some gratitude to her gallant guardians for showing her that with a little pluck, enterprise, and *savoir-faire* Sandown and Kempton Park can be rivalled, if not eclipsed, on the western side of the dividing Channel.

We have no space for details, so we may sum up by saying Sir Charles won the Lord Lieutenant's and the Brigadier's Cup, Judy won the Open Plate, and Rags the Consolation Plate. The fields were in all cases good.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

Of course yachting items are *nil* in November; indeed the only recent noteworthy fact is the remarkably good sale of the *Nina*, the late Mr. W. N. Rudge's (V. Comm. N.T.Y.C.) fine cruising schooner; which though well worth 2775*l.* to any one anxious to be off to the Mediterranean for the winter was scarcely a bargain at that price to lay up for six months. The buyer, however, probably knows his own business best.

While English amateurs usually consider October a reasonable time to celebrate the closing of the season, across the Channel the most important event of the year was fixed for that month, the Amateur Championship of France having been decided between Suresnes and Neuilly on the 2nd ultimo, when, in spite of strong counter-attractions in the shape of racing in the Bois, a large number of Parisians and strangers assembled on the banks of the Seine, whence a capital view of almost the entire distance was attainable. The course, about a mile and a quarter with the stream, is nearly straight, and the water runs so sluggishly that stations were pretty nearly equal. More than usual interest was felt in the affair this time, owing to the presence of several competitors from afar—Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Liège, and London being represented, with half-a-dozen from the neighbourhood of Paris, two of whom, however, did not start, and very fortunately so for the others, as the executive had arranged for five in a heat, too many for a fair race on almost any course, and especially at Suresnes, where the width of the backwater gave bare room for four scullers. In the first heat Lein, the champion of France, a Russian living in Paris, led throughout, while the battle for second place between D'Hauttefeuille of Boulogne, and Monney of Paris, proved very close, the Boulonnais eventually wearing out the Parisian. In the next heat, Grove of the London Rowing Club was a very hot favourite, and coming away with a clear lead looked all over an easy winner. Instead of keeping at work, however, he contented himself with just leading, and washing Pornon, who before long threatened his lead, and overlapped the Englishman, though he never caught him. In the meantime, Verlemann of Liège, taking a clear course on the opposite shore, had been drawing up,

probably unnoticed by Grove, and near home came out level with him. Both were entitled to go in the final, but did their utmost to get home first, an honour which was gained by Grove, after a hard spirt, by perhaps six inches. This exhausting finish of course improved Lein's chance for the final, in which Grove again led out and came on in front of Lein, who soon overlapped and fouled him, Grove being clearly out of his right course. The Russian, after stopping, rowed round Grove, and, taking the lead, won the championship very easily, while Verlemann and Grove again made a grand race home, the Liegeois this time proving the better, and leaving Grove to content himself with third prize.

M. Alexander Lein, who thus secured the championship for the sixth time in succession, was markedly the hero of the day, winning both his trial and final heats in very easy fashion. His style is scarcely taking, there being a great want of dash in it, though he proved himself possessed of the requisite power, and has since the championship race again displayed good form in a match to which he was quite recently challenged by M. de Saint Pé, a member of the Société des Regates Bayonnaises, who issued a cartel to the French champion. A race took place on the 16th ultimo between Charenton Lock and Tolbiac Bridge, a distance of about a mile and a half straight. In this affair M. Lein secured a ridiculously easy victory, leading from start to finish.

Of the other competitors, Verlemann and Grove were far and away the best, rowing with plenty of life, and the Belgian showing himself a rare stickler. Grove might have done better had he come away more in his trial heat; but, according to the form of the day, it is hard to see how either he or any of the others could have a chance against Lein.

The reception accorded to visitors by the Cercle Nautique de France, whose Vice-President, M. Gesling, arranged and umpired the races, was of a very flattering character, and the manner in which the course was cleared appeared perfection. Indeed, some clumsy occupants of a pleasure skiff who neglected to obey official behests, and when remonstrated with 'went for' the man in authority, were soon reminded of their indiscretion by being walked off willy-nilly to the police-station, a display of promptitude which might be imitated with advantage by our Thames police.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—An October Olio.

BABEL. A real confusion of tongues. Stump oratory 'on the rampage,' with every stump occupied—the stump of politics, the stump of social science, the Sunday Opening stump, and last, but not least, the stump ecclesiastical. The din of words and the strife of tongues, on the opening week of October, were happily chiefly confined to the provinces, or it would have fared hard with Londoners. Borne to us through the diluting medium of the daily papers, we sustained the shocks political, social, and ecclesiastical with comparative fortitude. Conscientious men there were, we believe, who read every line of every speech, beginning with those of the Great Panjandrum, and finishing with the inanities of the Little Squash. All honour to them. In the din of such a battle, the trumpet of the sporting prophet emitted a comparatively faint sound, and it was a chosen few only who hung upon its notes.

And yet it was a momentous time, that first week in the past month; a time of doubt and discouragement, of trials, knockings out, and comings again, when the coolest head and the ablest judgment confessed themselves at fault; and when, in fine, the winner of the Cesarewitch was as hard to discover upon the eve of the race as it was when the handicap left Old Burlington Street.

But still we must find time amidst all this serious business for some of the little pleasures; and now there is really something to see and hear at the theatres, besides the twaddle of 'Youth' and the harrowing sentiment of 'The Lights o' London.' To the play which Mr. Clayton has produced at the Court, under the title of 'Honour,' it is impossible to deny high merit, both for conception and execution. It is dramatic to a degree. It rivets the attention from the rise of the curtain to its fall. It is tragedy indeed of the highest class, and through the whole piece there was a wail of grief and agony, like the chorus of a Greek play. It is a gloomy drama—more, it is in its subject a repellent one. A woman, betrayed by her first love, is saved from shame by her marriage with another man, who fathers a son not his own. Out of this arises all the misery and wretchedness of the play. The husband is aware that the man who bears his name has no right to it, but for the sake of the honour of his family he has kept the secret. The return to Paris, after twenty years' absence, of the seducer; his meeting with his son, both unknown to each other; an insult, only to be expiated by a duel between the two, which the revelation to the father of their relationship of course renders an impossibility; all this hastens a most dramatic catastrophe. The husband of the betrayed woman slays in mortal combat the man who has cast a shadow over his wedded life, and the secret, as far as the outer world is concerned, dies with the murdered man. 'Heléna,' says the survivor to his wife, his sword wet with the blood of her first love, 'embrace *our* child.' Very French, but at the same time very effective. Nothing more absorbing than the two last acts of the play have we seen for some time. In the scene between the husband and wife, where the former draws a picture of his wedded life, with the dark secret that cast such a gloom over it, his terrible upbraidings of the wretched woman who crouches in her despair and agony at his feet—Mr. Clayton and Miss Moodie rose to the full conception of the situation. If we mistake not, Mr. Clayton shows a power here with which some of us perhaps had hardly credited him. He is the avenger of the honour of his house and name, but at the same time he loves the poor guilty woman at his feet, and the burst of feeling to which he gives way when she lies unconscious before him is very fine. Miss Moodie's rendering of the wife has been somewhat severely criticised as too tragical; but with that we cannot agree. Her *rôle* is a tragic one. She bears about with her a guilty secret, which she knows must be divulged if she would prevent the meeting in deadly combat of her son and his father. Is not that tragedy? Is the actress expected to preserve a demeanour 'free from exaggeration' under these circumstances? What is 'exaggeration'? She knows or believes that father and son, at the moment she is prostrate at her husband's feet, are face to face with swords drawn. Is she to control her feelings? In the next scene, while listening to the clash of steel, she frantically beats at the locked door that separates her from the combatants—is she expected to be only moderately excited? Unfortunately for Miss Moodie, her part is one of great strain from the first. She can never be composed. She is always on the stretch, from the opening scene to the last. It is unmitigated gloom, without a ray of sunshine; and we confess we

thought the actress had grasped the situation with great power. Mr. Clayton, as we have before intimated, has been never seen to greater advantage. The contrast between the stern gloomy man, with the sense of the wrong done him, and the man who bursts into loving tenderness over his wife when she swoons at his feet, is very fine and touching. His interview with his wife's seducer is also impressive, and altogether Mr. Clayton's acting is superior to anything we have yet seen from him. 'Honour' ought to be, even in this time of farcical comedies and dubious French operas, a great success.

For there can be no doubt that pieces of the very lightest description under the title of 'comedies' are those to which managers seem most to incline. Perhaps they plead that it is necessity and not inclination, and that between these 'comedies' and adaptations from the French their choice lies. At all events so it is, and at the Vaudeville and the recently opened Royalty pieces of this description are having a so-called run, due, we apprehend, more to the cleverness of the representation than to their merits. 'The Lights o' London' has brought Mr. Sims' name before the public as a successful dramatist, and we suppose it is but natural that managers should court the rising sun. Whether 'The Half-way House' at the Vaudeville will add to his reputation we much doubt. A more incoherent and improbable plot, if we may dignify the action of 'The Half-way House' by that term, can scarcely be conceived. There are amusing characters, but consistency is wanting to all of them. The play abounds in smart sayings, but they drop from persons whose characters have no affinity with the words they utter. The play seems to make the characters, not the characters the play. A matter-of-fact London tradesman says a very good thing in connection with a fishing-rod and the spoiling of a child, but we feel that it is the author who says it and not John Hope the tradesman in question. There is an unreality in all the characters in fact. There is an utterly impossible country gentleman, or what Mr. Sims supposes to be one, who is represented as an effeminate old reprobate, entirely under the dominion of his sister, and keeping his wife in a lunatic asylum at her bidding and instigation. This same Squire Hesselstine is proud of a long line of ancestors, chiefly for the reason that the old Visconti were proud of theirs—that they spared neither woman in their lust, nor man in their revenge. When he hears that his son has attempted to seduce a young girl, the daughter of the London tradesman above referred to, the Squire is delighted, and declares that his ancestors' blood flows in the veins of their descendants! All this, which might be melodramatic, takes place outside a 'country inn, and the Squire, instead of being a truculent mediæval Sir Guy or Sir Roland, is a glossy-hatted, varnished-leather-booted gentleman about as unlike a country squire as it is possible to conceive. We should imagine that this same play was an early effort of Mr. Sims, and we much doubt if we should have seen 'The Half-way House' but for the success of 'The Lights o' London.' His sketch of an English gentleman, as shown in the portrait of Squire Hesselstine, reminds us that Mr. Sims is credited—we know not how truly—with being the author of a series of papers that appeared in 'The Echo,' and have since been published in a single volume, entitled 'Our Old Nobility.' The principles and belief of the writer may be gathered from a perusal of the work in question, if anybody cares to undertake it; but briefly summarised, they are to the effect that 'Our Old Nobility' comprised as great a set of scoundrels as it is possible to conceive. Has the same author sketched and typified country gentlemen in Squire Hesselstine? If so, his estimate of the one is as correct as the knowledge of the other.

And again another farcical comedy, or whatever adapters or managers

please to call it, has been brought out at the Royalty under Mr. Henderson's management, and 'Out of the Hunt' excites roars of laughter from audiences easily pleased. It is an adaptation of 'Les Demoiselles de Montfermeil,' a Palais Royal whimsicality that lived a brief existence and owed its success to its excellent interpretation. More incoherent than 'The Half-way House,' we own to being yet more amused by 'Out of the Hunt.' We knew that the latter was an absurdity, but then it did not pretend to be anything else. To provoke laughter seems to be the aim and end of the large majority of theatrical exhibitions at present offered to London playgoers, and if we can accept this as the lesson that the stage teaches—if this is the prospect in the mirror held up to Nature—why we must not grumble. There is an undeniable 'go' in 'Out of the Hunt,' reminding us somewhat of that magnificent absurdity which Miss Litton brought out at the Court during her management, 'The Wedding March;' and, by the way, as the taste for clever absurdities is a reigning one, why does not some hard-up manager revive that clever bit of fun? 'Out of the Hunt' owes much to the artists engaged in it. Miss Lottie Venn, as a music-hall serio-comic with higher aspirations for the 'legitimate,' was immensely diverting, and the only fault was that we did not see more of her. Mr. Charles Glenny, the comic hero, was amusing without the slightest tinge of extravagance or vulgarity, and this was conspicuous, we may add, throughout the representation. Though the piece is farcical in the extreme, the actors and actresses do not exceed the bounds of fun and humour. Certainly comic acting as conducted some quarter of a century ago would not be tolerated now on London boards.

Mr. Alexander Henderson is one of the most zealous, indefatigable, and at the same time most fortunate of managers. He is ever on the alert looking out for something in his peculiar line, and suited to the tastes of that portion of the public for which he caters; and, what is more important to him, he generally finds it. In this respect, perhaps, Mr. John Hollingshead runs him hard, and in the Great Nudity-Opera-Bouffe-and-Silk-Stocking Handicap a conscientious handicapper would be unable to separate them. Both have an almost Midas touch, and whatever they produce, with exceptions so few as to be immaterial, prospers under their hands. Indeed, we have known instances when some signs of 'a frost' showing themselves on the production of what was meant to be an extremely successful burlesque, at the theatre over which one of the gentlemen in question presides, that enterprising manager has issued an ukase to the public in the columns of the press, telling them that they were utterly wrong, that the piece was a very good piece, and bidding them reconsider their verdict, which, if our memory serves, the public have generally done. Perhaps that enterprising one *ought* to be top-weight after all. But this is a digression.

Our theme was Mr. Henderson, who, in addition to the little gold mine which he discovered in 'Olivette,' has found a Pactolus, if we mistake not, in 'La Mascotte,' the opera bouffe that charmed Paris with its indecency, is still, we believe, charming New York in a modified form of impropriety—and has been produced on the boards of the new Comedy, a perfectly innocent comic opera, and, what is much more surprising, with its fun and frolic preserved. This latter circumstance deserves special mention, because we are all well acquainted with the dismal silk-stockng adaptation from the French, out of which (the impropriety eliminated) it was impossible to make head or tail. In the case of 'La Mascotte,' much praise must be given to Messrs. Reece and Farnie for extracting so much that is really amusing out of the dry bones left them by the Lord Chamberlain. That they are greatly

helped by the present representation at Mr. Henderson's new theatre they no doubt would freely admit. It has been lavishly placed on the stage. The lessee has secured a company which, down to its least prominent member, work with zeal; while on Miss Violet Cameron and Mr. Lionel Brough fell the burden and heat of the evening, also the honours. The lady has had an opportunity of showing herself as we have never seen her before. Miss Cameron never acted, or, she will pardon us for saying, she never sang as she acts and sings at the Royal Comedy. It is a revelation of a new force, on which we warmly congratulate her. Mr. Brough has one of those parts—a burlesque monarch—which fits him like a glove. His solemn gravity under the many ills with which his unfortunate kingdom is afflicted is most amusing. It is of little use describing the story of 'La Mascotte.' Half London, by the time these lines are printed, will have seen it; the other half will be flocking to West End libraries, and forming a *queue* at the box-office in Pantion Street. Its run promises to be great. Fortunate Mr. Henderson.

And now we must quit the festive boards, must shut our eyes to shapely forms, the languor or the fire (which is it, my young friends?) that *bella donna* gives, the seductive *pas*, the lively breakdown, and take up a more business pen. The racing of the past month, its history and its lessons—these fruitful themes have, it is true, been almost done to death by other hands than ours, and we are left with little that is fresh to say on the subject. Of course the great feature of the Second October week was the extraordinarily easy win of Foxhall in the great handicap of the year, and coming so close on Iroquois's double victory of Derby and Leger, it set us all thinking—that is to say, all who love racing for other and higher reasons than gambling. We cannot get away from the fact that these American-bred horses—the two we have mentioned—are very superior animals indeed; one of them, Foxhall, being considered by some of the best judges among the Newmarket trainers as the best thoroughbred horse we have seen for the last five-and-twenty years. These are big words, and they have been said before in the first flush of a horse's win, and repented of afterwards. But we do not think there will be any fear of this in Foxhall's case. Nothing can detract from the hollow victory he accomplished over, be it remembered, some good old horses, while there was only one three-year-old who could make any pretence, and that a very feeble one, of being with him when his jockey let Foxhall out. That this performance of the American horse should have stirred the minds of all men who care for and are proud of the superiority of our thoroughbred stock over that of other countries, was only to be expected. For it would be rash to ascribe the excellence of Foxhall to mere chance, to believe that Mr. Keene has been an exceedingly fortunate man in having bred such a horse, but that we need not fear a repetition. We cannot, we think, lay the flattering unction to our souls that Foxhall is a *rara avis*. We may not see one so very good, certainly, for some time, but the question is, are we to see American horses quite good enough to beat ours? That is the point that it behoves all breeders of thoroughbred stock in this country to consider and ponder over.

As we have said before, the subject has been already well ventilated. Writers qualified to give an opinion have ascribed the superiority of American horses to the country in which they are bred; and that the climate, soil, grass and water of old Kentucky—the birthplace of Foxhall—are so much better than the same elements in New Jersey, where Iroquois was reared. We have heard so much of the 'blue grass' country, the other side of

'Dixie,' that we are getting tired of the name, especially since a nasty insinuation has been made that, in that same favoured land, they are not too particular in registering the exact date of the birth of a foal. To dismiss at once a statement that should never have been made, we can say on authority that the Stud Farm at Woodburn, in Kentucky, founded by the Messrs. Alexander, and now the property of Mr. J. K. Keene, is managed with the greatest regularity and method; and indeed it is an insult to the high character borne by that gentleman to suppose that it is not. The books are open for inspection, and the farm and breeding stud are shown to any one who cares to see them. It is an insinuation that should never have been hinted at, and we would not have mentioned it but that the public just now, much excited about American horses, are apt to catch at any improbable and ridiculous *canard* to account for defeat. Our readers need not be reminded of what was said about Gladiateur when he appeared on the scene. There were several very excellent people, including not a few New-market trainers, who believed that the great French horse was fully a year older than he was represented to be, and we *have* heard it stated that they have never abandoned that faith to this day. But however the majority of us, if we listened to the silly tale for a little while, have long since owned its silliness, and receive our periodical beatings with equanimity. Something of the same sort will, we have no doubt, happen about our latest American scare. A few people will profess to believe that there is something in it, here and there will be heard full and particular accounts of 'how it is done,' and then another American horse will cross the Atlantic and beat us on our ground, and we shall hear no more about 'old 'uns.'

What we should like to hear would be some good reasons assigned for the superiority of these new importations over our native blood. We have mentioned one—the excellence of the country where they are foaled in everything conducive to the healthy rearing of stock; and there is one other—the time of year when the majority of the foals are dropped. They are not, like ours, exposed at their tenderest age to the rigours of mid-winter, but they first see the light amidst genial surroundings when Nature is in her most smiling mood, and the earth is giving of her increase to both man and beast. The American foal finds the most succulent grass, the purest water, the finest air, ready as it were for his own enjoyment from the first hour of his birth. We have no 'blue grass' district in the old country, but we have grand pastures and pure water, and though we confess to a falling off in the matter of springs and summers, yet our climate is not so bad as it is painted, and a foal dropped in April or May may find his or her lines cast in pleasant places. However, our Turf law-makers have ordained that the English foal should rough it from the first, and so from December to the end of February he is enabled to lay the seeds of disease, roaring, &c., that tend to produce the lack of stamina which is so painfully apparent in our horses in training. Once our thoroughbreds took their ages from the 1st of May. What are the objections to our returning to their old paths? We should like to hear them.

But we cannot fill our pages with speculations, which though interesting are after all idle, because we must look to deeds and not words, and we can only trust that our Turf legislature may turn their attention to the subject. It is a matter that cannot be well shelved in the face of the prospect of an annual invasion, not exactly of Foxhalls, but of horses that will in all probability hold their own against the best that we can show. However, for the present we must leave it, and see what can be gleaned from the racing in

the Second October. It was a wonderfully good meeting, real good sport, and some of the events of a very stirring and exciting character. We have spoken of the Cesarewitch, and hardly know what to say more about that race than we have done. There was in reality only one horse in it. In this respect it greatly resembled the race of last year, for as Robert the Devil then had won at the Bushes, so had Foxhall now. We ought all to have backed him after seeing him do what he did in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, but we were prejudiced, at least many of us were, and got hold of an idea that he could not stay. Why we so imagined none of us could give a satisfactory reason, except that he had with difficulty defeated Tristan in the Grand Prix. It was known that Foxhall was not himself then, but still we stuck to the letter of the law, which made out that he was only a head before the French horse. There were numbers of people we remember at the time, who maintained that Foxhall was a bad horse, and well do we also remember how 'one of the finest judges of racing out'—it is always a wonder of that kind who commits himself in some frightful way or another—made us back Scobell and Albion coupled for the Grand Prix, and told us to go to sleep on it. But there is no doubt that Foxhall is a vastly improved horse, and that very circumstance by the way proves, if proof were needed, that his age is what it is represented to be. Old horses do not improve as Foxhall has done since the spring. Chippendale ran a good horse, but still was only second on sufferance, as that position his stable-companion Retreat might have gained. Fiddler was the only three-year-old at all near the winner, and Archer eased Petronel when he found pursuit was hopeless. That circumstance no doubt made many people lose their money in the Queen's Plate on the following Thursday by backing Chippendale, who was looked upon as certain to repeat what he did in the Cesarewitch. They did not take into consideration the fact that Petronel had not been persevered with, and on the other hand he was meeting Lord Bradford's horse on 8 lbs. better terms. Besides, Petronel is better class than Chippendale. A Two Thousand winner goes for something. We need not comment on the position of those behind the first three. Fortissimo, Ambassadors, and Brown Bess were about the best of them, and Reveller, who had been such an early fancy of the public, had a good view of the race all the way. He probably is a moderate horse, but still may win a handicap before the year is out, for he looked very fit and full of muscle.

We fear we cannot say much about our two-year-olds, except that with the exception of Bruce the fillies are much superior to the colts. The way Kermesse won the Middle Park Plate with her full penalty much impressed us, the more because we thought she would fail. Behind her, Gerald, and St. Marguerite, the lot could we think only be called 'ragged.' They had neither form nor looks to recommend them. Gerald we had omitted to mention just now in our estimate of our colts, because he is not 'ours,' but belongs to that now much-to-be-dreaded contingent from the other side of the Atlantic. When we first saw him in the First October Meeting, we thought him one of the handsomest colts we had ever seen, though, as he had only been in England about three weeks, we need scarcely say he was perfectly unfit to run. So he was in the Middle Park, but he managed to get second, and people talk about what he will do with Bruce next year at Epsom. We believe he is a very good horse, and yet we hear that Mr. Lorillard has a better in his stable. *Credat Judeus.* There was a filly from Russley, Shotover, that Peck thought well of, particularly for the Prendergast Stakes on the last day, but she was beaten by a commoner of

Prince Soltykoff's, called Berwick; so gauged by that, the Middle Park field behind the three placed must be bad indeed. Of course the Champion Stakes was an event to most racing men much more exciting than any Cesarewitch, for Bend Or was to meet Iroquois, and we were to see whether the Derby form of '80 was superior to that of '81. The question was answered most satisfactorily. Bend Or hardly looked himself; there was a dulness about his eye and coat, and a suspicious something on his off fore-leg, regarded intently by many more or less critical eyes. Still he went down to the post moving in such grand style, that with the indomitable Archer up his backers' confidence was restored, and odds were laid on the bonny chesnut. He won, but not we thought without an effort, and Scobell stuck to him much too long to be pleasant. It may be true what is said that Bend Or is a lazy horse, and as the phrase goes, 'would make a race with a donkey,' but we thought Archer had to ride him at the last. However, if he did not win with quite the dash we have seen him, he beat Iroquois far enough, and settled the question about the Derby form of last year being much superior to this. Iroquois was done with out of the dip, and Scobell beating him was the surprise of the race. It must have surprised Pincus too, judging from the strong measures he took with his horse. As soon as the racing was over that evening, he had the sweaters put on Iroquois, and gave him a good four-mile gallop over the B.C.! Fond as our Newmarket trainers are supposed to be of galloping their horses off their legs, this seemed a little too much of a good thing, and many were the satirical comments passed on the American system of training. But the next morning he came out and won the Newmarket Derby in the commonest of canters, Webb holding him hard all the way. To be sure he had only to beat Ishmael, for Lennoxlove and Lord Chelmsford could not be considered in the hunt. The latter horse, so heavily backed for the Cambridgeshire, was purchased by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild before the race, but he ran a wretch. He must have done something very smart in private, for the commission was said to be 'inexhaustible.' The same day witnessed the downfall of the much-talked-about Corrie filly, who was beaten in the Newmarket Oaks by Perplexité. She had been of course, as our readers knew, 'the rod in the pickle' of the Manton stable all the summer, and there were long shots taken about her for the Cesarewitch before the handicap appeared. How her backers found themselves in the hole is matter of history, and if it was true what we heard stated, that her trainer had a big sum on her in this race, the Oaks, why 'the rod in pickle' has only proved a rod for her supporters' backs. She gave us the idea of being soft. The Queen's Plate we have already referred to.

The last day was nothing particular, except for the Derby, where Iroquois came out in his true colours, and made the critics, who had been very facetious about his gallop of the previous evening, above referred to, look rather foolish. Certainly the treatment was against rule, but we must regard the American horses as made of more wear-and-tear material than their English cousins. Ishmael is doubtless a bad horse—one more to be added to the many that have won the Great Yorkshire—but still the beating he received from Iroquois was a caution. The Great Challenge Stakes showed us what a very smart mare Nellie is, and the way she beat Scobell and Tristan was to most of us a surprise. It looked a good thing for Prince Soltykoff, if ever good thing there was, and he of course retreated in the Cambridgeshire market after his defeat. It was an interesting week, carrying with it lessons which we hope were learned.

And now the Cambridgeshire has come as a *coup de grâce*, and the win of

Foxhall will for years to come make memorable the race of '81. The story of the event itself, apart from the performance of its hero, is curious too, and the dual favouritism of Bend Or and Incendiary, horses in the same interest and the same stable, was a circumstance unprecedented in the memory of the oldest racing men. The pertinacious endeavours of the public to discern which was the best of the two, the statement that Incendiary was the Simon Pure, and the belief, for some time entertained, that Bend Or would play a second rôle to the former, kept the market in a disturbed state. The public, ready to rush on Archer's mount like a pack of wolves, waited for a sign which was not vouchsafed them until four or five days before the race, when at Sandown Park it was known that Archer had been down at Russley to ride the great horse in a gallop. That settled the point, and the money from that hour until on the hour of the race Mr. McGeorge dropped his flag, came flowing in in an unceasing stream. It was of little use telling them that Robert Peck said Incendiary, bar accidents, 'could not lose.' It passed them by like the idle wind, which they regarded not. Bend Or and Archer was what they meant being on, and when, almost at the last moment, the trainer seemed to waver, and acknowledged to a friend that it was impossible to say what Archer could not do with a horse, they thought the race over, we verily believe. And yet those who knew best, and who had well looked at the horse in the Second October week, knew that the public idol was not the horse he was; and it is now, we fancy, no secret that Robert Peck has had a very anxious time with him in his endeavours to bring him sound to the post for his last two races. Though he did not win the Cambridgeshire, he ran very well, and he will retire from the Turf—if retire he does—with honour. If he had been the Bend Or who we saw win the Epsom, he would have had something to say to the Yankee that might even have astonished that great horse. As it was, a jady and turned-loose mare was left to contest the prize with the wonder of modern times.

But we cannot arrange matters as we could wish in our own Turf microcosm, and horses, like women, are 'kittle cattle.' They will neither run as they ought or we would like to see them. There was much exemplification of this in the Cambridgeshire. Incendiary, though he ran forward (by some pens he has, we see, been called third best), did not certainly run up to his trial, if tried he was, and Tristan, who had been sent to any odds in the betting on the occasion of Montrose beating him in a home spin, was really within half a length or so of winning the Cambridgeshire! Shall we ever learn wisdom and appreciate the vanity of trials? In the Bookmakers' Litany there is, we believe, a special supplication that we shall not. In the opinion of the best judges, Lucy Glitters, but for her swerving, would have won. Granted; but then, why did she swerve? We have always believed that a swerving horse is a beaten one, and we shall so believe to the end of the chapter. Once again we sincerely congratulate Mr. Keene and our American cousins. The victories of Iroquois and Foxhall will give an additional spur to that love of horseracing which the States are developing. Already we hear of a brother to Foxhall who will be likely to gallop in the steps of his illustrious relative. *Sic itur ad astra.*

There has been an unpleasant feature in what has been termed 'the American invasion,' and that is the advent of a new species of the genus 'plunger.' As against plunging itself we have nothing to say. It is purely a personal matter affecting the plunger and him alone. He may, perhaps, have to answer for the bad effects of an evil example, but beyond that we hear of his gains and losses with indifference. But the latest American edition of

the genus has developed a most uncalled-for liberality towards the jockeys who ride the winners he has backed. We hear of 'tips' of a 'thou' or a 'monkey' to young boys as of common occurrence. The winner of a big handicap receives from the warm-hearted plunger a sum of money probably double the amount (in some cases much more than that) of what his employer will give him. We hear of jockeys crowding round the generous man wherever he appears. A stable-boy even may hope for a tip from that open palm. We are told also that his charitable instincts have impelled him to offer to trainers sums of money, partly as thank-offerings, partly as tributes to their skill. The effect of all this we need scarcely allude to. It will naturally suggest itself to every one, be he racing man or not. If it is an American custom we do not wish to see it acclimatized in this country. Tipping jockeys outrageous sums for simply doing their duty to the best of their ability, is, we have little hesitation in saying, an interference with the relations between masters and servants, which the former will not be inclined to brook. The gentleman in question is credited with having made an exceedingly good thing out of the wins of the American horses in this country. No one grudges him his good fortune. He will, we hope, enjoy it—at New York. Once the other side of what his countrymen call 'the pond,' he will be comparatively safe from the temptations of plunging, while the recipients of his bounties will not be exposed to other temptations to which we need not further allude.

With the November number of this magazine is always given the new list of Masters of Hounds and Huntsmen, in which we notice the following changes since last season. Commencing with staghounds, we find Lord Ebrington has succeeded Mr. M. Fenwick-Bisset as Master of the Devon and Somerset staghounds, after a long and successful reign of twenty-four years. Captain Ker has started a fresh pack in the County Down, and engaged Harry Saunders as his huntsman. Turning to foxhounds in England, we find Mr. Richard Ord of Sands Hall, near Ferry Hill, as Master of the South Durham in the place of Sir William Eden. With the East Essex Mr. Archibald W. Ruggles-Brise, of Spains Hall, has succeeded Colonel Jelf Sharp. In the Isle of Wight, Major-General Sir Henry Daley, K.C.B., of Ryde, follows Mr. B. T. Cotton. In East Kent, Mr. W. H. White, who has now had much experience since 1858 with hounds in Essex, succeeds Mr. Mackenzie; Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole, formerly in the Grenadier Guards, son of 'the Squire of Radburn,' of coaching celebrity, is Master of the Meynell in the place of Lord Waterpark. With the North or Woodland Pytchley pack the Hon. Hugh Lowther, who learnt hunting under Jack West when he was with the Cottesmore, whose head-quarters are at the Three Cocks at Brigstock, has succeeded Captain Elmhirst; Mr. Lowther will hunt them himself, but we are sorry to hear that he has already had a badish fall and broken his collar-bone. Mr. Harvey D. Bayly, of Edwinstowe House, has gone in for his second innings as Master of the Rufford, which he gave up in 1872; as has also Lord Hill with the Shropshire, the country south of the Severn being added to the north, which he will hunt three days a week. With the Southdown, Mr. Charles Brand has succeeded Mr. R. F. Streatfeild, of the Rocks, who took them in 1871.

Over the border, Mr. Russell has succeeded Major Wauchope with the Linlithgow and Stirling.

The fate of hunting in Ireland trembles in the balance since the cry of the Land Leaguers is 'No rent, no hunting,' but the only change we note is that of Mr. F. Cotton with the Westmeath, in the place of Mr. Montague

Chapman. Amongst the huntsmen the principal changes are: Henry Grant from the Ledbury has gone to Lord Fitzhardinge, *vice* George Barlow, commonly called 'Ben.' John Hills, from the East Kent, has gone to the Badsworth in the place of Tom Dawson, who has been retained by the Hon. Ralph Neville to hunt the West Kent; George Ash has migrated from the Holderness to Brocklesby, and been succeeded by Charles Orvis from the Warwickshire; while Alfred Thatcher, who has hunted the Brocklesby since 1877, has gone to Lord Hill in Shropshire, *vice* Harry Judd, retained by Captain 'Jarvis, of Doddington Hall, to hunt a portion of the Blankney country; Patrick Dalton, who has hunted hounds in Ireland, is gone to the South Pembrokeshire in the place of George Merriman. Sam Hayes, who had whipped in to George Castleman with the Atherstone ever since they came together from the Rufford, has now gone back there as huntsman, *vice* Fred. Gosden, gone to the Southwold as kennel huntsman; Jack Press, who came as whip to the North Warwickshire in 1872, takes the horn in the place of Wheatley, who is still out of place and very anxious to get some active employment. Lord Willoughby de Broke will hunt the Warwickshire himself; John Nicholson, from the Isle of Wight, goes to the Western; Richard White, who last season was first whip to the West and South Wilts, has been promoted by Colonel Everett in the place of Mark Gerrish. In Scotland, Charles Atkinson from the Kildare has been engaged by Mr. Russell in the place of his uncle John Atkinson, who had hunted them for many years; while Tom M'Alister, late first whip, will hunt the Kildare if the Land Leaguers will let him.

The Quorn Hounds commenced cub-hunting early in September and have had some good sport, particularly in their open country, where foxes appear plentiful. You never see a fox headed or turned into the hounds' mouths in the Quorn country; what foxes are killed the hounds have to work for. Mr. Coupland gives them every chance. There was a fine show of cubs at Mr. Woodcock's small spinny at Rearsby; and at Barkby Holt Mr. Brooks has been most successful this year; there was a strong lot of cubs, the hounds had a good day, running hard for several hours. At Billesdon Coplow, Colonel Freer has more foxes than I can remember seeing. After killing a brace the hounds went away with another, which must have been an old fox, for he took us straight away over a most beautiful line of all grass country, to Illston-on-the-Hill, where the hounds were stopped, as we had run out of the Quorn country. This was a very fine run indeed, about forty minutes. The Squire of Gaddesby had two or three litters of foxes in his coverts, and we had a splendid day's sport here; the hounds hunted their fox most steadily, and ran into him in the open after a good half-hour's run over the open country. The young hounds, about thirteen couple, were a beautiful lot, and Tom Firr tells me they are working well. Very few sportsmen have made their appearance at Melton, but I hear the place will be full this year. The master, Mr. Coupland, is always out, and I am glad to say much stronger. The country is in fine riding order, but very 'blind.' We want a few sharp frosty nights to take the leaves off, or there will be some grief at Kirby Gate on the opening day.

The Belvoir as usual have a capital entry, and the young hounds have taken very kindly to their business. They began cub-hunting on August 22nd at Belvoir, but did not get blood until they got to Croxton Park, where they found a strong litter in Lawn Hollow, and after rattling about for fifty minutes they pulled one down. They have had many good mornings. At Ranceby, on Sept. 9th, they found a good litter, had a good scent and

killed a leash all in the open; and out with them were Colonel Fane, Mr. Walter, and Miss Laura Willson, Messrs. Jackson, Roberts, Rudkin, Pilkington and others. They also found a good show at Haydon Southernns on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, and got blood, and on the 16th at Humly Wood; they ran about for fifty minutes, then went on to Boothby Little Wood, where they found a brace directly and killed one near Ropley Mill after a capital run in the open. On the 19th they were in the woods, found on Stathern Combe, and brought one to hand. On the 20th they found a strong litter in Lord Bristol's plantation, an old fox at Mr. Pilkington's, who was allowed to go his way in peace, and again at Dunesby Gorse, from which they had a nice scurry to ground. On Thursday the 22nd they were at Boothby Great Wood, when, after running five hours with a bad scent, they caught one. Out on this morning were Sir John and Capt. Thorold, the Misses Heathcote, Messrs. Cross, Hardy, Hornsby, &c. On Friday the 23rd they went to Welby Hayles, when they first found in the Quarries close by, and after rattling about ran a cub to ground and left him; then went on to Belton Park, where they did nothing, as it was very hot, and there was no scent. On the 26th they did no good in Jericho Woods, but had better luck at Casthorpe. Amongst others, Major Longstaff was out this morning. The following day they met at Culverthorpe Hall, found in Patman's Wood, and afterwards in the Southernns ran through Sapperton's Bottoms and straight away to Hanley on to Lenton, where Gillard did not persevere. It was a nice run, and over a country which can be safely crossed at this time of the year; and several enjoyed it, amongst whom were Sir John and Mr. C. Thorold, the Misses Willson from Ranceby, the Misses Heathcote, two of whom have just entered, Mr. and Mrs. James Hornsby, Mr. R. Hornsby, Mr. and Miss Lindley, Rev. Mr. Young, Messrs. Boyall, Bellamy, Hoys, Rudkin of Handly, Jackson, Roberts, and Nicholas of Sleaford.

The Burton had some good fun all through September, ever since they began on Tuesday the 6th at Stainton Wood, when after running for two hours they killed a cub, then thirty-five minutes and killed another. They have also had some merry spins over the open. One, from Toft Newton Gorse on the 26th, was a clipper, going over a big rough line, when the hounds had the best of it all the way and killed their fox, an old dog, at Wickerley Wood, when Dale got to them after a capital forty minutes. On the 27th hounds were running in and round the Wragby Woods four hours, and finished with a kill; and they had good mornings at Sudbroke and at Hainton, where they found a famous show. On October 7th they had a famous run from Magin Moor all along the Vale, a ten-mile point, and killed in the open near Ingleby. They never went any great pace, but fairly and beautifully hunted a fine old dog-fox to death. Will Dale had thirty couple out, all ladies, of which seven and a half were young ones, and every hound was at the finish. What a lot of fun those who won't get up in the morning often lose!

Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds had a capital morning from Sir George Sitwell's at Renishaw Hall, near Chesterfield; George Kennett was requested to come and disperse a good litter of cubs, which the keeper had preserved in Foxtone Wood, so he took twenty-five and a half couples of dog-hounds over. With great luck they found directly, and ran an old fox close by the front of the Hall, where a large party had come out to see the fun, round by Stainly nearly up to Chesterfield, where he then turned round to the right over the open, just skirting Eckington and Stavely Woods, where they ran into him in the open after a capital run of one hour and eighteen minutes.

Sir George enjoyed this very much, and there is every reason to hope and think he will become a staunch and ardent foxhunter.

The Rufford hounds, under their new Master, if he can be so called (having previously hunted the country for five years), have had a most excellent cub-hunting. Commencing on September 5th, they were favoured with excellent scents for the whole of the month, and finding lots of cubs, not foxes, hounds were well blooded, and Hayes will take the field with a pack of hounds that can hunt as well as drive, and are as handy as can be. The country has welcomed their old Master and Hayes back again very cordially, and are pleased beyond measure at their united efforts to show sport. On Saturday, 22nd, they had a cheery gallop from Sherwood Hall to Nettleworth, to ground; and on Monday, 24th, the Master was able to show his old friend, Colonel Fairfax, a real good day in the 'clays.' In the afternoon, after knocking some cubs about at Roe Wood, they forced a fox away and ran him to Mustham Wood, where, getting on better terms with him, they ran him smartly for thirty minutes more, and finally accounted for him, after bolting him from a drain close to Mr. Doncaster's farm, where he has done so much for foxhunting this year, and is, with a small covert of some few acres, a noble example to some gentlemen who have hundreds of acres.

We have excellent reports of the prospects of the Meynell under their new master, Mr. Chandos-Pole. Charles Leedham continues to carry the horn, and the whips remain the same as under Lord Waterpark's mastership. There is a most promising entry of 6-couple dogs and 8½-couple bitches, most of which are entering well to their work. Derbyshire is everywhere well supplied with foxes, and Needwood Forest is once again to the front, there being litters on almost every estate in that neighbourhood excepting Bagots Woods, where, strange to say, for almost the first time in living memory Reynard is rather a scarce article. Cubbing commenced in September, and by the 24th of October some ten brace of youngsters had been brought to hand, and several good runs were shown, notably one early in the month from the Henhurst. Lord Waterpark's resignation at the end of last season was much regretted by the hunt generally, but there is no doubt that the Squire of Radborne means to do the thing well, and his men are admirably mounted.

The Cambridgeshire made a very good beginning in September, and found a good show of foxes in Paxton, Diddington, Brampton, Kingston, Cobbs, Potton, and Palmer's Woods. The young hounds have been doing their work quite to John Bailey's satisfaction.

We are sorry to hear that things don't look very cheery in the old Vine country, as Jack West and the hounds have been shut out of Big Bradley, Laverstock, and Sandford Woods; also from Carpenter's Down; and as he is so surrounded he cannot get away. This is hard lines on a master and his huntsman anxious and willing to show sport, and in consequence of this very un-Hampshire-like state of things, we hear they will only hunt two days a week.

The Southdown began cub-hunting on August 22nd, and had some very good spins. Scent has been good out of covert, but bad in; they have found a very fair show of foxes all over the country, and had plenty of blood for the young hounds, of which there is a very good entry. The new master, Mr. Charles Brand, is very keen. They commenced their regular season on October the 26th, when Mr. Streatfield, the late master, was presented with

his portrait, mounted on his favourite black hunter, with Champion on his grey, and Ada and Artful close by.

With the Dartmoor scent was very bad in covert in September, and they only had three good scenting mornings; but on the whole they did very well, and cubs went away over the open like old foxes.

Up to September the 16th the Curraghmore had been out seven times and killed three brace, and had some very good fun on the whole; but the prospect of continued sport then became by no means bright, owing to the dissatisfied feeling of the Land Leaguers. Lord Waterford circulated amongst his tenantry his views, which were most liberal and straightforward, and it is to be hoped that good sense may prevail and harmony and good feeling maintained. Things at one time looked very black, and it seemed quite doubtful if hunting would be allowed to go on. Mr. Biggar told the farmers at Waterford, on Saturday, September 29th, not to allow the 'great Marquess of Waterford' to hunt; but he forgot to tell them that stopping hunting would be simply killing the goose that lays their golden eggs; but Mr. T. Davin was far wiser when he said that, 'If you stop fox-hunting you will stop every sport in Ireland,' and he appealed to the League not to take any action; but in vain he pleaded that no action should be taken, and a resolution, 'That until the suspects are liberated, the members of the League do not in any way whatever encourage fox-hunting in that district,' was seconded and adopted. But their vindictiveness came to a climax on Thursday, October 6th, when Lord Waterford and some friends went out to hunt at Newtown Wood near Curraghmore. Soon after throwing the hounds into covert the chapel bell of Faheen was rung, and horns were blown in different directions, then a mob of about one hundred ruffians assembled. In spite of their noise and interference they hunted on for nearly a couple of hours, until it got very hot and the scent failed, and as the hounds could not get on they were obliged to give it up, and not too soon, for the mob began to get vicious, and stones were thrown both at Lord Waterford and his men, and at the unoffending hounds, and two or three were stabbed with a fork. How they all escaped being seriously hurt is a mystery, as the stones fell like hail. Lord Delaval Beresford was struck in the back by half a brick, and another stone smashed his hat, and Lord Waterford was hooted by these jeering blackguards. In vain did Mr. Lalor, on whose ground they had attempted to hunt, remonstrate with them, and tell them they had got the Land Act, and asked what more they wanted? They would not listen to him, but continued to pelt the hounds. Fancy Irishmen, of all men, stoning foxhounds! Hunting of course has been abandoned, and it is to be feared now that Mr. Parnell and his disciples will not only put a stop to foxhunting in Waterford, but elsewhere. The issue of all the above was that, at a large meeting held on Tuesday the 11th, Lord Waterford resigned the mastership, saying that 'no other course was open, because hunting, owing to the present state of the country, would be anything but a pleasant occupation this winter.'

From the north of Ireland we hear that a new pack of staghounds has been started at Montalto, near Ballynahinch, in the County Down, by Captain Ker, late of the 1st Royals, as keen a sportsman as any in Ireland. He has got together thirty couples of hounds from drafts from Curraghmore, Meath, and Kildare, and a few from the old Roscommon staghounds, which came to grief last year. The kennels are on Captain Ker's estate, about a mile from Ballynahinch, where he kept a pack of harriers previous to going

in for larger game, and he has a nice lot of red deer enclosed, so that they have plenty of liberty to exercise themselves, besides a few at large. The country is all that a sportsman could wish for, though hilly in some parts. There is a good deal of tillage, but on the whole it rides very light. The stags are seldom taken under twelve or fifteen miles, and rarely run the roads, and there is always a second to fall back on, but his services are very seldom required, and it must be a stout heart on a good horse to see the finish. Harry Saunders, who hunted the United Hunt pack in Cork, and has seen lots of hunting in both Ireland and England, has been engaged as huntsman. Captain Ker is a large landowner, and on the very best of terms with all his tenants, who invite him every day to give them a hunt, though many had not got all their corn in. 'Boycotting' is not known, and Mr. Parnell has not many friends in this district, so that there is every prospect of a good season. The field musters about a hundred, nearly all in scarlet, and among them some bruisers. They will commence regularly the first week in November.

On October 7th, at Tinvane, Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, Henry Whitby Briscoe, J.P., formerly for many years M.F.H. of the Curraghmore and Kilkenny hounds, aged 72 years.

At Messrs. Jones's gallery at the corner of Sackville Street our hunting friends may see a group in plaster, consisting of huntsmen and hounds, that we think will please them. It is reproduced by Mr. Brucciani from a model by Mr. J. P. Barraud, and represents a huntsman on a powerful and well-modelled hunter throwing his hounds into covert. The action of the horse, going at a swinging trot, is very good; and the hounds show, as well as the touch of the artist, that of a man who has known his subject well. The whole group is very life-like and spirited.

Mr. W. H. Tuck is well known for his many composition groups of Masters of Hounds, Members of Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, patrons of the road, professional and amateur; members of the Jockey Club, &c. They have all been exceedingly well executed, and as collections of 'Men of the Day' will be valuable to our descendants. Mr. Tuck has now tried his hand on the jockeys, those very important entities in our sporting microcosm, and has produced a very striking group of all the well-known men and boys who witch the world with noble horsemanship. The picture is to be seen at Messrs. Biggs and Co., 7, Maddox Street.

Iroquois has now been added to Mr. Baily's series of winners. It differs from its fellows inasmuch as the jockey (F. Archer) is up, which necessitates a larger picture, 24 inches by 30 inches. Mr. Pincus, in a letter addressed to the editor, writes: 'Mr. Hall's portrait of Iroquois I consider very good.'

1881-82.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN,
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Valours.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Cork	Frank Goodall	John Comins William Bartlett C. Strickland	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
BERKHAMSTEAD (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i>)	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. Herbert Browne Mr. John Rawle	Great Berkhamstead Com- mon, Herts
COLLINE DALE	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. George Nurse	Master	Harry Sinclair	Collins Dale, The Hyde, Hendon
DEVON AND SOMERSET (<i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Porlock, and Lynton</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Vincent Ebrington	Arthur Heal	George Southwall	Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
MID-KENT (<i>Tonbridge, Maidstone, Malling</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. C. F. Leney	Edward States	B. Frost	Wateringbury, Kent
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK. (<i>East Harling</i>)	Thur.	Mr. Robert A. Barkley	The Master	Oliver Dorling	Palgrave Priory, Diss
PETRE'S, HON. H. W. (<i>Ingledstone, Chelmsford</i>)	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. Henry W. Petre	Master	Joe Overton	Springfield, Chelmsford.
ROTCHILD'S, SIR N. DE (<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir N. de Rothschild	Frederick Cox	Mark Howcutt. E. James	Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard
SUFFOLK STAGHOUNDS (<i>Yarmouth, Lowestoft</i>)	Various	Mr. B. C. Chaston	Master	Robert Kemp	Mendham, near Harleston, Norfolk
SURREY (<i>Croydon, Red Hill</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Tom Nickalls	John Hickman	Thomas Ding	Nutfield, Redhill, Surrey
WATSON'S, MR. FARNELL (<i>Horsham, Dorking</i>)	3 days a fort- night. Mon. Fri. & following Th.	Mr. F. Watson	Master	Joseph Thwaites G. Elliott	Henfold, near Dorking

IRELAND.

HUMPHREYS, Mr. (Cavan)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. 3 days a week	Mr. A. E. Humphreys Captain Ker.	The Master John Macmahon, K.H. Master	Henry Lockton . . . Harry Saunders, K.H. Robert Mitchel	Lisagoan House, Cavan Montalto, Ballynahinch, co. Down.
LIMEICK (Croome, Kilmarnock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Gubbins .	The Master	Denis Hogan, K.H. W. Flinn	Bruree House, co. Limerick
WARD UNION* (Dublin, Dunboyne)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	James Brindley	George Woodman . .	Ashbourne, co. Meath
FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).					
ALBRIGHTON* (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Thomas F. Boughley, Bart.	John Scott	William Jones . . . Thos. Ashley	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal, Salop.
ATHERSTONE (Tamworth, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakley	George Castleman .	Edward Farmer . .	Witherley, near Atharstone
BADSWORTH* (Pontefract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. B. E. Wright	John Hills	Frank Scorey . . .	Bedsworth, near Pontefract
BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF (Malinesbury, Tebury, Chippingham, Chipping Sodbury)	Thur. & Sat. 5 days a week	Duke of Beaufort .	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.	Edward Haynes . .	Bedminton, Chippingham
BEDALE (Bedale, Thirsk, Northallerton, Ripon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major H. F. Dent .	Tom Perry	George Southwell . G. Burill	The Leases, near Bedale
BENVOY HUNT (Grantham, Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland .	Frank Gillard . .	William Wells . . . Arthur Wilson	Belvoir Castle, Grantham
BERKELEY (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge .	Henry Grant . . .	William Sheppard . Thomas Clark	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD (Rickmansworth, Watford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. A. H. Longman	Robert Worrall . .	Harry Bevan . . .	Shendish, Hemel Hempstead, Herts
BERKELEY, OLD WEST . .	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Mackenzie . .	Chas. Maiden . . .	William Haynes W. Haynes . . . Chas. Burns	High Wycombe
BERKSHIRE, OLD (Abingdon Farringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Craven . .	John Treadwell . .	Robert Mellows . .	New House, near Abingdon
BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL (Eanbury, Bicester, Buckingham)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia .	Richard Slovin . .	Joseph Lawrence Tom Garratt . . . Stephen Burtenshaw	Stratton Andley, near Bicester, Oxon

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Cork . .	Frank Goodall . .	John Comins . . William Bartlett C. Strickland	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
BERKHAMPTREAD (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i>)	Wed. . . .	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. Herbert Browne Mr. John Rawle	Great Berkhamstead Com- mon, Herts
COLLINE DALE	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. George Nurse .	Master	Harry Sinclair . .	Colline Dale, The Hyde, Hendon
DEVON AND SOMERSET . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Vincent Ebrington .	Arthur Heal . .	George Southwell .	Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
MID-KENT	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. C. F. Leney .	Edward States . .	R. Frost	Watlington, Kent
(<i>Tombridge, Maidstone, Malling</i>)					
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK. .	Thur. . . .	Mr. Robert A. Barkley	The Master . . .	Oliver Dorling . .	Palgrave Priory, Dias
(<i>East Harling</i>)					
PETRE'S, HON. H. W. . .	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. Henry W. Petre	Master	Joe Overton . . .	Springfield, Chelmsford.
(<i>Ingistone, Chelmsford</i>)					
ROTHCHILD'S, SIR N. DE .	Mon. & Thur.	Sir N. de Rothschild	Frederick Cox . .	Mark Howutt. E. James	Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard
(<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>)					
SUFFOLK STAGHOUNDS . .	Various . .	Mr. B. C. Chaston .	Master	Robert Kemp . . .	Mendham, near Harleston, Norfolk
(<i>Yarmouth, Lowestoft</i>)					
SURREY	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Tom Nickalls .	John Hickman . .	Thomas Ding . . .	Nutfeld, Redhill, Surrey
(<i>Croydon, Red Hill</i>)					
WATSON'S, MR. FARNELL .	3 days a fort- night	Mr. F. Watson . .	Master	Joseph Thwaites . .	Henfold, near Dorking
(<i>Horsham, Dorking</i>)	Mon. Fri. & following Th.			G. Elliott	

CORNWALL, NORTH.	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. Pollard . .	George Groon . .	W. Green . . .	Mr. Brown, Bodmin
(Bodmin)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton .	Master	John Hyman . .	Pentellie Castle, near Salt-
CORYTON & MA.					ash
(Liskeard)	Mon.	Mr. A. Holme Sumner	Charles Trayles .	John Atkinson .	Cheltenham
CORSWOLD	& Sat.			J. Long	
(Cheltenham)	Tues. Thur. &	Mr. Algernon Rush-	Master	Charles Carter, K.H.	Broadway, Evesham
CORSWOLD, NORTH	Sat.	out		James Jones	
(Broadway, Evesham)	Mon.	Mr. W. Baird . .	William Neal . .	James Goddard	Barleythorpe, Oakham
CORTMOORE	Thur. & Sat.			W. Sheppard	
(Oakham, Euland, Mel-				J. Neal	
ton Moorhay)				Frank Turton . .	Oroome, Severn-Stoke, Wor-
COVENTRY & EARL OF*	Tues. Thurs.	Earl of Coventry .	Eber Long . . .	Fred French	cester
(Pershore, Worcester)	& Sat.			John Beet . . .	Waloot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAVEN	Mon.	Sir Richard Sutton,	William Goddard .	F. Watson	
(Hungerford, Newbury)	Thur. & Sat.	Dart.		Barney Spence	West Grinstead, Hornham
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM	Mon.	Colonel A. M. Cal-	George Loader . .	Richard Kingland	
(Chickfield, Hornham,	Thur. & Sat.	vert			
and Handovers)					
CUMBERLAND	Mon.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson,	Mr. H. Howard .	Thos. Watson, K.H.	Roehill, Raughton Head,
(Carlisle, Penrith)	& Fri.	Iart, M.P. and		Thomas Wilson	Carlisle
		Mr. Henry Howard			
CUNARD'S, SIR BACHE	Mon. Thur. &	Sir Bache Cunard, Bt.	William Grant . .	Thomas Newman .	Medbourne, near Market
(Leicester, Market Har-	Sat.			John Masters	Harboro'
boro', Kibworth)					
DARTMOOR	Tues. & Sat.	Vice-Adml. G. Parker	William Boxall . .	William Spiller . .	Ivybridge, Devon
(Tregliff, Plymouth)	& alt. Thurs.			Arthur Mason . .	Ambrook, Totnes
DEVON, SOUTH	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. A. F. Ross . .	Master	Geo. Pratt	
(Newton Abbot, Torquay)				Tom Jarvis	Rhyll, Dulverton
DULVERTON	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Froude Bellew .	Master	W. Summers	
(Tiverton, Southmolton)				R. Freeman . . .	Newton Hall, Durham
DURHAM, NORTH	Mon.	Mr. Anthony May-	Henry Haverson .	F. Johnson	
(Durham, Newcastle)	& Fri.	nard		John Beavan . . .	Ruahford, Ferry Hill
DURHAM, SOUTH	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Ord . .	Wm. Claxton . .	W. Mason	
(Stockton, Darlington)					
ESKDALE	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. Willburn .	David Smallwood .		Briggswath, Whitby, York-
(Searboro', Whitby)					shire
ESSEX	Mon.	Sir H. Selwin Ibbet-	James Bailey . .	Fred Fitt	Harlow, Essex
(Harlow, Chelmsford)	Fri. & Sat.	son, Bart., M.P.		Chas. Littleworth, Jun.	
ESSEX UNION	Mon.	Mr. P. A. W. Car-	Master	G. Rae, K.H. . .	Billericay
(Brentwood)	Thurs. & Sat.	negie		Henry Rees, Jun.	
				P. Toecook	

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town or Village.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX, EAST (<i>Willam, Bratintree, Halstead</i>)	Tues. & Fri. or Tues. & Sat.	Mr. A. W. Buggles Brise	George Jones . .	W. Grayson . . T. Nice . .	Durwards, Witham
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (<i>Colchester</i>)	2 days a week.	Mr. T. W. Nunn .	Harry Jennings .	James Budd . . F. White . .	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
FERRERS', EARL (<i>Asby-de-la-Zouch</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl Ferrers . .	The Master . .	John Abel, K.H. . . T. Green . .	Staunton Harold, Asby-de-la-Zouch.
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL (<i>Rotherham, Wentworth</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam .	Geo. Kennett, K.H.	T. Bartlett C. Beames . .	Wentworth, Rotherham
FITZWILLIAM, THE (<i>Thrapstone</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. and bye-day	Hon. T. Fitzwilliam	George Carter . .	Fred Payne Daniel Jordon . .	Milton, near Peterborough
FLINT AND DENEGH (<i>Abergele, Rhyll, St. Asaph</i>)	Mr. H. R. Hughes } Mr. Rowley Conwy }	Henry Povey . .	James Hewgill . .	Kimmel Park, Abergele
GARTH'S, MR. (<i>Reading, Wokingham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. O. Garth .	Charles Brackley .	Thomas Austen . . E. Taylor . .	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE (<i>Cowbridge</i>)	Mr. J. S. Gibbon .	William Cross . .	Harry Lush Eli Carey . .	Llandough, Cowbridge
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF (<i>Toucester, Buckingham, Brackley, Stony Stratford</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton .	Frank Deers . .	Thos. Smith Edward Cole . .	Wakefield Lawn, near Stony Stratford
GROVE (<i>Retford, Bawtry</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	Master	Sam Morgan, K.H. . . Charles Jones . .	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. (<i>Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon .	Master	Richard Turner . . Albert Guy . .	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HALDON (<i>Exeter</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Haldon and Sir John Duntze, Bt.	Dan North	Edward Rees	Haldon House, near Exeter
HAMBLEDON (<i>Bishop's Waltham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master	Walter Newman, K.H. John Newman . .	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HARGREAVES', MR. JOHN (<i>Reading and Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & bye-day	Mr. John Hargreaves	Richard Roake . .	William Sammons . . John Louch . .	World's End, near Reading
HAYDON	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. Blacket	Tom Cowino . .	A Cowino . .	Haydon Bridge, Northampton

HENFORTHSHIRE, SOUTH* (Hereford, Here)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Rankin, M.P.	John Hollings	Robert Lightfoot Thos. Walters	White Cross, Hereford
HENFORTHSHIRE, NORTH (Hereford, Loominster)	Mon. & Thur.	Col. Heywood	Will Freeman	Albert Rogers	Kennebourne Green, near Luton, Beds
HENTFORTHSHIRE (Luton, St. Albans)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	A Committee	Charles Ward	Charles Harris James Envor William Adcock	Common Hill, Chipping Norton, Oxon
HEYTHORP (Chipping Norton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey	John A. Haselton	John Allen	Elton, near Boyceley, Yorks
HOLDENESS (Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. Arthur Wilson	Charles Orris	David Dalby Edwin Evans Edward Lakin	Pitt, near Winchester
HURLEY (Winchester, Southampton)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	Harry Pacey W. Iliff	Hurworth, near Darlington
HURWORTH (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. James Cookson	James Tribeck	William Bushell E. Brooke	Marvel, Newport
ISLE OF WIGHT* (Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cowes)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Sir Henry Daley	Henry White	Harry Judd George Marshall Robert Sherwood Thos. Russell	Doddington Hall, Lincoln
JARVIS & MR. (Scarborough, Pickering)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Jarvis	Master	Richard Russell	Hackness, Scarborough
JOHNSTONE'S, CAPT. F. (Dover, Canterbury, Folke- stone)	Tues. & Sat.	Capt. F. Johnstone	The Master	Robert Pryor Thos. Hutchinson	Eltham, nr. Canterbury
KEST, WEST (Farningham, Seeromade, Tunbridge Wells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Neville	Tom Dawson	William Percy D. Freeman	Warren House, Oxford
LANEYTON* (Launceston, Tactstock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Lobb	The Master	John Gory	Haine, Low Down, Devon
LEONFELDS, LORD (Pelsworth and Chichester)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Lord Leonfeld.	Charles Shephard	Henry Smith Walter Primmer W. Jones, K.H. John Carpenter Will Tame	Potworth Park, Sussex
LEDBURY (Leibury, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Andrew Knowles	Master	John Gory	Leibury
LIANGIBBY & OAKSTON (Newport, Chertsey, Uxbridge)	5 days a fort- night	Mr. John Lawrence Mr. Chas. E. Lewis Mr. C. W. Wicketed	Evan Williams	J. Simmons Edward Windfield James Burge H. Pugsley	Liangibby and Orick, near Chertsey
LEWIS (Lewes, Tenbury)	5 days a fort- night	Mr. G. F. Luttrell	The Master	James Burge	Onbury, Craven Arms, Shropshire
LEWIS, MR. (Dunster, Williton)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell	Henry Sobright	James Burge	Bowerhayes, Carhampton, Dunster, Somerset

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

Name of Hunt, with nearest Town or Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MEYNELL, THE (Burton-on-Trent, Derby) MIDDLETON'S, LORD. (Malton, Scarborough)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. R. W. Chandos- Pole Lord Middleton	Charles Leedham William Burton.	James Tasker . . . Walter Storey . . . Fred Holland . . . H. Bonner . . . A. Dawson . . . Samuel Roberts, K.H. William Dent	Sudbury, Derby Birdsall House, near Mal- ton, York The Spitty, Abergavenny
MONMOUTHSHIRE . . . (Abergavenny, Monmouth)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams and Mr. John A. Rolls, M.P.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams	John Rance, K.H. J. Beavan E. Robinson Jack Raby . . . W. Sainsbury Henry Brown . . . Clarence Johnson George Edwards . . .	Newminster, Morpeth Furzy Lawn, Lyndhurst, Hants Gt. Massingham, Swaffham Gedlings, Nottingham
MORPETH (Morpeth)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John B. Cookson	Master	Andrew Cox . . . H. Kennett . . . Charles Sheppard . . . Henry Molyneux . . . W. Morris	Milton Ernest, Bedford Shirburn Castle, Tetworth Fern Hill, Haverfordwest
NEW FOREST (Southampton, Christchurch Newbold, West* (Swaffham, Lynn)	Tues. Thur. & Sat. 3 days a week	Mr. G. A. E. Mey- rick Mr. A. Hamond . . .	Master A. Orbell, K.H. Robert Claydon . . .	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Charles Smith . . . G. Shepherd Robert Pickard . . . Charles Tompkin . . . Thos. Dowdewell . . .	Lawrenny, near Pembroke Penllergare, Swansea Greenrig, Lesbury, North- umberland Bryanstone, Blandford Eggesford, Wembworthy, N. Devon Maesgwynne, Whitland, S. Wales
NOTTS, SOUTH (Nottingham, Newark, Bingham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & bye- day Sat.	Mr. L. Rolleston . . .	Mr. L. Rolleston German Shepherd, K.H.	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
OAKLEY, THE (Bedford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Committee	Tom Whitmore . . .	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . . . (Thame, Oxford)	Mon. & Fri. . .	Earl of Macclesfield	Master	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
PENBROKESHIRE (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. E. Vaughan . . .	T. Lewis	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH . . . (Penllog, Tenby, Narberth)	Tues. & Fri. .	Lient-Col. Leach . . .	Patrick Dalton . . .	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
PENLLERGARE (Swansea)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn	David Devan	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
PERCY'S, EARL (Aneick, Belford)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Percy	Richard Lyon	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
PORTMAN'S, LORD (Blandford)	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Port- man, M.P.	Joseph Moss	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (Eggesford)	3 days a week	Earl of Portsmouth . .	Chas. Littleworth . .	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	
POWELL'S, MR. (Llanboddy)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell, M.P.	John Rees	Thomas Palmer . . . John Braco Richard Lyon Joseph Moss Chas. Littleworth . . . John Rees	

PUCKERING (<i>Bishop Stortford, Bunting- ford</i>)	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. Robert Gooding	Robert Allen	Frank Henry George Haulo	Manning, Bishop Martindale
PTOLEY (<i>Northampton, Market Harbore, Rugby</i>)	6 days a week	Mr. H. H. Langham	Will Goodall	Charles Isaac John Isaac	Brizworth, Northampton
PTOLEY, NORTH	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. H. H. Langham	Hon. Hugh Lowther	Richard Yeo Ben Capel	Brigstock, Thrapston
QORN (<i>Leicester, Loughboro', Milton Mowbray</i>)	5 days a week	Mr. John Coupland	Tom Firr	George Cottrell Alfred Earp	Qornodon, Loughboro'
RADOLYFE, MR. (<i>Dorchester, Wareham</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Radolyfe	Levi Sheppard	Tom Davies E. Shepherd	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
RADOLYFE, EARL OF (<i>Salisbury</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor	John Dale	Anthony J. Dale Charles White	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADOLYFE, & W. HERFORD (<i>Kington</i>)	Thur. & Fri.	Colonel R. H. Price	Master	W. Price T. Jones, K.H.	Castle Weir, Kington
BAVER'S, MR. (<i>Titterton, Wellington</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Baver	Mr. W. P. Collier	Richd. Holmden, K.H.	Holcombe Bogus, near Wellington, Somerset
RUFFORD (<i>Newark, Southwell, Mans- field</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Harvey D. Bailly	Sam Hayes	Edward Burton H. K. Morgan	Rufford Park, Ollerton, Notts
SHROPSHIRE, NORTH* (<i>Shrewsbury</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Viscount Hill	Alfred Thatcher	Julian Chandler Harry Choules	Lee Bridge, nr Wem, Salop
SINNINGTON (<i>Pickering, Halmaley, Kirby Moorside</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Tom Parrington	John Parker	Thos. Horseman	Jack Parker's Mount, near Kirby Moorside
SOUTHDOWN (<i>Brighton, Lense, East- bourne</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Charles Brand	George Champion	Henry Parker Charles Champion	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHWOLD (<i>Horness, Louth, Spitalby</i>)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. W. Rawnsley	Master Fred Gooden, K.H.	G. Shepherd J. Lloyd	Belchford, Horness
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH (<i>Stafford, Stoke-upon- Trent</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Marquis of Stafford	Stephen Dickens	Will Boxall, Jun. George Goddard	Trentham, Stoke-upon-Trent
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (<i>Lichfield</i>)	Tues. & Fri. & bye-day	Major J. M. Browne	Master	W. Bacon	Fosseway, Lichfield
STAINTON DALE* (<i>Whitby, Scarborough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Leadley	T. Harrison		Cloughton, Whitby

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town or Village.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
STARS OF THE WEST (<i>Perlock, London</i>)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Nicholas Snow.	Master	George Barwick . .	Oare, Lynton, Devon
STEVENSTONE (<i>Torrington, Bideford,</i> <i>Barnstaple</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. Mark Rolle .	John Chubb. . . .	John Dyer T. Shepherd	Stevenstone, Torrington, N. Devon
SUFFOLK* (<i>Bury St. Edmunds</i>)	Tues. & Tues. & Sat.	Mr. E. W. Green .	Master G. Frost, K.H. Samuel Hills . . .	Edwin Brooker . . Sam Frost Thomas Johnson . . Joseph Hutchins . .	St. Edmund's Hill, Bury St. Edmunds Garston Hall, Conlodon, Surrey
SURREY, OLD* (<i>Croydon, Godstone, Westerham</i>)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Edmund Byron	Master	George Summers . .	Fetcham Park, Leatherhead
SURREY UNION (<i>Guildford, Leatherhead</i>)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. J. Barnard Hankey	Master	G. Osborne	Northiam, Bye, Sussex
SUSSEX, EAST (<i>Hastings</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. Frewen . .	Master	George Morgan . . H. Shepherd	Hillmoor, Taunton, Somerset
TAUNTON VALE (<i>Taunton</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Lionel Patten .	Peter Whitecross .	Tom Knever George Pratt	Tedworth, Marlboro', Wilts
TEDWORTH, THE (<i>Andover, Marlboro'</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bt.	John Fricker . . .	John Bevins John Thatcher . . . John Crook Tom Pedley, K.H. Robert Jay	Wrens Hill, near Faversham
TICKHAM (<i>Faversham, Sittingbourne</i>)	Mon. Thurs. Sat. Tu. & Fri. & bye-day	Mr. W. E. Bigden .	Master	Rees Owen. . . .	Novydd Treflawr, Boncath, S. Wales
TIVY SIDE (<i>Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandysul</i>)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. J. B. Howell .	Master	Charles Barrett . . C. Barrett, Jun. Stephen Goodall . . Charles Kennett . .	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouth Stagshawe, Corbridge-on-Tyne
TREDGAE, LORD (<i>Newport</i>)	Mon. & Thurs.	Lord Tredegar . .	Master	H. Watson	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
TYREDALE (<i>Hezham and Stamfordham, Bekeby</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. George Fenwick	Nicholas Cornish .	J. Alexander, K.H. Fred Jones J. Hamblin. . . .	Clun, Salop
ULLSWATER (<i>Penrith</i>)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. J. E. Hasell .	J. Bowman	David Morgun. . . .	Glangwili, Llanpumpaint, Carmarthen
UNITED PACK (<i>Bishop's Cleeve</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. Harris . .	Master		Glaesvin, near Llangadock, Carmarthen
VALE OF GWILL (<i>Carmarthen</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. L. Lloyd Lloyd	Edward Jones . .		
VALE OF TOWY (<i>Llandovery, Llangadock</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Lloyd. . . .	Thos. Williams . .		

VALE OF WHITE HOUSE (Cirencester)	6 days a week	Mr. C. A. R. Hoare	Robert Pries	Ell Skinner Charles Wesley Edwin Brooker Joseph Pick	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VINE, THE* (Basingstoke, Whitechurch)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	John West		Overton, Micheldever, Hants
WARWICKSHIRE* (Warwick, Leamington, Banbury, Stratford-on-Avon)	Mon. Tues. Th. Fri. & Sat.	Lord Willoughby de Broke	The Master	Jack Boore Charles Lowman	Kineton, Warwickshire
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH* (Leamington, Rugby)	Tues. Thur. & Fri. before Christmas: after Tues. Wed. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant	John Press	Tom Carr Harry Goddard	Kenilworth, Leamington.
WESTERN (Penzance)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. T. B. Bolitho Mr. T. R. Bolitho Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	John Nicholson. Edmund Bentley	Will Nute T. Beeson Henry Masters	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall Whaddon, near Stony Stratford
WHEATLAND (Bridgnorth)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	Robert Thompson	A. Lawrence	The Moor, Ridding
WILLIAMS, MR. GEORGE (Turo, Helston, Camborne)	2 days a week	Mr. George Williams	John Whitmore	Jas. Babbage	Helston, Cornwall
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH (Warminster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Col. Everett	Richard White	J. Sorrell Jack Stratton	Greenhill, Warminster
WORCESTERSHIRE (Worcester, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Frederick Ames	Will Looky	Charles Denton A. Turner	Fearnhall Heath, Worcester
WYNN'S, SIR W. (Oswestry, Wrexham, Ellesmere, Whitechurch, Chester)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Sir Watkin Wynn, Bart.	Charles Payne	Jem Blower W. Pender	Wynnstay, Ruabon, Denbighshire
YORK AND AINSLEY (York)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Capt. Slingsby	George Gilson	Robert Wadley S. Carter	Acomb, near York
ZETLAND, EARL OF (Croft Spa, Harlington)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Zetland	T. Bridger Champion	Thomas Harrison Charles Hawkes	Aake Hall, Richmond, Yorks
SCOTLAND.					
BERKSHIRE & E. LOTHIAN (Dunee, Coldstream)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Haddington, & Hon. R. B. Hamilton	Thos. Oranston	James Drake Owen Davies	Langton, Dunee
BUCKLEUCH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tu. Th. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch	William Shore	William Sharp Robert Brown	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HIER MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Cork	Frank Goodall	John Comins William Bartlett C. Strickland	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
BERKHAMPTSTEAD (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i>)	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. Herbert Browne Mr. John Rawle	Great Berkhamstead Com- mon, Herts
COLLINE DALE	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. George Nurse	Master	Harry Sinclair	Colline Dale, The Hyde, Hendon
DEVON AND SOMERSET (<i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Porlock, and Lynton</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Vincent Ebrington	Arthur Heal	George Southwell	Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
MID-KENT (<i>Tonbridge, Maidstone, Malling</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. C. F. Leney	Edward States	R. Frost	Wateringbury, Kent
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK (<i>East Harling</i>)	Thur.	Mr. Robert A. Barkley	The Master	Oliver Dorling	Palgrave Priory, Diss
PETRE'S, HON. H. W. (<i>Ingatestone, Chelmsford</i>)	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. Henry W. Peire	Master	Joe Overton	Springfield, Chelmsford.
ROTSHILD'S, SIR N. DE (<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir N. de Rothschild	Frederick Cox	Mark Howett. E. James	Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard
SUFFOLK STAGHOUNDS (<i>Yarmouth, Lowestoft</i>)	Various	Mr. B. C. Chaston	Master	Robert Kemp	Mendham, near Harleston, Norfolk
SURREY (<i>Croydon, Red Hill</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Tom Nickalls	John Hickman	Thomas Ding	Nutfield, Redhill, Surrey
WATSON'S, MR. FARNELL (<i>Horsham, Dorking</i>)	3 days a fort- night. Mon. Fri. & following Th.	Mr. F. Watson	Master	Joseph Thwaites G. Elliott	Henfold, near Dorking

IRELAND.

HUMPHREYS, Mr. (Cavan)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. 3 days a week	Mr. A. E. Humphrys Captain Ker.	The Master John Macmahon, K.H. Master	Henry Locketon . . Harry Saunders, K.H. Robert Michel	Lisagoan House, Cavan Montalto, Ballynahinch, co. Down.
LIMBICK (Croome, Kilmarnock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Gubbins .	The Master	Denis Hogan, K.H.	Bruree House, co. Limerick
WARD UNION* (Dublin, Dunboyne)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	James Brindley	George Woodman . .	Ashbourne, co. Meath

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

ALBRIGHTON* (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Thomas F. Bonghey, Bart.	John Scott	William Jones . . . Thos. Ashley	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal, Salop.
ATHERSTONE (Tamworth, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley	George Castleman .	Edward Farmer Frank Scorey	Witherley, near Atherstone
BADSWORTH* (Pontefract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. B. E. Wright	John Hills	Tom Drayton . . .	Bedsworth, near Pontefract
BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF (Malmesbury, Tebury, Chippingham, Chipping Sodbury)	5 days a week	Duke of Beaufort .	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.	Edward Haynes . . W. Barnard	Bedminton, Chippingham
BEDALE (Bedale, Thirsk, Northallerton, Ripon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major H. F. Dent .	Tom Perry	George Southwell . G. Burill	The Leases, near Bedale
BELVOIR HUNT (Grantham, Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland .	Frank Gillard . .	William Wells . . Arthur Wilson Tom Chambers	Belvoir Castle, Grantham
BERKELEY (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge .	Henry Grant . . .	William Sheppard Thomas Clark	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD (Rickmansworth, Watford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. A. H. Longman	Robert Worrall . .	Harry Beavan . . . William Haynes	Shendish, Hemel Hempstead, Herts
BERKELEY, OLD WEST . .	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Mackenzie . .	Chas. Maiden . . .	W. Haynes Chas. Burns	High Wycombe
BERKSHIRE, OLD (Abingdon Farringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Chaven . .	John Treadwell .	Robert Mellows . . Joseph Lawrence	New House, near Abingdon
BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL (Easbury, Bicester, Buckingham)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia .	Richard Skovin . .	Tom Garratt . . . Stephen Burtenshaw	Stratton Andley, near Bicester, Oxon

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitation.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX, EAST (<i>Wilham, Bratnree, Haldon</i>)	Tues. & Fri. or Tues. & Sat.	Mr. A. W. Ruggles Brise	George Jones . . .	W. Grayson . . . T. Nice . . .	Durwards, Witham
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (<i>Colchester</i>)	2 days a week	Mr. T. W. Nunn .	Harry Jennings .	James Budd . . . F. White . . .	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
FERRERS', EARL. (<i>Ashby-de-la-Zouch</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl Ferrers. . .	The Master . . .	John Abel, K.H. . . T. Green . . .	Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL . . . (<i>Rotherham, Wentworth</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam .	Geo. Kennett, K.H.	T. Bartlett. . . . C. Beames . . .	Wentworth, Rotherham
FITZWILLIAM, THE . . . (<i>Thrapstone</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. and bye-day	Hon. T. Fitzwilliam	George Carter . .	Fred Payne Daniel Jordan . .	Milton, near Peterborough
FLINT AND DENRIGH (<i>Abergele, Rhyl, St. Asaph</i>)	. . .	Mr. H. R. Hughes } Mr. Rowley Conwy }	Henry Povey . . .	James Hewgill . .	Kinnel Park, Abergele
GARTH'S, MR. (<i>Reading, Wokingham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. O. Garth .	Charles Brackley .	Thomas Austen . . E. Taylor . . .	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE (<i>Caerbridge</i>)	. . .	Mr. J. S. Gibbon .	William Cross . .	Harry Lush . . . Eli Carey . . .	Llandough, Cowbridge
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF . . . (<i>Toucester, Buckingham, Brackley, Stoney Stratford</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton .	Frank Deers . . .	Thos. Smith . . . Edward Cole . . .	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
GROVE (<i>Bisford, Bawtry</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	Master	Sam Morgan, K.H. . Charles Jones . .	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. (<i>Alton, Aylesford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon .	Master	Richard Turner . . Albert Guy . . .	Ropley, Aylesford, Hants
HALDON* (<i>Eeeter</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Haldon and Sir John Dunize, Bt.	Dan North . . .	Edward Rees . . .	Haldon House, near Exeter
HAMBLEDON (<i>Bishop's Waltham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master	Walter Newman, K.H. John Newman . .	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HARGREAVES, MR. JOHN . (<i>Reading and Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & bye-day	Mr. John Hargreaves	Richard Roake . .	William Sammons . John Louch . . .	World's End, near Reading
HAYDON (<i>Haydon Bridge</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. Blacket Ords	Tom Cowing . . .	A. Cowing	Haydon Bridge, Northum-

CORNWALL, NORTH.	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. C. P. Lillard.	George Green.	H. Green.	St. Brevard, Bodmin
Oobyton's, Mts. (Liskeard)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton.	Master	John Higman.	Pentellie Castle, near Saltash
OUTWOLD (Cheltenham)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. Holme Sumner	Charles Trivlas.	John Atkinson.	Cheltenham
OUTWOLD, NORTH (Broadway, Evesham)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Algernon Rushout	Master	J. Long Charles Carter, K.H. James Jones	Broadway, Evesham
OTTENMORE (Oakham, Rutland, Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Baird	William Neal	James Goddard W. Sheppard J. Neal	Barleythorpe, Oakham
COVENTRY & EARL OF (Pershore, Worcester)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Earl of Coventry	Eber Long	Frank Turton	Ochoome, Severn-Stokes, Worcester
CRAYEN (Hungerford, Newbury)	Mon. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.	Sir Richard Sutton, Bart.	William Goddard	Fred French John Beet	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM (Chickfield, Horsham, and Handover)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader	F. Watson Barney Spence Richard Kingland	West Grinstead, Horsham
CUMBERLAND (Carlisle, Penrith)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P. and Mr. Henry Howard	Mr. H. Howard	Thos. Watson, K.H. Thomas Wilson	Roehill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
CUNARD'S, SUB BACHEN (Leicester, Market Harborough, Kibworth)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Sir Bache Cunard, Bart.	William Grant	Thomas Newman John Masters	Medbourne, near Market Harboro'
DARTMOOR (Tepbridge, Plymouth)	Tues. & Sat. & alt. Thurs.	Vice-Adml. G. Parker	William Boxall	William Spiller	Ivybridge, Devon
DEVON, SOUTH (Newton Abbot, Torquay)	Mon. & Thurs. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. F. Ross	Master	Arthur Mason Geo. Pratt Tom Jarvis	Ambrook, Totnes
DULVERTON (Tiverton, Southmerton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Froude Bellaw	Master	W. Summers	Rhyll, Dulverton
DURHAM, NORTH (Durham, Newcastle)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony Maynard	Henry Haverson	R. Freeman F. Johnson	Newton Hall, Durham
DURHAM, SOUTH (Stockton, Darlington)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Ord	Wm. Olaxon	John Beavan W. Mason	Rusbyford, Ferry Hill
ESKDALE (Searboro', Whitby)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. Willburn	David Smallwood		Briggawath, Whitby, Yorkshire
ESSEX (Harlow, Chelmsford)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson, Bart., M.P.	James Bailey	Fred Fitt Chas. Littleworth, Jun.	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX UNION (Brentwood)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	Master	G. Rae, K.H. Henry Rees, Jun. P. Toecook	Billersea

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX, EAST (<i>William, Brantree, Halstead</i>)	Tues. & Fri. or Tues. & Sat.	Mr. A. W. Ruggles Brise	George Jones	W. Grayson T. Nice	Durwards, Witham
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (<i>Colchester</i>)	2 days a week	Mr. T. W. Nunn	Harry Jennings	James Budd F. White	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
FERRERS', EARL, (<i>Abby-de-la-Zouch</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl Ferrers	The Master	John Abel, K.H. T. Green	Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL (<i>Rotherham, Wentworth</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam	Geo. Kennett, K.H.	T. Bartlett C. Beames	Wentworth, Rotherham
FITZWILLIAM, THE . . . (<i>Thrapstone</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. and bye-day	Hon. T. Fitzwilliam	George Carter	Fred Payne Daniel Jordan	Milton, near Peterborough
FLINT AND DENBIGH (<i>Abergele, Rhyl, St. Asaph</i>)	. . .	Mr. H. R. Hughes Mr. Rowley Conway	Henry Povey	James Hewgill	Kinnel Park, Abergele
GARTH'S, MR. (<i>Reading, Wokingham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. O. Garth	Charles Brackley	Thomas Auston E. Taylor	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE (<i>Cowbridge</i>)		Mr. J. S. Gibbon	William Cross	Harry Lush Eli Carey	Llandough, Cowbridge
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF (<i>Reading, Buckingham, Brackley, Stony Stratford</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton	Frank Deers	Thos. Smith Edward Cole	Wakefield Lawn, near Stony Stratford
GROVE (<i>Reiford, Bactry</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	Master	Sam Morgan, K.H. Charles Jones	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. (<i>Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon	Master	Richard Turner Albert Guy	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HALDON* (<i>Exeter</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Haldon and Sir John Dumtze, Bt.	Dan North	Edward Rees	Haldon House, near Exeter
HAMLETON (<i>Bishop's Waltham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master	Walter Newman, K.H. John Newman	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HARGREAVES', MR. JOHN (<i>Reading and Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & bye-day	Mr. John Hargreaves	Richard Boake	William Sammons John Louch	World's End, near Reading
HAYDON . . .	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. Blacket	Tom Cowing	A. Cowing	Haydon Bridge, Northum.

HENTONSHIRE, SOUTH* (Hereford, Rose)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hankin, M.P.	John Hollings	Robert Lightfoot Thos. Waters	Bryn-gwyn, near Hereford
HENFORDSHIRE, NORTH (Hereford, Leominster)	Mon. & Thur.	Col. Heywood	Will Freeman	Albert Rogers	White Cross, Hereford
HERTFORDSHIRE (Luton, St. Albans)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	A Committee	Charles Ward	Charles Harris James Enover	Kennebourne Green, near Luton, Beds
HEYTHROP (Chipping Norton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey	John A. Hazelton	William Adcock John Allen	Common Hill, Chipping Norton, Oxon
HOLDENES (Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. Arthur Wilson	Charles Orris	David Dalby Edwin Evans	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks
HURSLEY (Winchester, Southampton)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	Edward Lakin	Pitt, near Winchester
HURWORTH (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. James Cookson.	James Tribeck	Harry Peacy W. Iliff	Hurworth, near Darlington
ISLE OF WIGHT* (Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cowes)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Sir Henry Daley	Henry White	William Bushell E. Brooke	Marvel, Newport
JARVIS, MR. (Scarborough, Malton, Pickering)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Jarvis	Master	Harry Judd George Marshall	Doddington Hall, Lincoln
JOHNSTONE'S, CAPT. F. (Dover, Canterbury, Folke- stone)	Tues. & Sat.	Capt. F. Johnstone.	Richard Russell	Robert Sherwood Thos. Russell	Hackness, Scarborough
KENT, EAST* (Dover, Canterbury, Folke- stone)	Mon. Wed. & Fri	Mr. W. H. White	The Master	Robert Pryor Thos. Hutchinson	Eltham, nr. Canterbury
KENT, WEST (Farningham, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Neville	Tom Dawson	William Percy D. Freeman	Warren House, Oxford.
LAMINGTON* (Launceston, Tavistock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Lobb	The Master	John Gerry	Haine, Lew Down, Devon
LEONFIELD'S, LORD (Petworth and Chichester)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Lord Leonfield.	Charles Shephard	Henry Smith Walter Primmer	Potworth Park, Sussex
LEDBURY (Ledbury, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Andrew Knowles	Master	W. Jones, K.H. John Carpenter	Ledbury
LIANGIBBY & CHESTOW (Newport, Chepstow, Uck)	5 days a fort- night	Mr. John Lawrence Mr. Chas. E. Lewis	Evan Williams	Will Tame	Liangibby and Orick, near Chepstow
LUDLOW (Ludlow, Tenbury)	5 days a fort- night	Mr. C. W. Wickstead	The Master.	J. Simmons Edward Windfield	Onibury, Chaven Arms, Shropshire
LUTTRELL'S, MR. (Dunster, Williton)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell	Henry Sobright.	James Burge H. Pugsey	Bowerhayes, Carhampton, Dunster, Somerset

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

Name of Hox, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
METNELL, THE (Burton-on-Trent, Derby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. W. Chandos- Pole	Charles Leatham .	James Tasker . . .	Sudbury, Derby
MIDDLETON'S, LORD. (Milton, Scarborough)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Lord Middleton .	William Burton. .	Walter Scorey Fred Holland . . .	Birkhall House, near Mal- ton, York
MONMOUTHSHIRE (Abergavenny, Monmouth)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams and Mr. John A. Rolls, M.P.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams	H. Bonner A. Dawson Samuel Roberts, K.H. William Dent	The Spitty, Abergavenny
MORPETH (Morpeth)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John B. Cookson	Master	John Rance, K.H. J. Beavan E. Robinson	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST (Southampton, Christchurch, Norfolk, West*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat. 3 days a week	Mr. G. A. E. Moy- rick	Master	Jack Raby	Purzy Lawn, Lyndhurst,
(Sleafham, Lynn)		Mr. A. Hamond .	A. Orbell, K.H. Robert Clayden .	W. Sainsbury Henry Brown . . .	Hants
NOTTS, SOUTH (Nottingham, Newark, Etingham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & by- day Sat.	Mr. L. Rolleston .	Mr. L. Rolleston . German Shepherd, K.H.	Clarence Johnson George Edwards . .	Gt. Masingham, Swaffham
OAKLEY, THE (Bedford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Committee	Tom Whitmore .	Andrew Cox H. Kennett	Milton Ernest, Bedford
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Thame, Oxford)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Macclesfield	Master	Charles Sheppard .	Shirburn Castle, Tetsworth
PENBROKESHIRE (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. E. Vaughan .	T. Lewis	Henry Molyneux W. Morris	Fern Hill, Haverfordwest
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (Penbrooke, Tenby, Narberth)	Tues. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Leach .	Patrick Dalton .	Thomas Palmer . .	Lawrenny, near Penbrooke
PENLLERGARE (Stanswell)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn	David Bevan . .	John Brace	Penllergare, Swansea
PERCY'S, MARL (Alnwick, Belford)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Percy	Richard Lyon . .	Charles Smith . .	Greenrig, Lesbury, North- umberland
PORTMAN'S, LORD (Ruslandford)	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Port- man, M.P.	Joseph Moss . .	Robert Pickard Charles Tompkin	Bryanstone, Blandford
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (Eggesford)	3 days a week	Earl of Portsmouth .	Chas. Littleworth .	Thos. Dowdeswell .	Eggesford, Wembworth,
POWELL'S, MR. (Llanboidy)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell, M.P.	John Rees	Thomas Davies . .	N. Devon Macegwynne, Whitland, S. Wales

FUCKSING (Bishop Stortford, Bunting- ford)	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. Robert Gosling	Robert Allen	Frank Currey George Beale	Manuden, Bishop Stortford
PITCHLEY (Northampton, Harboro', Rugby)	6 days a week	Mr. H. H. Langham	Will Goodall	Charles Isaac John Isaac	Brizworth, Northampton
PITCHLEY, NORTH	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. H. H. Langham	Hon. Hugh Lowther	Richard Yeo Ben Capel	Brigstock, Thrapston
QUORN (Leicester, Mellon, Monbray)	5 days a week	Mr. John Coupland	Tom Firr	George Cottrell Alfred Earp	Quorndon, Loughboro'
RADCLIFFE'S, MR. (Dorchester, Wareham)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe	Levi Sheppard	Tom Davies E. Shephard	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
RADNOR'S, EARL OF (Salisbury)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor	John Dale	Anthony J. Dale Charles White	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADNORSH. & W. HERFORD (Kington)	Thur. & Fri.	Colonel R. H. Price	Master	W. Price T. Jones, K.H.	Castle Weir, Kington
BAVER'S, MR. (Tipton, Wellington)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Baver	Mr. W. P. Collier	Richd. Holmden, K.H.	Holecombe Bogus, near Wellington, Somerset
RUFFORD (Newark, Southwell, Mans- field)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Harvey D. Bailly	Sam Hayes	Edward Burton H. K. Morgan	Rufford Park, Ollerton, Notts
SHERBURY, NORTH* (Shrewsbury)	Mon. & Fri.	Viscount Hill	Alfred Thatcher	Julian Chandler Harry Choules	Lee Bridge, nr Wem, Salop
SINNINGTON (Pleking, Helmsley, Kirby Moorside)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Tom Parrington	John Parker	Thos. Horseman	Jack Parker's Mount, near Kirby Moorside
SOUTHOWN (Brighton, Leves, East- bourne)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Charles Brand	George Champion	Henry Parker Charles Champion	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHOLD (Horncastle, Louth, Spilsby)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. W. Bawnley	Master Fred Goaden, K.H.	G. Shephard J. Lloyd	Belchford, Horncastle
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH (Stafford, Stoke-upon- Trent)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Marquis of Stafford	Stephen Dickens	Will Boxall Jun. George Goddard	Trentham, Stoke-upon-Trent
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Lichfield)	Tues. & Fri. & bye-day	Major J. M. Browne	Master	W. Bacon	Fosseway, Lichfield
STANTON DALE* (Whitby, Scarborough)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Leadley	T. Harrison		Cloughton, Whitby

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HOTT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
IVEACH* (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. Lindsey . .	Master	S. Thompson, K.H. .	Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KEMMIS, MR.* (Portlinton)	Once or twice a week	Mr. Thos. Kemmis .	Master	J. Myles	Shaen, Maryborough
KILDARE (Kildare, Monasterevan)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Waters .	Master	One of the Master's sons	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILLULTAGH* (Lisburn, Antrim)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Henry Jones McCance .	William Cunningham	Peter Cunningham .	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE (Bandon, Kinsale)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	D. Haly	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LEGALS (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde . .	T. Rudwick . . .	J. Gallerher . . .	Seaford, co. Down
MONAGHAN, THE (Monaghan)	Tues. & Fri.	Lord Rosemore . .	Mr. H. McElroy .	Mr. P. McGuire . .	Brandrum, Monaghan
NEWBRIDGE* (Newbridge)	Tues. & Fri.	Col. Hon. W.F. Forbes	Jas. Collinson . .	John Martin . . .	Newbridge, co. Kildare
NEWRY* (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. D'Arcy Hoy	Master	Pat Rice	Dromcaashlone
POLLOCK, MR.* (Ballinaloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok . .	Master	J. Galway, K.H. .	Lismany, Ballinaloe
STACPOOLE'S, MR.* (Ennis)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpoolle .	Master	P. Cunningham . .	Eden Vale, Ennis, co. Clare.
STRONG'S, SIR JAMES . (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	G. M'Arce . . .	John Carroll . . .	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WICKLOW (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Comerford .	G. Shepherd . . .	J. O'Toole	Glasnamog Rathdrum, co. Wicklow

BAILY'S

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF LORD MARCUS BERESFORD.

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1881.

DIARY FOR DECEMBER, 1881.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TH	High Gosforth Park Coursing Meeting. Birmingham Cattle
2	F	[and Poultry Show.
3	S	
4	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT. Enghien Races.
5	M	Smithfield Club Cattle Show opens. Le Vesinet Races.
6	TU	Sandown Park Races. Colesbourne Cheltenham Coursing Meeting.
7	W	Sandown Park Races. Edinburgh Poultry Club Show.
8	TH	Sandown Park Races. Plumpton and Tarleton Coursing
9	F	Smithfield Club Cattle Show, last day. [Meetings.
10	S	
11	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT. St. Ouen and Maisons Laffite
12	M	Christmas Cattle Market at Islington. [Races.
13	TU	Lambourn Ashdown Coursing Meeting.
14	W	Ridgway Club Lytham Coursing Meeting.
15	TH	Norfolk Coursing Meeting.
16	F	
17	S	
18	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT. Maisons Laffite Races.
19	M	Southport Coursing Meeting.
20	TU	Kempton Park Coursing Meeting.
21	W	
22	TH	
23	F	
24	S	
25	S	CHRISTMAS DAY.
26	M	Bank Holiday. Enfield and Tramore (Ireland) Steeplechases.
27	TU	Enfield Steeplechases.
28	W	
29	TH	
30	F	
31	S	

Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.



Edw. A. R. photo

James B. Smith

James B. Smith

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD.

THE fourth son of the fourth Marquess of Waterford, Lord Marcus Talbot De La Poer Beresford bears a face and name so familiar in the world of sport and pastime, that it is only right and proper we should find his portrait in 'Baily's' gallery.

To say that a Beresford is a sportsman is simply to repeat his name. Born with them in the blood, from father to son, through many generations, has the passion for sport of all kinds developed itself, and if we could unfold the tale of the past we doubtless should find that the old Beresfords and the old De La Poers were mighty hunters in the days when they chased the wild stag in English as well as Irish forests. Assuredly must that excellent ancestor Thomas Beresford, of Newton Grange, Derbyshire, have been a sportsman; he who in the time of Henry VI. raised a troop of horse at Chesterfield consisting solely of his sons and his own and their attendants, and with it served the King in his French wars. When we add that this gallant gentleman married a Cheshire heiress, by whom he had sixteen sons and five daughters, we feel sure that our readers will agree with us that he must have been a very noble sportsman indeed.

But it is with the present that we have to do. Born on Christmas-day 1848, Lord Marcus, who was educated at Harrow, received his commission in the 7th Hussars, and joined that distinguished *corps* in India in 1867. He had early exhibited a taste for field sports, and soon after he quitted Harrow he might have been seen at Newmarket and most of the principal race meetings. While serving in India, too, he had one or two good horses—Vanderdecken, Milliner, Sweet William, &c., and won races on them. In 1870, when the 7th returned from India, Lord Marcus quitted the service, and from that day he has devoted himself to the turf, and more especially to

that branch of it 'between the flags,' with a zest that shows no symptoms of failing. He took the late Mr. Fothergill Rowlands as his mentor and guide, and no better one could have been found than the man who was one of the most brilliant cross-country riders of his day. Those who remember 'Fog' on Medora will bear us out in this assertion. The Pitt Place stables at Epsom was then a sort of head-centre of cross-country performers, and Lord Marcus won his spurs when he trained at that establishment. He was known to be a bold rider from the day that he first saw hounds, and he proved himself an apt learner in that school in which Mr. Fothergill Rowlands had been a past master. It was in 1874 that there was a sensational sweepstakes at the annual meeting at Curraghmore, in which the three brothers, Lords Charles, William, and Marcus took part, the two latter finishing a slashing race home, Lord William winning by a head and Lord Charles not far behind. That same year we find Lord Marcus winning the Military Gold Cup on Matchet, and if we mistake not he made his *début* on Chilblain about that time. In the following year we saw him take the Grand National Hunt Steeple-chase on Burford, when the G.N.H. held their meeting at Begside, near Lord Eglinton's place in Ayrshire, and in the autumn he rode winning mounts on that good horse, Chimney Sweep, Woodcock, and others.

A regrettable split in the Pitt Place stable about this time, resulted in Lord Marcus removing his horses to other quarters, taking with him Jones, who had been Mr. Rowlands' head lad. Lord Dupplin and Mr. Paget also joined him, and a very good time was inaugurated under the new *régime*. Space will not allow us to mention all the horses belonging to the confederacy, but Chilblain, Lucy, Il Zingaro, Badger, Sir Walter, Roundhead, and Jackal are among the names that occur to us. Lord Marcus too, we must not omit to mention, had one very good flat-racer in Caramel, a mare difficult to beat over her own course. He has had more than the usual share of falls, but nothing very serious that we can remember, and though illness kept him out of the saddle about two years ago, he was able subsequently to score a win or two on Jackal, and ran second on him to Liberator in the Liverpool Grand National.

Imbued with that keen sense of fun and humour for which more than one of his family are so remarkable, full of high animal spirits, always cheery whether Fortune frowns or smiles, Lord Marcus is, we need scarcely say, the *enfant gâté*, not alone in the circle of sport and fortune, but in a much wider one. Singularly open and straightforward, wearing his heart perhaps too much on his sleeve for these censorious days, he is a fairly representative Beresford, and a good specimen of the Irish gentleman.

JUMPING JOTTINGS, OR LEPPING LUCUBRATIONS FROM PADDYLAND.

THE scene is at the sign of the Shamrock and Shillelagh, which stands alone, without even a shading tree or clump of shrubs near it to relieve the harshness of the very unæsthetic hostelry, which does not even attain the elegance of a fungus ; but rears its four walls bare and bleak by the roadside, while all around are hundreds of acres of the richest and most succulent bullock pasturage to be found in the world, as known to modern investigators. There is no house of call or entertainment within several miles, so the Shamrock and its supporters need fear no rivalry ; and consequently its host, who combines the functions of a small cattle- and pig-jobber with those of a licensed victualler and unlicensed gossip-monger for the neighbouring parishes, devotes little thought or coin in embellishment or decoration ; but for all that his little cabaret does a steady average trade, as it is a house of call for hauliers, carters, hay-factors (here called mangers), and cattle-dealers ; while on hunting days it can calculate on handsome receipts, as being very convenient (or contagious, as the neighbours have it) to a couple of very holding gorses. First and second horses are constantly sent on here to wait for their owners, in primitive sheds which form yard and stabling ; and Biddy the barmaid (and of all-work too) is known to have a pretty taste in egg-flip, and to be no novice in the use of the groceries for a bowl of punch.

Two men still in the prime of life are sitting over a noggin of the native in the Shamrock's mud-floored kitchen ; one of them has a square-cut dark frieze coat, not unlike in make and shape to a hunting coat, and his very dark leggins gaiters and corduroy breeches proclaim him, to those in the know, a man mixed up with cattle in some shape or another ; while his companion is dressed in a faded but fashionably made suit of homespun, which, if interviewed, he would tell you was a present from Lieutenant Pips, of the Royal Spread Eagle Lancers, whom he rescued from partial if not total suffocation, as he found him lying under his horse in a boggy ditch a few weeks ago, when a drag was run round this part of the country by way of preparing horses and men for their share of the coming campaign with fox and stag. How Percy Pips was with that King of the Cappadocians to whom Horace had alluded so pointedly a few centuries ago, as almost to warrant that monarch in bringing an action for libel against the poet—

*' Mancipii locuples eget æris Cappadocum rex
Ne fueris hic tu.'*

'Tis true Pips had only his valet and batsman to represent the servitors of the royal Cappadocian ; but perhaps that monarch, or even Solomon, could not compete with him in the glory of shooting, smoking, and lounging suits ; and when Rody the Ropeman visited

Pips in barracks, as agreed upon, the Lieutenant showed his appreciation of services rendered to the house of Pips by a present of these garments, a horse-shoe pin, a handful of cigars, half a bottle of curaçoa, and 1s. 3d. in silver and copper—all that could be found on the premises. For Rody the Roper was a professional follower of 'the hoont,' with an eye open to all casualties. If you asked him what he was by profession or occupation, he would reply, after touching his cap in the most respectful way (for contact with gentlemen has given him that penn'orth of manners which were not included in his school bills), 'I'm a wracker, yer 'anner;' that is to say, he belonged to that septette who, in Meath and Dublin, and occasionally on the larger and leveller side of Kildare, would be seen at every meet, their stock-in-trade consisting of a long line made of sash-cord, to which a swivel is attached; and with this simple instrument only are prepared to lead a nervous or recalcitrant horse over difficult or extra large places; to aid in digging out men and horses when 'buried' in the chasms and crevasses which occasionally form the line of demarcation between neighbouring fields and farms in the flat pasture countries, or filled with bullocks and heifers of most salutatory powers; and to execute miscellaneous commissions at a moment's notice. I have never heard of the honour or honesty of these men being challenged, and yet gold watches, trinkets, and purses are constantly in their control, and no one hesitates to entrust them with money or valuables. It is said, but I cannot answer for the authenticity of the narrative, as it happened before my time, that a certain smart young cornet, who had honoured the Lord Lieutenant of the day by accepting a staff appointment at the Castle, was riding one afternoon with the Garrison staghounds, which had not then been fused and amalgamated into the famous Ward Hunt pack, when his hunter chested a big bank, and the curly cornet was flung insensible on the far side of the fence. The wrecking corps gathered round him and applied such restoratives as suggested themselves to sensible practical men who had not taken degrees in therapeutics or surgery. His huge satin stock—a pincushion for handsome gold pins—was undone, his coat unbuttoned, head raised, and temples sponged, but still the flame of life seemed extinct, and the cornet looked as if 'waking' would be the next ceremony to which he would be subjected. Meanwhile the clinical examination continued, and the coat having been thrown open, the astonished squire came on layers of waistcoats, one more gorgeous of hue and texture than another, and in his astonishment he dropped the cornet, exclaiming: 'Bhoys, this is no man; this is a paycock!' Whether the cornet heard these strictures on his costume—that of an irreproachable D'Orsay dandy of his era—is not known, but he presently revived, and, as he did good service in what poets call the tented field in many parts of Her Majesty's dominions, I suppose he was none the worse for his heavy fall in the hunting field. I lingered over the 'wrecking' institution because I know nothing that gives such a practical proof of the phenomenal size of the obstacles to

be met with in that glorious series of grassy vales, through which the Boyne, the Liffey, the Rye, and the Blackwater, with their innumerable tributary brooks and becks, wind their devious way, as they gravitate to the absorbing ocean. Such an institution is unknown in other parts of Ireland; and in England, with its generally uniform fences and admirable gate system, would be simply *impossible*: whereas the guild of wreckers is a flourishing one to all appearances. It toils not, neither does it spin; but for all that it involves a vast amount of running, trotting, and walking; and the distances some of these men cover in a day is almost incredible. As I said before, they are as a rule most respectful in their deportment; they do their invaluable services in a friendly way, and do not higgler for the solatium or honorarium; and I have no doubt that were the Judicious Jorrocks *redivivus* to come over to Meath with Xerxes or Artaxerxes, and get into difficulties, the 'Joey' (4*d.*), which was, according to the biographers, his usual coin of remuneration, would be acknowledged as civilly as if it had been the anticipated 2*s.* 6*d.* or half-sovereign.

The name of wreckers must have been given them by an enemy, for it implies that they lead on the young and incautious to try dangerous and impracticable places on horses of perhaps little power or experience; but this is contrary to modern experience altogether. As for the boon companion of Rody, his name was Mick Molony, a shrewd, hard-bitten man, who had occasionally made a venture or two in colts as well as cattle, and not done badly on the whole. He was generally on wheels, driving a cart to which a big wicker frame was attached, in which might be seen the calves he picked up in his wanderings; but he has been noticed occasionally on the back of a young one which he wished to sell, and it was remarked that though the coat of his mount was generally as rough as a badger's (or his owner's), a blood-like head, a full eye and true action, made the judge of horseflesh pause before he rode on.

'Ah thin, Rody,' says Mike, 'I niver thought I'd live to see the 'sad day when hounds and hunting would be stopped in Ireland, and 'the scarlet coats flashing over the green fields and the big banks 'and dykes would no more gladden our eyes! Maybe we'll see too 'much of the red coats. God be merciful to us this winter! but 'it won't be following Boyne Water, or the Enfield Doe or Fog 'Horn, be the same token, or the fox from Mulhussay they called 'Stephens, because he always bate them in the long run, and stopped 'many a nate colt that tried to follow the dogs through the bottoms 'up to Culmullen, as the thief of the world jogged on by Parsons- 'town, where he knew his sister had brought out a litter in the big 'double, where there's a vein of sand; and if they were not about, 'on to the Poor House Gorse. What d'ye think, Rody, will the 'Lague be strong eno' to put down the Wards and the Mathes, and 'to stop the quality from crossing the lands? Faix, Rody, I'm glad 'I met you here, for av any one knows the sacrets of our new rulers 'and dictators, you're the bhoy, surely.'

'Well now, Mike, you've just puzzled me wid your quaries and 'quandaries. Wasn't the Wards out last week? and didn't they 'ride through half the County Dublin, till they took their deer in 'the river near Fox Goodman's? Devil a such scraching I iver 'heard the dogs make; and they'd have killed the poor baste, who 'was too fat inside, if Jem Brindly and Garge Woodman hadn't 'come up and thrown a rope round the stag's head, and whipped 'off the pack. Ah, why wouldn't they hunt on?—who's to stop 'them? Didn't I step over to Tallaght Hill the other day; 'and didn't the small farmers up there make Garge Brooke as 'welcome as the flowers of May? And hasn't Forbes killed ten 'brace of cubs in Kildare without an ugly word? And hasn't 'Trotter been hunting since the Horse Show; him and Goodall 'riding as if the ground was as soft as butter, and the fences were 'as open as in March, and they had each a couple of spare necks? 'Be the same token I hear Trotter kilt a grand chesnut horse last 'week: he caught his hind-legs in a binder at the top of a big 'bank, and his shoulder-blade was clane broke as he landed; more's 'the pity, for he was a darlin' baste, and he ran well in the red 'coat race last year at Harristown, though he was as green as a 'gooseberry and as flabby as buttermilk. The devil a stop there'll 'be in Mathe, anyhow. Isn't the quality settling down to the 'work as if they meant it! Shure the grand houses is nearly all let, 'from Dunboyne to Navan. Won't we have the General at Bective, 'and Pole (I hear the quality call him Timber—and sure Timber 'and Poles are first cousins; and by this and by that he's a straight 'man on foot, and he rides straight too when he manes it)? And 'isn't Jameson snug in the Bishop's Palace with his purty wife; 'and Dunville at Sion? Oh, sorra a stop there'll be this side any-'how. And why would there? Isn't Trotter a darling that pays 'his way like a rale gentleman, and has a civil word for every one ' (ay, and a kind welcome too)? and did man iver see the fence 'that would stop him when he was on the ould grey, or the chesnut 'mare Beatrice that died under him? Ah, good morrow to yer! 'Stop!—would they stop the Boyne or the Liffey, or the polis, or 'the postman, or the army? Faix and I don't want to be like the 'black man I saw at the Gaiety, who said his occupation was gone. 'No, Mike, believe you me, while grass grows or water runs, 'they'll hunt in sweet Mathe!'

'Well, Rody, I'm proud to hear ye say so, for I'm not with those 'new "notions," as the Yankees call them. Ould Ireland was 'good enough for the loikes of me, and you too it maybe, and be 'this and be that I don't think Parnell and his pisint proprietors 'would do a dale more good than the ould stock wid all their faults; 'and the ructions we'd have then, all fighting to be first, and looking 'down on each other as the big musharoon looks down on the 'little button by him, that's ten times swater to my taste and 'purtier too! But as I was passing through Summerhill I stept 'in for "a half," and they told me the Empress wouldn't trouble

'herself to come at all, for the divil a hunt she'd see in Ireland. 'And haven't they put the "Boycott" on the Captin, and a score 'more of the best of our men? And didn't I hear Pat Morrissy 'say that the divil a hound would cross his land again till he got his 'batement, and shure 'tis meself thinks 'tis not too out and out 'dear when the bank lent him 3000*l.* on his interest, as we all 'knew; and would they do that if the land was rack-rented? Ah, 'sorra a one of me knows what's going to be at all at all, and meself 'is very doubtful like when they could go and hamper a man like 'Hard Top in Kilkinny, let alone the sporting Marcus in Waterford.'

We need not follow these Arcadians in their discussion on the impending fate of hounds and hunting in eastern Ireland. They were both—

'Cantare pares et respondere parati,'

and as naggin followed naggin, we may be sure the glories of the hunting field, and the deeds of derringdoo of pursuers, were painted in no faint neutral or water colours, and that spirited sketches of past scenes, in which the joy of jumping was very prominent, were exhumed from a very copious repertoire. Let us try and recall a few fugitive recollections of the Lepping Lust which pervaded Ireland in the older and better days. I have very little hesitation in affirming that the man who has ridden fairly straight for a few seasons with the Meath and Ward hounds, has little to learn by way of new experience in the art or delight of big jumping. I have my doubts whether in a five-year experience he will ever have been called upon to do an oxer or jump a wall as high or broad as has been done in Galway and Mayo. Peradventure, unless he be a specially bloodthirsty customer, he will not in all that time have lepped ten gates, or even overcome one of those straight stone-topped banks which Cork horses negotiate with such wonderful precision and *aplomb* to the infinite dismay of the rider (generally, if he will confess *toto corde*) till practice and safe issue give him the needful confidence. But for all that I make bold to say, and I would leave the question to the decision of that most intrepid follower, Colonel Peter Miles—whose fame is equally green in Leicestershire as in Ireland—whether bigger, wider, and more repulsive fences are not habitually jumped in pursuing with the Meath and Ward hounds than in any other countries that he has experienced. It is the only part of Ireland, for instance, where almost every big ditch has a foot bridge or plank laid for the use of the herd as he goes on his morning rounds to visit his stock—not that Meath and Dublin herds have less spring or elasticity than their provincial brethren, but that the ditches are really wider and deeper than elsewhere, and are beyond an ordinary man's capacity. In Meath and Dublin are the cattle farms of Ireland *par excellence*. The lands are flat for the most part, and in a country where oak timber is not to be found, huge embankments with protecting 'gripes' must be made to drain and divide the fields, and to keep the cattle, who in the fly season will overbear all

ordinary barriers, within bounds. Where big fences are the rule it is very hard to pick out abnormally large obstacles, but the Ward river and the loch of the Bay require, in some places, much stretch and strong will in man and horse, though both are easily negotiated in particular places, and the neophyte may trust Mr. Leonard Monogh for finding the key of this lock on occasions of emergency. Among many who have 'flown' this awesome loch, as the swallow skims the pool, even in its bigger places, may be named Captain Cotton, Mr. Monogh, Mr. Percy Maynard, Mr. D. McGerr, J. Cassidy, and the Messrs. Hine.

The Reisk farm, around the Gorse of that name, is, fortunately for a following field, gated *more Anglico*, or no one could see a run from it, so Titanic are the banks, so broad the ditches that margin them, while huge thorns make *chevaux de frise* on each barrier that a tiger would probably hesitate to face, and a horse would most decidedly. The thorns are a growth of less than a generation, and yet no one thinks of attempting to force a passage through them or to ride this farm, seeing at a glance how hopeless the effort would be; but the local legend affirms that poor Lawrence of the 4th Light Dragoons, one of the strongest seats, boldest hearts and best hands that ever fought his way across country in Ireland on every sort of hunter, managed to get through the farm somehow, of course before the thorns had become small trees; and I have heard that Mr. Trotter made a short cut over a bit of it within modern memory. Not very far from this farm—as distance is reckoned in Meath—is the famous Garristown Hill, and as you wind up the long laneway the talk will be sure to fall upon an extraordinary drop which Mr. Trotter was seen to make into this laneway, his hunter having to spring off masonry. Near here too you may see a sheer straight bank, lately made, and without any foothold of grass upon its sides, which in a run with the Ward hounds last year Mr. Coleridge cleared successfully, followed by Mrs. Steeds. Hounds were running fast, and nothing but grass is to be viewed all around here, and his horse saw nothing but a small ordinary bank of some three feet in height in front of him. A trained hunter always perches like a bird on top of a bank, if only for a second, to get fresh impetus for the second spring; and, fortunately, Mr. Coleridge was riding a very trained young horse, for there was a fall of ten or twelve feet, the difference in the levels of the two fields; and the horse, appreciating the case, slid down the bank on his tail; and Mrs. Steeds' did the same thing, while Mr. Leonards', to the left, had it in the same fashion, though the spot he chose was grassier and better. Now a merely flying, flippant hunter would probably have tried to cover the bank at a spring, careless of what might be at the far side. The consequences of what might have ensued are enough to give one the creeps as one thinks of it *and them*.

This good habit of 'topping' and 'perching' can have a bad side too, for Mr. Frank Joyce, in the County Galway, nearly lost his life by it a few seasons back. He was riding a very confidential hunter,

and put him at a solid wall with large coping blocks on its top. The good horse gauged the position, pricked his ears and put his feet on the big boulders on top, but unfortunately got one caught between two stones and fell heavily into the road beyond it. Now in ninety-nine cases, or in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the one hundred or thousand cases, the issue would have been a success; here it proved nearly fatal. Many Englishmen who visited Ballinasloe in the good old days of 'knocking' and 'handicapping,' have seen some very 'tall' wall-lepping in that neighbourhood, and in that country, as in Roscommon, 6 feet done in sporting style, that is to say, with a certain margin of allowance for displacement with the hind hoofs, is not thought extremely marvellous. Mr. Bernard Sweeny, Mr. Flynn, the late Mr. Burke (a one-armed sportsman), Mr. C. Usher, the late John Dennis, Mr. I. Mahon, and many more that I could refer to, have all probably jumped loose walls of 6 feet many times, and Mr. Burton Perpe, who *must* be near his hounds, has probably done so as often as most men now riding straight. The late Mr. Drought, who combined the seemingly divergent occupations of inspecting post-offices and mastering foxhounds, was a man who was not an habitual hard rider, but the solid masonry wall with a broad coping on top, which he jumped in Thomastown Park, would, I think, stagger even the bluest blood and highest ambition of Melton. Mr. Percy La Touche, the Hon. E. Lawless, Lord Langford, Lord Cloncurry, Mr. T. de Burgh, Mr. Hanaway, Mr. Chapman, the Baron de Robeck, the Messrs. Beasley, Mr. G. Moore, and Mr. Blacker are all men who have indulged their lepping lust freely, and very successfully too; but, to show that this is an age of progress, I may mention that 6 ft. 2 in. was cleared at the Dublin Horse Show by a Lawyer colt, now I think in the possession of Captain G. P. Low; while a much smaller chesnut horse, bought by Mr. A. Carden of the R.H.A., did the same thing, I believe, at the Wexford Horse Show, two years ago.

The double at Punchestown was a large chasing fence before it was razed some years ago, and yet that has been flown from side to side more than once, though I never heard of a horse that did so catching the judge's eye.

In Tipperary some years ago, when Plaucus, not Parnell, was consul, a bet was made that a certain horse would jump a certain height—I forget the exact number of feet—but as no wall could be found readily so high, the groom of the wagerer put himself on top of the wall, lying on it head down, and made his master jump the whole thing and win his bet. This is no tale of Munchausen. I may not have been quite exact in my vague description, but I have reason to know the fact to be substantially true.

In Limerick I have been pointed out a very high and firm wall of solidest masonry, which Mr. Harry Croker, a welter-weight, now acting M.F.H. of the county hounds, jumped simply because he said he was tired of passing it by so often without a try.

But what think you of this, ye modern gallopers over nicely

adapted barriers ! I believe the scene was at Cashel or somewhere in bold Tipperary, and a course of most horrible size and aspect had been picked out for a Hunt Cup, and one bank was described as almost unjumpable, five sportsmen wore silk. The leader baulked, the followers baulked, and, after many attempts, it was decided that an adjournment should be made to the Grand Stand and the race renewed after luncheon, and I hope the chasers had their pints of port or whisky as well as their owners. Needless to say this was long before the Grand National rules were thought of.

In Ireland timber is rare, yet Mr. Allen, V.S., of Dublin, has within the last two or three years jumped extraordinarily high timber with a grey Tom Steel mare, when following the Ward Union hounds.

To show how Irish jockeys dislike an obstacle they rarely meet, or rather *met* in the olden days, I may mention an anecdote that has been told me, but for which I cannot vouch at all. Two Irish chasers of ability were sent to run for the Liverpool Grand National, and in those days stiff rails, I believe, protected Beecher's Brook. In the grey dawn one of these riders stole out armed with a saw to weaken the top rail. As he neared the spot he heard a grating sound, and, being superstitious, he stood rooted to the spot. As the light waxed stronger he saw his countryman busy at the task he had planned for his own accomplishment.

But of many jumping feats recorded and unrecorded, from clearing a mess-table, with the glass, &c., on the festive board, to doing eighteen feet of water, I think the following should not sink wholly into oblivion. Many of us know the straight road that bisects the Phoenix Park of Dublin. On either side of the green slopes, at intervals of some two hundred yards, a strong paling was put up by the Board of Works, consisting of two stout uprights—trees cut in half generally—over which, bound to the uprights by strong iron bands, was thrown an oak-tree, occasionally hog-backed in the centre, without any rails below it, the average height a little over four feet. An officer of the 17th Lancers who had a very hot English charger, volunteered to have his mare jumped over these barriers in succession—there were nearly fifty of them—while he jumped them himself *à pied*. J. Cassidy, the Empress of Austria's rough-rider and breaker, did all the timber, and the owner cleared them after him and won his wager most deservedly. Many, too, know Farrell's Repository in Brunswick Street and the ride inside, which is separated from the street by a wooden and iron gateway of over four feet in height. This a mare of Mr. Scully's, the horse-dealer, took it into her head to clear one day, landing safe and sound on the gridironed causeway outside.

Henry, Lord Waterford, who was killed at a very small stone gap, when riding a very good hunter, May Boy, was very fond of a wager as to the jumping powers of horses, and a fine judge of performance.

TWO BLANKS IN THE M.C.C.

THE death of Sir Frederick Bathurst, whose life was extended somewhat beyond the crease marked by the Psalmist, in his seventy-fifth year, brings back memories of the noble game of cricket in the days when matches were rarer than now, and consequently more exciting, and the great heroes of the cricket-field stood more prominently forward, before North and South were brought together by railways, and eminent cricketers were counted by twenties instead of by hundreds as now.

The late lamented Baronet was a Wykehamist, and was born in 1807, and entering the Guards at seventeen years of age, he missed being in the Winchester Eleven, as doubtless he would have been.

He was so well known as a country gentleman and a sportsman, that it would be idle to attempt a biographical sketch in these pages, and we shall only take a glance at his extraordinary cricketing career. Sir Frederick made his *début* at Lord's in 1831, in his twenty-fourth year, in the days when the game was still in the transition state between under-hand and round-arm bowling, and both were in fashion, though the latter was not, as regards quick bowling, always so accurate as now, but they bowled from below the shoulder. At Lord's; in Wiltshire, where his country seat, Clarendon Park, is situate; in Hampshire, for which county he also played, and which he made so famous forty years ago; and in Sussex, which was the adjoining county to and rival of Hants, his name was a household word for over thirty years of active cricket. He was a very destructive bowler, with a very low delivery (what would now be called almost under-hand), and he succeeded in obtaining great accuracy of pitch; his bowling had a deal of spin on it, and he was amongst the quickest of his day. Messrs. Harvey and Walter Fellows, and Walter Marcon, Brown of Brighton (by tradition), and possibly some few more, were faster—but the faster men were not numerous. He was what would now be vulgarly called 'death on the 'leg-stump,' and as his balls often cut quick off the ground and came half-wicket high, and very frequently shot, it required a good man to play him, especially on a wet wicket; and although he took a very long run to the wicket, and threw his body into his delivery, he never tired. Fuller Pilch always spoke with great respect of him, and used to say, 'I like to keep my bat very close to the ground for 'Sir Frederick, as he is a *tedious* bowler, and if you make one mistake 'there is a rattle behind your bat, and you have nothing to do but to 'walk to the tent and sit down.' He played nineteen times in Gentlemen and Players between 1831 and 1854 inclusive, and curiously enough, another great bowler, born in the same year, who played twenty times in Gentlemen and Players, came out at Lord's the year after Sir Frederick, and possibly since the game of cricket was invented two finer specimens of Englishmen never trod the greensward: that other was Alfred Mynn, the 'Lion of Kent.'

Sir Frederick was the *beau ideal* of a soldier and country gentleman ; Alfred Mynn was the *beau ideal* of the frank and bluff Kentish yeoman, whose family had resided for three centuries in the same locality : *Arcades ambo*, both handsome men of stately presence ; both passionately fond of cricket for the love of sport ; both even-tempered and courageous in an up-hill game ; both noble-minded and above the suspicion of any dirty subterfuge to gain an advantage, and both most kind and considerate to youngsters, whether amateur or professional, friend or foe, who were diffident on first showing in a big match.* Few All England matches ever occurred in which both of them were not playing on the same side, or as opponents, and they were always known as 'Sir Frederick' and 'Old Alfred,' and the simple, touching lines written on Alfred Mynn when he died, by one of Felix's old pupils, would equally, as regards a description of physique and recollections of a great public favourite—*mutatis mutandis*—apply to Sir Frederick. We may as well quote the last stanza—

'With his tall and stately presence, with his nobly moulded form,
His broad hand was ever open, his brave heart was ever warm ;
All were proud of him—all loved him. As the changing seasons pass,
As our champion lies a-sleeping underneath the Kentish grass,
Proudly, sadly, we will name him—to forget him were a sin :
Lightly lie the turf upon thee, kind and manly Alfred Mynn.'

Let us say of both—

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

A reference to Lillywhite for all years between 1831 and 1854 inclusive, except 1832-4-5-6 and 1844, will give the account of Sir Frederick's doings in 'Gentlemen v. Players' matches. His first match at Lord's was 'M.C.C. v. Hornchurch,' and in that year he also played in his first 'Gentlemen v. Players' match, Eleven Gentlemen v. Nine Players.

'Bowled Bathurst' first is seen in Lillywhite (at Lord's), in a match, 'M.C.C. with W. Lillywhite v. Cambridge Town Club' with Pilch and Caldecourt, in 1832, in which match Sir Frederick bowled four out of fourteen wickets which fell. F. P. Fenner, afterwards one of the best all-round men in England, came out in that match for Cambridge.†

In 1833 he first bowled in 'Sixteen v. Eleven—Gentlemen and

* This is no 'tombstone compliment' it is literally true, and the same remark applies to Fuller Pilch, as the writer knows from personal experience of all three. There was no 'average glory' then, and great men were glad to encourage recruits who would learn the game for its own sake, and who had the pluck to try. When he used to bring an eleven to Winchester against the boys he took the deepest interest in their play, and in after-life, if a young Wykehamist came to Lord's in a county eleven against the M.C.C., he would give him every encouragement, although opposed to him ; and he has been known to promise him a 'leg-barter' (leg half-volley), on purpose, and to fulfil that promise.

† Fenner is alive and well, and landlord of the White Lion Hotel, Bath—in his seventy-first year.

'Players,'—his coadjutors being Alfred Mynn and C. Harenc. Now let us skip twenty years, leaving the reader to refer to Lillywhite for Sir Frederick's multitudinous doings until 1853, and he will find that between these dates the subject of our memoir was in the front of the battle season after season, bowling out the best men in England.

Brother cricketers of England, listen to this! When in his forty-seventh year (in 1853) Sir Frederick and Mr. Kempson bowled all through Gentlemen *v.* Players *without a change!* The Players scored 42 and 69, Sir Frederick bowling 272 balls for 50 runs, 44 maiden overs, and eleven wickets, and he caught one off his partner. Mr. Kempson bowled 268 balls for 54 runs, 35 maiden overs, and nine wickets, and he caught one off Sir Frederick. W. Nicholson was wicket-keeper, and Charles Ridding long-stop, and there was not a single bye. All the eleven, except Sir Frederick, were under thirty years of age, and the other seven were Hon. S. Ponsonby, John Walker, C. G. Wynch, A. Haygarth, E. Balfour, R. Hankey, and H. M. Aitken. The Gentlemen scored 134 and 37!—of which Mr. W. Nicholson scored 20—and won by 60 runs; the bowlers against them being W. Clarke, W. Martingell (who clean-bowled six and had one stumped in second innings), Grundy, Bickley, and Nixon; Chatterton was wicket-keeper, and the other five players were George Parr, Caffyn, Dean, Box, and Tom Adams. The Players only let one bye, and there was only one 'run-out' in the match.

Another similarity between Sir Frederick and Alfred Mynn is that in 1847, when forty years of age, in a match played in his honour (Kent *v.* England), Alfred Mynn bowled ten wickets and caught two men off his partner's bowling; got most runs in the match, and made the winning hit. This performance was equal to Sir Frederick's.

In 1854 Sir Frederick appears for the last time in Gentlemen and Players, bowling one wicket for 76 balls. No doubt he continued playing other matches long afterwards, but we will drop the curtain on his career on his retirement from the Gentlemen's eleven—a career such as was seldom ever known.* Sir Frederick was a

* As far as one pair of eyes can master a dry detail, I make out that Sir Frederick between 1831 and 1854 appears, by the same book, to have played in 137 matches, bowled in 107 matches for 626 wickets, and made 42 catches, probably at short slip. In one grand match he was put on for the first time for two of the last three overs, and bowled four wickets. I went over some 1800 pages of Lillywhite, and I should much like to be 'put in the 'wrong' if some expert in statistics would take out the figures at his leisure and publish an absolutely authentic record. One thing is certain, which is that at Salisbury, in June, 1854, in 'Eighteen of South Wilts with Hinkly and H. Stephenson *v.* The All England Eleven,' he bowled A. Mynn twice, Julius Cæsar twice, George Anderson twice, Caffyn twice, Box once, and S. Parr once, and scored double figures himself twice; and South Wilts won by 3 runs. The other All England players were George Parr, Willsher, W. Clarke, A. Clarke, and Bickley. I *believe* that such another as he was when he left off would alter the averages of some men of the present day. The report that he 'jerked' is *absurd*.

tremendous hitter, delighting in the Winchester 'barter,' and it was pretty much 'hit or miss' with him, and if he got his eye well in in a country match, his punishing was awful. He was also a very fine field, as he learnt his cricket before nets were heard of, and boys used to long-stop in practice, and were *made* to do it. In great matches he more than often went in late for his side, and many large figures do not appear against his name at Lord's.

His brilliant career is entirely attributable to other things besides his natural height and strength, and those other things were that he loved the game and learnt it thoroughly, and worked at it like a slave, playing for his side only and *never thinking of himself*; moreover, he was generous and kind to all, and would be the friend and patron of the village sweep if he was an honest cricketer—though at the same time he had the most constitutional hatred of a conceited snob in the game: without those noble qualities, height and strength are 'nil'—and only workman's tools.

All old cricketers must look back with loving memory to the brilliant deeds of Sir Frederick, who gave pleasure to thousands upon thousands in his day, and who did as much for cricket as any one who ever played; as he and the like of him practically created the great school of batsmen who had to face their bowling before pads and gloves were heard of, and the law of l.b.w. was administered according to the rule of common sense, and was read to mean a ball pitching from the hand to the wicket; and men in those days had to trust to a big heart and quick eye without artificial protection. The batting, especially on grounds often rougher than those of to-day, was as different from modern cricket as a battle differs from a review, and required quite as much skill and a great deal more pluck. Sir Frederick's old school motto was, 'Manners makyth man,' and he lived up to it like a gentleman and an Englishman. He was President of M.C.C. in 1857. An old member of the M.C.C. and his brother cricketer has kindly contributed the following anecdotes of Sir Frederick:

'Towards the close of the year 1826, Bathurst went with his regiment to Portugal—sent there by Mr. Canning. In the following summer they had some cricket near Lisbon. The Brigade of Guards played Sir Thos. Arbuthnot's Division, and won by nearly 200 runs. Subsequently, The Brigade of Guards played The Rest of the Army, and, mainly owing to Bathurst's bowling, won by two wickets. Bathurst's bosom friend, Mr. Wright, the surgeon of the regiment, played in both of these matches; he was a very nice fellow, and almost lived at Clarendon Park. He is buried in Alderberry churchyard, close to where Sir Frederick's second wife lies.

'In a country match the best player upon the opposite side, a Mr. Stevens, was bowled out "first ball" by Bathurst, and made some angry remark. "Oh, go in again, go in again!" said Bathurst; and, before any one could protest against such an irregularity, he had bowled out the batsman a second time. Sir

'Frederick was a good tennis-player. He was a good game shot, 'but not quite first-rate.'

Sir Frederick Hutchinson Harvey Bathurst (for that is his full name) who was the third Baronet, died at Clarendon Park, on the 29th day of October last, and is succeeded by his son, well known before his father's death, in the Guards, in sport, and in Parliament as Colonel (now Sir Frederick) Bathurst, and it is pleasant to think that the familiar old name still goes on. He has copied his father in size and stature, and love of cricket and English sports, and followed his footsteps in the Army, and served with the Grenadier Guards throughout the Crimean campaign. He was educated at Eton, and on his *début* against Harrow and Winchester scored good double figures in his only three innings. He was M.P. for South Wilts from 1861 to 1865.

The other blank in the M.C.C. is occasioned by the death of Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald, the late Secretary. I had penned a memoir of him, when Mr. Chandos Leigh called on me, with some notes for an obituary; and I think you will say I was right, Mr. Bailly, when I put my own MS. in the fire, and sent Mr. Leigh's touching record to the printer.

In Memoriam.

MR. R. A. FITZGERALD: A REMINISCENCE.

BY THE HON. CHANDOS LEIGH, Q.C.

On the 28th of October last died Robert Allan Fitzgerald, a kindly spirit, a cultivated mind; to see was to admire, to know was to love.

An illness which lasted some years naturally caused his removal from the busy sphere he once occupied, but he has ever been present in the thoughts of a large circle of friends and relations, one of whom writes this short record as a tribute to his memory.

He was born in 1834, and was the second son of Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., of Shalstone, Bucks. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and played in the eleven both of his school and university. After taking his degree he read for the bar and joined the old Norfolk circuit; but he never seriously followed the law as a profession; if he had, there is no saying what he might not have done, for he possessed many qualities well adapted for distinction as an advocate.

The secretaryship of M.C.C. becoming vacant, the Committee judged rightly when they pressed him to accept that position. It was a fortunate day for the Club and the cricketing world when he did accept it, for a new era seems to have dawned on Lord's with his arrival, and all the vast improvements which have taken place there

owe their origin, inception and development, to his fertile brain and his untiring energy.

But although a tribute is due to him in his cricketing capacity, whether as a Marylebone secretary, as a prominent member of I Zingari, or as the captain of the famous team of gentlemen cricketers who in 1872 visited the United States and Canada; still I cannot refrain from mentioning the wonderful facility of his pen. His 'Sketches on the Nile,' his 'Wickets in the West,' and his contributions to the press, will long live in the memory of all who have read them. Yes, and as I, claiming the privilege of near relationship, turn over the many manuscripts of a dear departed one, I cannot fail to be struck with his journalistic power, his elegant (though somewhat desultory) classical scholarship, and the lofty sentiment and beautiful spirit which pervade his (too few) poetical efforts.

In his own home at Charleywood he died, leaving a fond wife and two sons to deplore his loss. In the quiet churchyard of Charleywood he was buried, followed to his grave by those who loved him.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis.'

Postscriptum.—As I am writing about M.C.C., let me confess an error in a former article, 'ABOUT TWO CRICKET GROUNDS.' I included J. Bayley amongst the under-hand bowlers of forty years ago. He was a slow round arm, and I was wrong.

F. G.

December, 1881.

WOODCOCK—SNIPE—PTARMIGAN.

THOSE who followed the series of articles on 'The Birds and Beasts of Sport,' which appeared in this magazine in the course of last season, will, doubtless, remember that a supplementary chapter was more than once promised, by way of winding up the series and of filling in several little gaps left in some of the narratives.

The time has come for fulfilling that promise, more especially as regards three winter birds, from which a considerable amount of sport is annually derived. It has never formed any part of my plan, in writing the series of articles alluded to, to teach the art of killing game, or to dictate to sportsmen in any way regarding their pastimes, except, whenever I have an opportunity, to protest against battues which, in my humble opinion, are not 'sport,' but butchery; indeed, it is more than likely that many of the readers of 'Baily' are better able to teach me than I am to teach them. My business has all along been to narrate such particulars of the habits of these creatures as I think of sufficient interest to be put in type, as one cannot possibly know too much about such animals; personally I never tire of studying their habits and modes of life, and of reading about

them when I have not the opportunity of watching them as they live and move about in their native haunts. In Scotland, some twenty-five years ago, woodcocks were quite a rarity, and at that time a crowd was often seen gathered round an Edinburgh poulterer's window looking with great attention at a brace which were hung up for exhibition as a curiosity, and which, by the way, along with another brace, were destined to grace the supper-table of a well-known judge who kept an artist in his kitchen, and whose dinners and suppers were a feature in the society of the period. At that time woodcock were supposed to be (and doubtless were) birds of passage, migrating at a given season, only coming to Scotland in the winter, and leaving in the spring to breed in their own (?) country—if a migratory animal can be said to have a country of its own. During the last quarter of a century these birds have been continually on the increase in Scotland, and year by year are becoming more plentiful. In a conversation with one of the largest dealers in game, I was assured, a few days ago, that many of the birds of this description which come to 'the land of cakes' never return, but stay and breed. As to the degree of truth which may be contained in this general assertion I cannot vouch, but it is quite certain that in Scotland there may be found plenty of woodcock which are native there, and to the *manors* born; and the birds so bred remain in the country—having apparently no desire to leave—being, in fact, destitute of the migratory instinct, which is somewhat curious. These birds, however, take up their quarters in some particular district, and there they remain over the four seasons of the year.

It is a curious circumstance that we never know how many animals of a given kind we possess till the number is revealed by some particular fact or occurrence. Thus it may be that a large fish-pond, when the water is drawn off, may reveal to the eye thousands of fish, whilst those who were using the water for angling purposes were under the impression there would not be more than a hundred or two. On an occasion when I was assisting at the removal of some fish (trout) from one pond to another, all who were present were amazed at the number. The water had been run off till a large portion of the surface was exposed, and the trout were seen in incredible quantities. So with other wild animals. In inclement weather herds of deer may be seen seeking food, and numerous flocks of birds gather in a district with the same object. Never in the memory of man were so many woodcock killed as during the dreadfully severe season of 1879-80. Woodcock, as many will remember, were sold in London during that awful winter at from 6*d.* to 1*s.* each, and snipe at less than half these prices. In St. John's Market in Liverpool, a friend of my own who bought a dozen snipe for 3*s.* had a dozen jacks thrown in. The birds were brought to market in all large towns in thousands, but, as was to be expected, they were anything but fat. The birds at length became so plentiful all over the kingdom that every market became glutted, and, ultimately, no dealer would buy, for the best of all

reasons, that he was unable to sell at any price. During such inclement seasons as that of 1879-80, birds and beasts become so tame from want of food as to be easily captured and killed. I have myself had experience of the fact on many occasions, and so, doubtless, have many other persons who take occasion to note the habits of our wild animals. In the awful winter alluded to, I saw a farm-servant run down five hares with the greatest ease, and it was no merit in the circumstances to do so, as animals become weak from want, whilst the feeling of hunger causes them to invade the haunts of man.

During the last quarter of a century woodcock have varied in price very much. Twenty-five years ago they were set down as a great luxury of the table, ten shillings per brace being readily paid for them, but the importation of continental supplies soon caused a drop in the price, thousands of the birds coming to Leadenhall Market. But even now at any time, when the birds become scarce, the price rises with great rapidity; last year Scottish dealers required to pay as much as seven shillings and sixpence per brace for woodcock in London, as they could not be obtained elsewhere. It is a curious circumstance—a wise provision of nature, in fact—that just before a snowstorm woodcock and snipe fatten with prodigious rapidity; they seem to have a premonition that their food will speedily become scarce, and they soon, in consequence, build up a most prodigious paunch. Any person falling in with a few brace of extra fat birds may from that circumstance foretell a snowstorm or severe spell of frosty weather, and the fatter the bird the longer the storm may be expected to last.

With reference to the more pronounced habits of woodcock and snipe, they are as a rule fond of solitudes; they generally inhabit marshy places far from the haunts of mankind, and it is only during periods of severe frost that they venture to visit running streams or springs to procure food and water. Generally speaking, the woodcock is found where a collection of decaying leaves is forming into mould; near at hand there is sure to be a pool of water in which the animal washes itself with great regularity. The bird does not make long flights, so far as I have been able to observe, but its movements are rather startling and heavy. Curiously enough, dogs do not seem to care about 'handling' woodcock; why they evince such a repugnance to that particular bird I am unable to explain, nor are any of my sporting friends able to tell me. The woodcock is a short-sighted bird, but sees better in the grey of the evening than in the fierce light which prevails during the daytime. About the 'Twelfth' large numbers of snipe are shot along with the grouse, and, as a rule, the greater number of those killed are the young which frequent the marshy places of the moors, and rise with 'the bird of sport.' Woodcock, as a rule, are rarely shot in August or September, which leads me to suppose they lead a very secluded life during the open season. The Wild Bird Acts, which have recently been passed, have aided in preserving woodcock and snipe, and indeed all wild birds; and, had there been a clause inserted to

prevent the taking or destruction of eggs, especially plovers' eggs, more good still would have resulted.

In the course of my reading I have gleaned a good deal of what may be termed 'old world' information, about what one ornithologist calls the 'woodcock snipe'—*Scolopax rusticola*. The following notes must be accepted for what they are worth:—Sir John Callum, Baronet, appears to have been a very keen observer of the habits of these birds, as the following abridgment of his notes will show. Woodcocks, he says, come over sparingly in the first few days of October, the flock of that period being a sort of advanced guard which precede the two great brigades which are usually timed to arrive in November and December. They always arrive after sunset, and the time of their arrival is determined by the state of the wind, and not by the light of the moon, as has been often stated. It is probable that the moving power in the migratory instinct of the woodcock and other birds is the desire for food; they seem to know that if the commissariat gives out in one place it will be full in another. Love and hunger are the two great instincts of the animal creation. If the flight of the birds has been favoured with a fair wind, and they arrive on the coast comparatively fresh, they at once proceed to their haunts; but on occasions, when their progress has been retarded by strong opposing winds, they will rest for a day on the shore of the sea, and sometimes they are so very much exhausted on their arrival as to be quite devoid of the strength to resist capture, and so fall an easy prey to all kinds of enemies. The birds come in little detached lots, and not in a great multitude. When the red-wing appears on our coasts in autumn, woodcocks are not far distant, and the departure of these birds seems magical in some years. One day they may be seen in hundreds, the next day they are gone, and not one left apparently for the sportsman's pastime. Between the middle and end of March, these animals repair to the coast ready to embark, if the simile may be allowed, on their voyage of departure. Should the wind prove favourable they linger not, but go at once; sometimes, however, they are detained and linger among the furze and brushwood of the seashore till a favourable season occurs for flight. At such times sport becomes fast and furious, the spoil falling to the guns being commensurate. With respect to the question of breeding in this country, I find it stated in an old volume of natural history that 'in Case Wood, about two miles from Tunbridge, a few breed almost annually, the young having been shot there in the beginning of August; and although the flavour of these home-bred birds was not so strong as that of the migrants, they were as healthy and vigorous as the strangers are with us in the winter. A female bird with a well-developed ovary was shot in that neighbourhood in April; one of her eggs was the size of that of a pigeon. These birds are remarkably tame during the season of incubation. A person who discovered one in its nest often stood over it, and even handled it, which did not seem to frighten the bird, as it hatched out its young ones and placidly disappeared with them.'

The date of the book from which I have copied the foregoing passage is 1812. The same writer tells us the birds come to us from Norway and Sweden, and that the time of their appearance here and disappearance from Sweden coincide. They live on worms and insects, says the author just referred to, for which they search with their long bills in moist, woody-covered ground. Not so much is known about the food of these birds as is desirable, as they are never opened either by the poulterer or the cook, being eaten trail and all. We may depend on it that Nature did not arm them with their long bills for nothing, and that they were given to them as a means of searching for and picking up their food. Nature never deals in superfluities, and the woodcock thrusts its long bill into the heaps of vegetable refuse which it frequents, and pulls out its prey with unerring precision. They feed and fly by night, beginning their flight in the evening, and come back again through the same glades to their day retreats. The birds are said to pair before they return to their native haunts. The 'godwit snipes,' continues the same authority, are taken in the fens in the same season and in the same manner with the ruffs and reeves, and when well fattened are esteemed a great delicacy, and sell for half-a-crown and sometimes five shillings apiece. Snipes make a nest of dried grass, in which they deposit four eggs of a dirty olive colour, marked with dusky spots. 'Their young are so often found in England 'that we doubt whether they ever entirely leave this island.' Snipe are easily found by the dogs, and can be hunted in a bad wind; the bird faces the wind and flees before it. A friend of mine says that the bother of snipe hunting and woodcock shooting is, that the birds won't get out of your way, but will insist in always coming between your legs. Snipe used to be taken in large quantities long ago by means of limed twigs, not of course by way of sport, but for the market. Woodcocks used also to be caught in the same manner, as also by means of nets and various kinds of snares, traps, and other devices. There are various members of the snipe family, but I do not think it necessary to dwell longer upon these birds; and in writing what I have written, I trust I have not been teaching my respected maternal grandparent how to suck eggs. It is really not an easy task to be original in writing about the birds and beasts of sport, one is so obliged to stick to facts.

The third bird in this chapter is the ptarmigan. It is an exceedingly beautiful and chameleon-like animal. Once upon a time, when skirting a mountain in the Highlands of Scotland, I alighted from the dog-cart to pick up a beautiful stone which I saw in the distance; just as I got to the spot that stone became covered with feathers, endowed with wings, and arose and flew away—that stone was a ptarmigan! Now a man may be in the very midst of a flock of these animals and not know it, they look so much a portion of their surroundings, and at all times it takes a cute sportsman to stalk these birds. Somehow or other ptarmigan have become scarce in Scotland, from what cause it is, however, somewhat difficult to say. This bird is really pretty just before it begins to cast its summer

plumage and assume its winter feathers. But however beautiful the ptarmigan may be as an object of natural history, it must be confessed that as a table bird it is a sad failure; its flesh being dry and strong, and not so nice or half as palatable as a young woodpigeon; so that the sport of 'ptarmigan stalking,' as I call it, can never be made to 'pay' in Scotland, however interesting it may be thought as one of our Highland pastimes; indeed, the bird can only be had in occasional braces, so scarce has it become.

The following notes on the ptarmigan have been sent to me by a friend who is a keen observer of that and other game birds. He says: The ptarmigan pair at the same time as the red grouse, and the female deposits eight or nine eggs, seldom more, on the ground; at least, I have never seen any of them make a formal nest of any kind. The eggs are white spotted with brown. Ptarmigan change their plumage from a grey ashy or brownish rock colour to a pure white in winter, so that during the summer time the birds are the colour of the stones among which they harbour, while in the winter season they cannot easily be distinguished from the wreaths of snow by which they are surrounded! It is a somewhat curious circumstance in the habits of this bird that it should prefer the cold frosts and snows of winter to the sun and light of the summer half of the year. These birds usually assemble in little flocks, and individuals of the lot fly about in a very curious and eccentric fashion. I have followed two or three of them till I was so exasperated by their movements that I was eventually compelled to give up all hope of bringing them down; they seemed to mock all my efforts, and the hills being white with snow added to the difficulty of the position. At times these birds become so tame that they might, I think, be taken with the hand; at all events, I have fed them, and been as close to them as six or seven feet. Sir William Jardine says that in the more northern parts of Europe the ptarmigan is very plentiful, and is annually taken in tens of thousands. The people of Greenland are adepts in capturing them; they are, in fact, a necessity of life in Greenland, where they are often eaten raw, with the accompaniment of seal fat, a dozen birds or so being eaten at a sitting! The birds in these localities are taken by means of snares in various ingenious ways, which I need not at present detail.

A very extensive trade in ptarmigan has sprung up between this country and Norway and Denmark. In these countries the bird is to be found in literal tens of thousands, and nearly every year shiploads of them arrive at Hull and Leith, near Edinburgh, packed in boxes, which are placed on the tops of large blocks of ice. The birds and ice are simply looked upon as ballast for empty vessels, as during the winter season in Norway a cargo cannot be obtained, whilst captains know that by coming to British ports they can find the wherewithal to load their ships.

Ptarmigan in Norway are not as a rule shot, as in Scotland, but are caught by horsehair gins, that is, a looped hair attached to a pin set in the ground, or attached to some article on which they feed. The price of these Norway birds varies exceedingly. If a large

quantity is brought at any time to market, the price of course falls ; at times in London ptarmigan cost 1s. 9d. each, and at other times they may be bought for a third or a half of that sum. Cargoes of them are frequently purchased in Leith or Hull at the rate of from twopence to sixpence per bird. The greatest drawback in connection with these Norway birds is their being packed in salt. They are rolled in paper and then placed in cases containing from 30 to 100 each, each layer being covered with a sprinkling of coarse salt. This plan may be, indeed is, good enough in frosty weather, but the moment the ship enters a warmer latitude the salt begins to melt and the birds to 'go.' If more attention were paid to the packing and forwarding of these foreign ptarmigan a much better price would be obtained by those sending them for sale. I am sorry I cannot recommend these imported ptarmigan for table use ; as a rule, they all taste of the pine-tree tops, and have in consequence a rather disagreeable *gout* ; when our own game is out of season then ptarmigan may be tolerated. As I do not write these sketches for the sake of 'filling in' so much space, I shall now conclude, having, in fact, no more to say on the subject.

BOB WARD.

THERE are few sportsmen, and especially of the older school, to whom the features of Bob Ward, whose portrait appears in Vol. XXXVII., will not be familiar. Besides long service with other packs, the veteran has now been twenty-five years with the Hertfordshire, and how many sportsmen in the course of every season have visited that country, and taken a lesson in hounds and hunting !

Charles, though always known as Bob Ward, was born at Brixworth, Northamptonshire, a good many years ago, before the writer can remember ; so it was only by visiting the kennels and hearing a few details of his interesting life that these notes could be put together. Would that space would allow all the anecdotes and tales to appear ; but 'Baily's Magazine' would not hold the half of them. There are many who know the enjoyment of a quiet day at the kennels, when Bob is in a vein for fun ; but here the notes must be confined to details.

His first place with hounds, at seven years old, was huntsman on foot to Squire Wood's beagles ; and, though they killed everything else, he was there three years before they killed a hare, which they did after a great run, over four hours, from the pleasure grounds, through frost and snow. Then the boy was promoted, and given a donkey to ride to covert, and had a bad fall one night, through his saddle turning round, coming home from hunting. He was not overdone with wages in those days, but the Squire gave him odd sums now and then when pleased with his performances. As he learnt his duties, hounds improved and got bigger ; then their huntsman, who had grown a strong lad and rare horseman, was

mounted on the Squire's hunters and showed capital sport. Great prices were given by the Squire for hunters that took his fancy, but the lad had the best of the riding. Pioneer was one of Bob's favourites, and on bye-days, when not hunting with Squire Wood's hounds, he would go with Squire Osbaldeston's, and assist Jack Stevens to kill a fox. The sport he enjoyed and the scrapes he got in during seven or eight years would fill a book; for Bob's hounds would kill anything, and he never had a whip to help him, or any one else to do kennel work. They killed mice, rats, hedgehogs, cats, rabbits, hares, deer, a three-year-old bull, and very nearly a man, who came to cuff their huntsman (for licking his son, who had stolen a ride on the donkey), who looted them on, and they ran him up the village and tore his clothes; so the huntsman had to go before the magistrate and answer a few questions.

Leaving Squire Wood when Mr. Harvey Coombe took Squire Osbaldeston's hounds from Brixworth to the Old Berkeley country, Bob went as whip for three years. The kennels were at Parsonage Farm, Rickmansworth, and in the summer they moved to kennels at Cobham. Richard Hill and Will Todd were huntsmen, and the hounds were taken at the end of one season, by invitation, to hunt in the Burton country, where they had good sport.

Bob Ward's time with the Cambridgeshire will never be forgotten, and it is pleasant now to see the greetings when sportsmen from that country visit him in Hertfordshire. For thirteen years, when the late Mr. Barnett was Master of the Cambridgeshire, Bob whipped-in to a namesake, John Ward; and when he left, Bob took the horn for four seasons. His next move was to Lord Southampton's, with whom he lived three seasons at Whittlebury, when they hunted the Creslow country and Whaddon Chace, and had famous sport.

In 1857, when Lord Dacre was Master of the Hertfordshire, Bob Ward came as huntsman. The kennels were at The Hoo, Kimpton. Nine years after, when the late Mr. John Gerard Leigh took the hounds, he built the present kennels at Kennesborne Green. He and Ward designed them, and there are no better kennels in England. After the lamented death of Mr. Leigh in 1875, a sad time for the country, and one that all sportsmen look back on with regret, a committee, consisting of Lord Dacre, Colonel Somerset, and Captain Young, came forward to save the country; so Bob Ward stayed on, and here he is now in 1881, commencing the season and showing capital sport.

His performances in the field, and the perfection to which he has brought the Hertfordshire hounds, are too well known to be dilated on here. Let any one who knows what a hound should be go to look at the young entry, especially the ladies of this season, and if a sportsman has a day with them, it is to be hoped they will find good wild foxes, and he will see that 'dear old Bob,' as he is affectionately called by all who appreciate him, knows how to hunt the right animal, and his whoo-whoop at the finish is worth going any distance to hear.

SPORT OF THE PAST AND PRESENT WITH THE GREENLAND WHALE.

It has long ceased to be the opinion that the Greenland whale is a cosmopolitan whale, and is to be found in all seas; but the idea is very common that it once travelled farther south, and only owing to its being pursued by men has driven it nearer to the North Pole. The Greenland whale appears with the same regularity near the sea coasts of Greenland as it has always done for centuries. Whaling was not carried on in the deep sea in ships, but along the coast in so-called 'Hvalfangerloggers,' or an arrangement of small boats provided with an apparatus to cook the whale oil. Directly a whale was in sight, and weather and ice permitted, the boats were got ready, the whale was driven on the shore, when the real sport began. The men who were in the boats, with the exception of the men who hurled the harpoons, were chiefly Esquimaux; but the establishments were in the hands of Danes, whose duty it was to report to the Danish government upon the day's capture, and to give details about each whale which happened to be harpooned, or to escape, and even whales that were seen from the cliffs, when the weather prevented the small boats being put out to sea. These establishments were along the west coast, and extended from the very south of Greenland right up to latitude 73° . Since the time of the Danish whaling establishments, the whale has approached nearer to the North Pole, to avoid being pursued by whalers. Although the Greenland whale appears regularly on the west coast of Greenland, it only frequents a certain portion of this coast. Whales are seldom to be seen south of 66° or 65° latitude, and near Sukkertoppen they rarely appear for several consecutive years together; but notwithstanding this a whaling establishment was arranged, but it had to be given up, not on account of the scarcity of whales, but owing to the rocks which often caused the harpooned whales to escape. South of this spot whales are rarely seen. North of Sukkertoppen the Greenland whale makes its appearance yearly as regularly as possible, though during certain years their number varies. The time the Greenland whale remains at a certain place is a limited one, and differs at each spot. For instance, whales appear at Sukkertoppen in December, January, and February, and it is generally the case that the harder the winter, the more whales there are to be seen. At Holsteinsborg the whale is to be found about the same time of the year, but it stays at this place longer. In the large fiords, for example, Amertlock and Nepisene, whales are seen as late as the middle of March. Further north, in Disco Bay, whales appear at the same time as at Holsteinsborg, but stop there much longer. At Godhavn, 69° , they remain till the middle of June; at Omenak Sound, 71° , they are constantly to be observed in July. At Upernavik, 72° , whales appear in autumn much earlier than along the southern coasts. They are seen there in October generally, sometimes even in September; they remain throughout November and the first half of December; they return

in the spring about the month of April and remain till June, and even as late as July, some years. It is not known whether they go south during the intermediary time, or whether they stay near Upernavik from September to June, though most people are of opinion that they visit Upernavik at two different periods of the year. Upernavik, 72°, is the most northerly station on the west coast of Greenland. Many travellers relate that in the most northerly part of Baffin's Bay the whale is to be found in July and August, a time at which it is not to be seen at any of the stations. The Greenland whale is, like many other whales, a wanderer. It changes its place of resort, according to the time of the year, with great regularity, and in many cases the same whales have been seen to return year after year to the same bays and fiords. There is a well-known case of a whale killed in the fiord of Amertlock which was pursued the year before, and was recognised again by its having lost a portion of its tail when it was hunted the first time. An English whaler at Kangarsuk captured a whale, in the body of which he found a harpoon, which was run into the whale by a Dane, employed by the government, three years before. In the summer time the Greenland whale approaches the North Pole, and in the winter directs its movements southwards. During the summer it keeps to the Baffin's Bay as far north as any Arctic traveller has succeeded in going. I stated in a previous number of 'Baily' that whales approach the coast and enter the bays to breed, and that they stay till their young are able to care for themselves. The Cape whale (*Baleena australis*, Desm.) visits the bays of the south coast of the Cape for this object from June till the end of August or beginning of September, when only females are observed to approach the coast. At False Bay, out of fifty whales during one season, only one male was counted. The same observation was made about the whales off the coast of New Zealand—nothing but females are ever seen in the bays. This has led many people to believe that the Greenland whale visits the Danish establishments to breed, but it has since been proved that March and May are the months for the whale to breed. The idea that the Greenland whale visits the coast of Greenland for breeding purposes is erroneous, for the whale forsakes Sukkertoppen and Holsteinsborg, which are the most southerly stations, long before its young are able to care for themselves. From all the observations that have been made there is no doubt that the Greenland whale is not to be separated from the ice. When the first blocks of ice are driven along the coast of Greenland a whale is sure to make its appearance, if not the very same day, a day or two later on. It is principally at the entrance of the Disco Bay that most of the ice accumulates, and from there it is driven on to Holsteinsborg and Sukkertoppen. Farther south the coast is entirely free from ice, even when the winter is far advanced. For the 'Storiis,' as they call it, that is, the immense blocks of ice which in February and March accumulate round the southern portion of Greenland, reach Frederickshaab, 62°, though usually before the stream carries it

farther northwards, it is divided and broken up, so it is seldom ever seen at Godthaab. The preference of the Greenland whale for ice and for water in which there are ice blocks makes it quite comprehensible why it never wanders south of Sukkertoppen in winter, where there is scarcely any ice to speak of. The same reason may be given for its leaving its summer stations towards the end of the autumn; for it would incur great risk of being suffocated by the enormous blocks of ice which are at this period in the northern parts of Baffin's Bay. Geelmuyden relates that, in the year 1750, huge blocks of ice covered Disco Bay, and they did not disappear till late in the year; owing to this the sport was very bad, but the Esquimaux had the good fortune in the Dogs and Whale islands at the entrance of Disco Bay to find no less than fourteen whales which had perished among the blocks of ice. The papers of the establishments at Holsteinsborg and Godhavn prove that the whale has not changed its movements within the last seventy or eighty years. Earlier than this the accounts are not nearly so explicit, though in the year 1721, when the Danes first sent out men to Greenland, the whale appeared near the coast during the same months as it does at the present time. In the south, establishments for whaling were never tried. Men from the south of Greenland often travelled northwards to hunt the whale, which they certainly would not have done had they found whales in the neighbourhood of their dwellings. In the year 1719 the Dutch were the first to send a party of whalers to the Davis Straits, which they did every year afterwards. The sport of the Esquimaux was by far too insignificant to be noticed at this time. For a great many consecutive years the Davis Straits and Disco Bay were the chief places for sport, and in the course of fifty-nine years, 1719 to 1778, the Dutch killed by themselves 6986 whales. The French Revolution put an end to the Dutch whaling expeditions, by the political influence it had on Holland. During this time the English commenced a most tremendous chase, which began in 1817, in the northern part of Baffin's Bay and extended to Lancaster and Barrow Straits, because the old hunting places began to fall off. Within the short space of four years, 1827 to 1830, no less than 3391 whales were killed. This pursuit was carried on till about twenty years ago, when the sport gradually got worse and worse, till it reached its comparatively ordinary kind of the present day. The whale was also pursued in the open sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland. At the present time whales appear in the very same places, but in far lesser numbers than they did during the last century. The Greenland whale is naturally a timid creature, and being so much pursued has made it more so. Directly it catches sight of the small boats it disappears under the water, or manages to hide itself between the large blocks of ice. The same rules which regulate the appearance of the Greenland whale in Baffin's Bay may be said to apply to other whales in other seas. During the time of the great whaling expeditions in the sixteenth century, the sea round Newfoundland was the rendezvous for hundreds of French, Spanish,

and English ships, which were all well supplied with whale oil. A great many people were of opinion that it was the Greenland whale that was pursued near Newfoundland; but this sport took place during the summer time, and that is saying enough to convince us at once that it could not have been the Greenland whale. It is impossible that an animal which is so attached to the ice should frequent waters which are quite warm at this period of the year. This whale, which was pursued near Newfoundland, was called 'The Grand Bay whale.' Some people still suppose that it is identical with the Greenland whale. The only difference in the appearance of this South Sea whale is in the shape of the back. Whether this South Sea whale is identical with the Greenland whale, seems an open question to many whalers; but it is certain that at the very beginning of the whaling expeditions near Spitzbergen, four years after the discovery of the island by Hudson, that the whale remained close to the ice in the Polar Sea, as it did off the coast of Greenland, and that it changed its resort according to the time of the year. The nature of the country does not permit of whaling before the month of May; therefore, when the whalers arrived they found plenty of whales, which remained there until July, when the whales disappeared suddenly, on account of the huge blocks of ice which covered the sea at this time of the year, and the passage northwards was left open to them. The whalers were never put into the small boats before they arrived at the Polar Sea; then they began to get their harpoons in order, and to prepare for sport. The coast and bays of Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen were the places where the sport usually began, and then later it was continued in the Arctic Sea; it took place between 70° and 80° latitude. Cherie Island, which lies a little south of Spitzbergen, does not appear to be visited by whales, at least not at the time of the year during which whaling takes place. Bennett and Jonas Poole, during the years 1603 to 1609, undertook seven journeys to this island, to hunt the walrus, without the idea ever entering their heads of pursuing the whale. In the description of six of these journeys, the whale is not ever mentioned; whereas, on the other hand, Jonas Poole, during his Polar expedition in 1610, had scarcely visited Spitzbergen, when he brought home the news that he had come across great quantities of whales. The following year an expedition was sent out for whaling purposes, and was sent out year after year afterwards.

Many great authorities state that off the coast of Nova Zembla a whale has never been seen. In general the Greenland whale has kept more to the north, as it has kept more to the west in the Davis Straits and Baffin's Bay. We know that it has often visited the north coast of Iceland, the same latitude which it attains on the west coast off Greenland; though farther east we can only mention the stations Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, which were formerly visited by whales in great number. It is not in the least the degree of latitude which influences the Greenland whale, but the ice boundary which regulates its move-

ments. Individual whales have sometimes broken through this rule, and been lost off the northern coasts of Europe, as the north-west whale has done four or five times—a whale which, like the Greenland whale, limits itself to the Polar regions. There has been no example of this kind known with regard to the Greenland whale. Dr. Gray relates in 'The Voyage of H.M.S. Erebus and Terror,' that a Greenland whale had stranded in the Bay of Carnarvon, and was driven down to Liverpool on the 4th of May, 1846; but after further investigation he admitted it to be another kind of whale (*Phyasalus boops*). Statements have been made that the Greenland whale has been seen in the Atlantic Ocean, but, as I said before, it never separates itself from the ice, and therefore these accounts are quite fictitious. There is little doubt that the Greenland whale has always lived in the neighbourhood of the Polar regions, and that those whales which have been seen in the Bay of Biscay, and in the sea south of Iceland, are of a different kind. The Greenland whale must have been altogether unknown to European nations till late in the sixteenth century, with the exception of the settlers from Norway in Iceland; and in Greenland, where the Norwegians had formed settlements, and during their summer journeys, when they went as far as the northern parts of Baffin's Bay, and the whaling stations, Lancaster Sound and Barrow Straits, which are now so celebrated. The Greenland whale is not the only whale which for centuries remained unknown; the Hyperoodon was not discovered till the eighteenth century. A very interesting book of the twelfth century, called 'Kongespeil,' written in Iceland, describes the north or Greenland whale as follows: 'Another kind of whale is the so-called 'North whale: it is an immense fish, eighty yards long, sometimes even ninety, and it is as broad as it is long; it has also a big head, forming about one-third of its body. This fish is very clean in its habits, for it takes no other nourishment but rain, and what falls on the surface of the sea from above; when caught, and its inside opened, nothing unclean is ever found in its belly, as in other fish, for its belly is always empty. It cannot easily open its mouth, and often when it is open dies through not being able to shut it again. Besides this, it does not attack ships; has no teeth, and is a fat fish, which anybody may eat with pleasure.' During the time this work was written, and long afterwards, people must have read this description with a good deal of doubt; and of course, to anybody who had no idea of what the North or Greenland whale was like, it must have sounded quite fabulous. It is quite true that the head of the Greenland whale forms one-third of its body—the head of males is even somewhat larger. That the Greenland whale lives upon rain is of course fabulous; the reason given for this is probably because no remains of animals are found inside its belly. The Greenland whale never opens its mouth very wide; but it is possible if it opened it too wide, it would not be able to close it again, owing to the formation of its mouth, and also on account of its beard, which is of a great length, and which becomes entangled easily in its mouth. The size

of the whale is naturally exaggerated, for the Greenland whale is never larger than seventy feet. One of the most ancient whalers, Edge, describes the Greenland whale as being sixty-five feet in length, and it is highly improbable that the whale was formerly longer. As it is impossible to admit that the Greenland whale was ever found in the North Atlantic Ocean, the question is, what whale could it have been that was chased in the North Atlantic Ocean, like the Greenland whale was in the Polar Sea? In the 'Kongespeil' we find the following description of this whale: 'Besides this, there 'is another whale, "Sletbag," a whale without a back-fin; its body 'is as thick as the before-mentioned (Greenland whale); those who 'go to sea fear it greatly, for its nature is to overturn boats.' In the accounts of whaling expeditions during the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries, there is no description of any whale whatever. The English whaling expedition to Spitzbergen, under Edge in 1611, consisted principally of Spaniards. The names that were given the whales are sufficient proof of this statement: 1. The bearded whale. 2. Sarda. 3. Trumpa. 4. Otta Sotta. 5. Gibarta. 6. Sedena. 7. Sedena negro. 8. Sewria. The whale called 'Sarda' is described by Edge as being somewhat smaller than the Greenland or Bearded whale. At this period the 'Sarde,' or 'Sarda,' was as well known by whalers as the Greenland whale; it was their chief object of pursuit in the North Atlantic Ocean. The length of the beard of this whale is put down at six feet; this is again a proof of the difference between this whale and the Greenland whale. The 'Sarde,' or 'Sletbag' as it is called in Iceland, was often caught off the coast of New Britain. Edge also states that the 'Sarde' has white things on its back like shells. In the years 1878 and 1879 two ships were sent out from Copenhagen for whaling purposes, in the South Atlantic ocean. They had orders if the weather was favourable to try the coast of Iceland and Norway, and one of the ships, called the 'Christianshavn,' had the good fortune, between Newfoundland and Iceland, to catch a 'Sarde,' the head of which was covered with 'white spots,' according to the account of the captain of the ship. On the return of the ship to Copenhagen, Chemnitz discovered the 'white spots' to be animalculæ called *Coronula, Lam.* The 'Sarde' was much livelier than the Greenland whale, much quicker in its movements, and therefore more difficult and dangerous to hunt. It was smaller than the Greenland whale, though there is no exact description of its length to be had. Its head was shorter and its beard comparatively thicker, but not half so long as that of the Greenland whale. The 'Sarde' belonged to the North Atlantic Ocean, as much as the Greenland whale does to the Arctic Ocean; so it was quite exceptional when one of these whales was found in the district of the other. The 'Sarde' in winter was found in the Bay of Biscay and off the coast of North America as far as Cape Cod, while in summer, round Iceland and the northern part of Norway. The previous existence of this whale is certain. Cuvier alludes to it as *Baleena glucialis*.

Scoresby searched during weeks and months for the Greenland whale between Spitzbergen and Greenland, but he was astonished not to come across the 'Sarpe.' In Baffin's Bay the Sarpe was as rare as it was in the sea of Spitzbergen. During the interval of several years individual whales have probably been seen there. Scoresby knew from long experience the nature of the Greenland whale, therefore knew that it could not be found in the North Atlantic Ocean, near the coast of France and Spain; so that all the whales that were killed there, he thought they were Fin whales. Lacepede imagined that the Sarpe was identical with the Greenland whale; Cuvier fell into the same error also, but then altered his opinion to that of Scoresby's. Since the end of the last century nothing has been heard of the Sarpe; then it was not at all rare in the North Atlantic Ocean. It was, as one knows for certain, caught regularly off the coast of Nantucket; it is also known, that two whalers during the years 1778-79, in the South Atlantic Ocean, caught, on their return voyage, a Sarpe between Newfoundland and Iceland. The fact that captains of ships were instructed to look out for the Sarpe in the northern seas shows that the capture of this animal was not anything remarkable. American ships captured several 'Sarpe' whales in Brede Fiord and Faxø Bay, in Iceland, as late as the years 1770 and 1780. If we consider that the fitting out of a whaler costs great sums of money, therefore when there are few whales to be seen, the sport does not repay the trouble and expense. On the 19th January, 1854, a 'Sarpe' appeared in the Bay of Biscay near the port of San Sebastian; it was accompanied by one of its young. During the chase the mother escaped, but the young one was caught; it measured twenty-six feet. Its head was, comparatively speaking, small, forming about one-fifth of its body. Eschricht went on purpose to Pampeluna in 1858 to see the skeleton of this whale, which he was quite satisfied as being a 'Sarpe.' I think enough has been said to prove that the Greenland whale has never been found, either in former times or now, in the Bay of Biscay, and that it has been confounded with the 'Sarpe.' It is a well-known fact that there are many examples known of whales being found in the Pacific Ocean, with European harpoons in them, long before European whalers had visited the Pacific; the whales must naturally have been harpooned in the Arctic Seas. The first news of this we have from a Dutch ship wrecked near the island Quelpaert in 1653, and the crew remained a long time at Corea. Hamel von Gorkum, one of the crew, relates that in the sea north-east of Corea every year a great number of whales are found, in some of whose bodies there are French and Dutch harpoons constantly found. A sailor from Rotterdam, by name Klerck, relates that he was present when a whale stranded on the coast of Corea, in the body of which was a Dutch harpoon. Zorgdrager mentions also, 'that off the coast of Japan a whale was found, in the back of which was a harpoon with the letters W. B., which was acknowledged to belong to Admiral William Bastianse, who was whaling near Spitzbergen.'

We have also an example of a whale which stranded on the coast of Kamtschatka, in the body of which there was found a Dutch harpoon. When Müller went to Irkutsk, in 1736, he met a Dutch sailor named Busch, who told him that in 1716 a whale was driven on the shore at the mouth of the river Kompakova, which had a harpoon with Roman letters run into it. These examples only prove that whales which are pursued by whalers near Spitzbergen are found through the Behring's Straits as far south as the coast of Corea and Japan. It is by no means proved that the Greenland whale visits these parts regularly; on the contrary, it would appear that it was only by chance that they had been drifted there. Another question is, whether the Greenland whale is a regular frequenter of the Behring Straits and the sea round Kamtschatka? and many things would lead us to suppose so. In 1840 the South Sea whalers began to extend their expeditions to the northern regions; they came across several South Sea whales, which they called big-headed whales; they bore a great resemblance to the Greenland whale. The celebrated Zörgdrager imagined that there were two kinds of whales at Spitzbergen. The South Sea whale has for its boundary line the two sides of Kamtschatka. Södring, the captain of a Danish whaler, who, during his three journeys to the Pacific on the 'Neptune,' relates that he killed two big-headed whales in the Behring Straits during the month of July. Big-headed whales and ordinary whales he met with, and was able to compare the two. It is still a question whether the big-headed whales, when the summer is far advanced, go in a northerly direction to the Behring Straits, and if they pass only a limited time with the South Sea whales near Kamtschatka, whilst the rest of the year they remain far separated from one another in quite different parts of the ocean. This is a question which Professor Rheinhardt or the Edler von Hayek may probably some day succeed in unravelling.

GEORGE GREVILLE.

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES.

ACCORDING to our custom for years past we publish in our December number the averages of the principal public schools during the past summer. The increase of facilities for the tuition of young cricketers at some of the less fashionable seats of education has on some special occasions helped to lessen the monopoly enjoyed by a few of the more favoured in the representation of the Amateurs against the Players; but as a general rule Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, Marlborough, Cheltenham and Clifton have furnished the chief part of the elevens in the

Inter-University matches, the source from which the players to represent the Gentlemen in the great match of the season have mostly come. The possession of some exceptional talent enabled a clever coach like H. H. Stephenson to bring Uppingham for a time prominently forward, and W. S. Patterson, A. P. Lucas, D. Q. Steel, and H. T. Luddington, all in the Cambridge eleven in the same year, were a quartette of which the old Surrey professional might well be proud. Since that time Uppingham has given birth to one player, H. Rotherham, well qualified for a place in the best amateur eleven of the year; but during the last season none of the minor Schools was fortunate enough to give birth to a Lucas or a Patterson, and the Universities had chiefly to complete their elevens from the supply provided by the nine schools mentioned in the present article. The averages which follow require but little comment; the figures almost speak for themselves. Early in the summer Winchester gave every promise of having a most successful season, and despite their unexpected defeat by Eton—due mostly to bad fielding—they were able to show a satisfactory record, losing but one of their other ten matches, that by only 36 runs. They were a strong, powerful eleven, better with the bat than the School had sent into the field for several years, and despite their moderate bowling their defeat by Eton was the more surprising after the poor display of the Etonians at Lord's. Excepting for their Captain, P. J. Paravacini, the most successful boy-bowler school-cricket has produced for a long time, Eton had a very inferior eleven, and their defeat by Harrow was in no way a fluke, as the winners, though their batting was somewhat uneven, were much the better team all round. Rugby had been making such a poor show in its early matches that Marlborough was generally expected to have an excellent chance of for once scoring a victory at Lord's. Things until the last, too, seemed to augur the fulfilment of these expectations, and it was only the very fine hitting of Cave and Cohen at the close that turned the scale in favour of Rugby. The Marlburians were no doubt better than usual, but they were also defeated in their other school match of the year, and it is open to doubt whether Cheltenham would not, in it must be admitted a season by no means up to the average of Public School cricket, have taken their own part with the best of a moderate lot of rivals. In their victory over Clifton, though the latter were apparently very weak in bowling, the Cheltonians showed good form all round, and, taken on the whole, their averages will compare with those of any Public School of 1881. Charterhouse defeated Westminster by an innings and 177 runs, but the latter have been steadily going down since the days of H. M. Marshall, Ashley Walker, and E. Bray; last season they were in no way to be feared either in batting or bowling, in both of which departments they were exceedingly weak. The figures of the Charterhouse eleven, at the same time, show that Westminster was unlucky in having to meet a team more level than many of those

which represented other schools; and the Carthusians, who had one of the best all-round players of the year in C. W. Wright, would in all probability, to judge by their other decisive victory over Wellington, have taken some beating by Harrow or Cheltenham.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
P. J. de Paravicini	14	0	229	34	16·3
H. W. Bainbridge	14	0	183	40	13·0
A. E. Newton	14	0	139	35	9·13
W. F. Cave	11	0	91	28	8·3
R. J. Lucas	16	3	199	36	15·4
R. H. Rawson	14	3	159	37	14·5
J. Hargreaves	15	2	172	30	13·3
A. C. Richards	8	3	91	38*	18·1
Hon. D. H. Lascelles	4	1	19	10	6·1
Hon. C. M. K. Hugessen	11	2	137	48*	15·2
Hon. C. Trefusis	10	4	63	18*	10·3

* Not out.

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
P. J. de Paravicini	231·2	111	436	41	10·6
H. W. Bainbridge	33·2	7	99	4	24·7
R. J. Lucas	89·0	21	198	5	39·6
R. H. Rawson	69·2	20	133	8	16·6
A. C. Richards	137·0	29	326	18	18·1
Hon. D. H. Lascelles	68·0	30	102	7	14·5
Hon. C. M. K. Hugessen	20·0	0	81	2	40·5
Hon. C. Trefusis	92·0	25	203	10	20·3

Lascelles bowled one wide and Hugessen two.

Excepting for their captain, Paravicini, the Etonians were, as will be judged by a reference to the figures, much below the best Eton standard, and their bowling was the weakest we have ever seen in a public school match. The whole burden of the bowling, both against Harrow and Winchester, was borne by Paravicini, and in the two matches he took twenty-two wickets at an average of just over 8 runs. Both at Eton and Lord's a very diminutive youngster, A. C. Richards, showed excellent defence, as well as great confidence, and he will, in all probability, with more strength, develop into a fine bat.

THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Total Number of Runs.	Average.
Kemp	10	1	52	201	22 $\frac{3}{10}$
Hadow	11	1	94	238	23 $\frac{3}{5}$
Martineau	11	2	16	71	7 $\frac{3}{5}$
Bolitho	10	0	44	175	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Shakerley	8	3	15*	41	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Greatorex	10	0	30	122	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Routledge	9	0	23	79	8 $\frac{7}{9}$
Baines	11	0	30	135	12 $\frac{3}{11}$
Ward	9	1	21	70	8 $\frac{3}{8}$
Spiro	9	2	13*	34	4 $\frac{2}{7}$
Moncrieffe	3	0	0	0	0

* Not out.

THE HARROW ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Overs.	Number of Maidens.	Number of Runs.	Number of Wickets.	Average.
Shakerley	308	129	453	49	9.12
Greatorex	126	24	280	25	11.5
Kemp	122	36	238	16	14.14
Routledge	45	16	72	7	10.2
Moncrieffe	38	21	46	2	23.0

Harrow had only four of its choices of 1880 left, but it was able to place in the field an eleven fairly good at all points. Hadow and Kemp were both batsmen above the average, and the former's vigorous hitting did much to win the Eton match. The batting at Lord's was hardly as level as might have been expected, but the bowling was of a better class than any of the school teams we saw last year. Kemp, who promised so well in 1880, had fallen off altogether, but Shakerley and Greatorex were two bowlers superior to the ordinary school standard, especially the former, whose figures will compare with any others in the averages given herewith.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
Hon. J. W. Mansfield	12	0	371	75	30'11
W. N. Lea	12	0	193	41	16'1
C. L. Hickley	10	4	94	18	15'4
C. M. Lambrick	12	1	351	84*	31'10
H. G. Ruggles-Brise	11	1	267	94	26'7
N. E. W. Stainton	9	0	102	35	11'3
G. F. Hornby	11	1	124	59	12'4
A. R. Cobb	12	0	219	50	18'3
G. W. Ricketts	10	3	159	64	22'5
G. S. S. Vidal	9	1	104	54*	13'0
H. G. Saunders Davies	10	0	253	118	25'3
B. E. Nicholls	5	3	15	9	7'1

* Not out.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	No-balls.	Wickets.	Average.
W. N. Lea	336	29	178	6	0	10	18'4
C. L. Hickley	1027	74	387	0	1	45	8'28
H. G. Ruggles-Brise	65	2	40	0	1	2	20'1
N. E. W. Stainton	255	10	150	4	0	7	22'0
G. F. Hornby	905	54	404	2	5	36	11'15
G. W. Ricketts	249	5	139	0	0	10	13'9
B. E. Nicholls	330	13	161	0	0	11	14'6

Seven of the Winchester choices of 1880 remained for 1881, and in some cases the figures will compare favourably with those of the previous year. Mansfield, Lambrick, Lea, and Ruggles-Brise particularly showed a marked improvement in batting, and in this department the Wykehamists were a strong and useful team. In Hickley they had a very effective slow bowler, but, with the exception of Hornby, whose fast round-arm, even if erratic at times, was upon the whole successful, the bowling was very moderate. The batting in the Eton match was disappointing, and much, we really consider, below their real form, but they would even then have won had it not been for their weak bowling and, what is a very unusual defect in Winchester cricket, poor fielding. In their earlier matches the Wykehamists showed exceptional ability for run-getting, and their ill-success against the very poor bowling of Eton was the more tantalising.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
H. W. Cave	15	0	172	79	86	11·7
E. H. Kempson	19	3	386	47	73	24·3
H. T. Arnall	13	3	85	26	26	8·5
E. N. Fellowes	10	0	123	49	57	12·3
R. E. Inglis	17	1	245	53	53	15·5
H. S. Walker	19	3	290	40	49	18·2
B. A. Cohen	16	1	195	69	73	13·0
H. Martin	16	2	148	22	37	10·8
W. Maxwell	14	2	71	18	18	5·11
E. Bowden-Smith	14	4	65	13	26	6·5
G. Wright	14	1	67	14	14	5·2

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
H. S. Walker	410	26	196	19	10·6
R. E. Inglis	162	11	72	6	12·0
W. Maxwell	523	24	259	17	15·4
G. A. Wright	640	31	338	21	16·2
H. W. Cave	672	57	292	18	16·4
H. T. Arnall	744	36	377	22	17·3
B. A. Cohen	547	30	319	16	19·15
E. Bowden-Smith	332	17	155	7	22·1
H. Martin	501	33	257	9	28·5

Walker gets the All-round and Bowling Cups ; Kempson the Batting.

Cave and Arnall were the only remnants of the Rugby eleven of 1880, and from the results of the earlier matches the chances of a win against Marlborough were apparently only small. Kempson, a good old Rugby name, was at the head of the batting averages, but, except those of Walker and Inglis, the figures are poor, and Cave and Cohen, whose vigorous batting won the Marlborough match, had done very little previous to that time. Arnall, the slow left-handed bowler, who proved so effective against the Marlburians the previous year, did not train on as was expected, and it will be seen that there were as many as nine bowlers in the team, though only one of them, Walker to wit, was apparently of any real pretensions.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
C. W. Wright	18	2	566	106	35·6
W. Lea	15	3	351	90*	29·1
W. N. Cobbold	8	1	165	54*	23·4
A. M. Streatfeild	16	2	292	49	20·12
E. P. Spurway	17	2	263	53	17·8
F. L. Dames	11	6	85	27	17·0
L. Owen	13	0	218	69	16·10
R. T. Rokeby	17	0	280	54	16·8
T. W. Blenkiron	8	2	81	46	13·3
C. A. Smith	14	1	132	35	10·2
J. A. S. Fair	10	0	68	18	6·8

* Not out.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
C. A. Smith	1523	90	587	64	9·11
T. W. Blenkiron	725	40	305	31	9·26
A. M. Streatfeild	802	47	299	31	9·20
W. Lea	218	13	101	8	12·5
F. L. Dames	929	40	453	29	15·24
E. P. Spurway	56	1	28	2	14·0
R. T. Rokeby	63	0	44	3	14·2

Matches played 14. Won 7, Lost 4, Drawn 3.

Charterhouse were a fairly strong eleven at all points, and their figures, both in batting and bowling, will contrast favourably with any of the rest. In Wright they had a really good bat, with plenty of punishing power, as well as a very promising wicket-keeper, and he ought to be of some use to Cambridge University next season. In Smith, Blenkiron, and Streatfeild they had three useful bowlers, each with an average of under 10 runs, and as the fielding was smart, they were all round a good useful working team.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.
F. T. Higgins	13	2	227	53	20·7
H. Wetton	13	0	77	33	5·2
C. W. Crowdy	13	0	106	22	8·2
W. C. Dale	12	1	107	26*	9·8
F. W. Bain	12	0	103	21	8·7
G. E. M. Eden	13	0	188	53	14·6
E. Harington	14	2	124	48	10·4
T. W. Kimber	11	3	55	20	6·7
W. A. Burridge	10	1	54	19	6·0
C. T. Roller	10	1	50	29	5·0

* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
F. T. Higgins	165·2	52	292	25	11·17
H. Wetton	73·0	21	117	81	14·5
W. C. Dale	51·3	8	104	10	10·4
G. E. Eden	127·4	25	322	23	14·0
E. Harington	26·0	4	58	3	19·1
T. W. Kimber	62·0	9	174	6	28·6

Westminster cricket has deteriorated sadly of late, and Higgins and Wetton were apparently the only two players at all worthy of notice. The former shows a creditable average, both with bat and ball, but, excepting for Wetton's bowling, the eleven would have been evidently in a very bad way, and, as will be seen, he took eighty-one out of one hundred and forty-eight wickets.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
A. B. Turner	13	1	338	64	28·2
G. E. Thompson	12	0	97	38	8·1
E. E. Steel	10	0	119	36	11·9
H. M. Leaf	13	1	245	60*	20·5
E. Mahon	13	0	216	47	16·8
J. E. Rowe	13	1	245	50	20·5
H. J. Nott	13	4	113	31	12·5
F. B. Windeler	13	0	109	26	8·5
G. R. Lascelles	10	4	48	14	8·0
K. R. Marley	11	0	129	24	11·8
E. H. Buckland	11	0	91	22	8·3

* Not out.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
H. M. Leaf	1094	508	48	10'7
H. J. Nott	1108	477	38	12'21
E. E. Steel	731	320	22	15'0
E. Mahon	228	97	13	7'6

Marlborough were all round a better eleven than in the previous year, and both in batting and bowling their figures were quite up to the average of the season. A. B. Turner, who was at the head of the batting averages, showed a very marked improvement on his form of 1880, and H. M. Leaf and J. E. Rowe were both successful, each getting a precisely similar aggregate for the same number of innings. Leaf's style is not taking, but he has great defence, and his slow round-arm bowling on which he gets considerable work was also successful. Only four bowlers were tried by Marlborough, but they were all above the ordinary run, and their figures were very creditable.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Runs.	Innings.	Average.
C. R. Brown (Capt.)	101	12	8'4
M. Boyd	311	12	31'1
G. P. Pemberton	36	10	6'0
C. E. Greenway	343	15	24'5
W. Parish	158	13	13'2
A. E. Gibson	231	15	16'4
H. V. Page	124	14	10'4
H. Osborne	263	12	26'3
G. Page	74	9	9'2
D. Jones	51	5	10'2
A. P. Friend	28	10	3'5

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average.
M. Boyd	829	479	47	34	14'0
G. P. Pemberton	797	307	66	27	11'3
A. P. Friend	610	331	36	18	17'0
H. V. Page	694	267	67	22	13'0
D. Jones	104	74	10	8	9'7

The Cheltenham eleven had a very successful season, and their cricket all round was full of promise. In M. Boyd they had a batsman who can hit freely, and two other promising players in Greenway and Osborne, the former of whom plays in excellent form. Boyd, too, is a medium round bowler of no mean promise; and Page and Pemberton, who helped greatly to win the Clifton match, both came out well, thanks to the good fielding of the eleven generally.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
W. O. Vizard	14	1	472	111	111	36 $\frac{4}{5}$
B. D. Carey	15	2	169	56*	61	13
W. P. Richardson	15	4	264	55*	61	24
T. C. Wilson	11	0	154	32	48	14
W. Evershed	15	0	338	185	185	22 $\frac{2}{5}$
C. G. Carnegie	14	3	222	43	64	20 $\frac{2}{11}$
F. H. Wheeler	12	1	96	26	26	8 $\frac{1}{11}$
J. H. Brain	15	0	282	66	73	18 $\frac{2}{5}$
K. J. Key	13	0	115	37	55	8 $\frac{1}{3}$
H. Lloyd Will	13	1	286	67	86	23 $\frac{8}{13}$
H. B. Powell	9	4	30	8*	12	6

* Not out.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Runs per Wicket.
B. D. Carey	11	133	22	248	8	0	0	31
T. C. Wilson	8	141	35	285	15	0	0	19
W. Evershed	14	261	104	418	29	0	0	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. H. Brain	7	46	9	125	5	1	0	24 $\frac{2}{5}$
K. J. Key	13	221	60	446	23	0	0	19 $\frac{2}{13}$
H. B. Powell	11	215	86	343	21	0	7	16 $\frac{1}{3}$

The Clifton ground is so easy for run-getting that the batting averages ought always to be high, and they were last year, as a rule, higher than many other schools. Vizard, the captain, showed a very marked advance on his form of 1880, raising his average from 9 to 36, and in batting with Evershed, Brain, Lloyd Will, and Richardson, the eleven were strong. Evershed, Powell, and Key were the most successful bowlers, but in this department there was a manifest need for improvement, and in bowling Clifton was behind most of the other schools.

ROWING.

PROFESSIONALS across the Atlantic seem to have been indulging in more paper-warfare than usual, which is saying a great deal, remembering the number of airy challenges issued by all the men entitled to rank as first-class oarsmen, and several not so entitled, since Hanlan returned to Toronto. There did seem a prospect of Ross and Trickett meeting in the middle of last month, but the match, like the majority of those promoted nowadays, ended in smoke, Ross, the New-Brunswickier, declining to compete on the course chosen, and Hanlan decisively objecting to change the *venue*. Under these circumstances rowing in America is as stagnant as over here, and the last visitors, the Cornell four, to wit, who claimed to compete as amateurs, and rowed at Henley under that qualification, have certainly not raised the standard of trans-Atlantic honour, their parting exploit being to accuse one of their number of wilfully losing a match at Vienna, a charge of 'barney' hitherto confined to professional sporting men. It is satisfactory to notice that American opinion was unanimously down upon the crew for their mean insinuation, and they are long ago, no doubt, 'sorry they spoke.' Trickett, who has achieved nothing remarkable since his sojourn in the States, now develops an intense desire to row Hanlan again, a state of feeling induced, may be, by the Canadian's publicly expressed unwillingness to have anything further to do with the long Australian, who being, it is asserted, taken up by Ward, Hanlan's *quondam* supporter, might perhaps be matched with Courtney, or some of the numerous candidates for fame, with which, on paper, the Continent abounds. In Australia, E. C. Laycock, who won the first Hop-Bitters prize on the Thames, has carried off the Walker Whisky competition—why so called seems mysterious, as the name of the founder of the feast was neither Walker nor Whisky. Over there oarsmen affect to be very enterprising, so much so that R. W. Boyd, the sole remaining expositor of professional English sculling, amongst first-class men at least, is sorely tempted and persistently advised to proceed to the Antipodes, and make matches with one or all of the colonial representatives. Granting him the will, it remains to be seen whether Boyd possesses the power to achieve all of which his friends deem him capable. Should he prove worthy, it is a thousand pities that he made no sign a twelvemonth ago, when the principal oarsmen of the world were on the spot, at least on the Thames, and all more or less ready to make matches. Then Boyd gave no sign, but may, on the other hand, be said to have been conspicuously absent; so that when his friends now suggest lovers of sport coming forward with funds to send him to the other side of the globe, more impartial lookers-on may reasonably whisper, *Cui bono*. After all, Boyd need not leave England to secure a match, as Hanlan, noticing his desire for action, has sent him a challenge to row on the Thames for from 200*l.* to 1000*l.* a side, and as Boyd agrees to the proposal, with the trifling alteration of Tyne for Thames, something should come of this next spring.

Descending from championships to third-class form, a curious match has taken place between D. Godwin and J. Flynn, of Tipperary. An offer was made to find a man who had not won 50*l.* in a sculling race to row the Championship Course against any Thames oarsman, barring Blackman or Langan. This was accepted by Godwin's party, and Flynn being named as his opponent, it eventually transpired that the so-called Irishman was better

known as Patrick MacInerney, of Massachusetts, U.S.A., a big specimen of humanity standing 6 feet 2½ inches, and weighing over 13 stone. John Higgins undertook the preparation of the mysterious stranger, and the rumours of American nationality scared the know-nothings who nowadays seem to think that Greater Britain swarms with oarsmen like Riley, Ross, and Hosmer, and nearly of the calibre of Hanlan. The Godwinites, getting a sharp attack of needle, protested, and gave written notice to the stakeholder of the state of affairs, so that had Flynn MacInerney come in first a fine opportunity would have been afforded the patrons of the popular treble event, win-tie or wrangle, to air their eloquence and dispute bets with some show of reason. Up to the day Godwin was favourite, but at the post odds of 2 to 1 were currently laid on Flynn. His form was anything but attractive, still supporters were forthcoming, and when Godwin, who started neatly, had drawn out a long lead, the Irish-American party seemed almost as confident as ever, though in fact Godwin won very easily from start to finish. It was said that Flynn intentionally went off slowly, and that his mentors, confident in his strength, arranged for him to come up to and dispose of Godwin at a given signal. The signal was given, but the remainder of the programme remained unperformed, the power of deciding the race à la Laycock being the one thing wanting. Anyhow, judging from his doings in the race, Flynn is a very inferior sculler, and has everything to learn. It may be that in view of the protest difficulty his friends chose the easiest way out of the dilemma, and that he will display greatly improved form on his next essay.

At the Universities the decision of the fours attracted a deal of interest. Jesus gained a lucky win, as First Trinity had all the best of it until Gubbins, No. 2, fainted, and then Jesus won by only two or three seconds. Fellowes, who rowed No. 3 in the Trinity, had some consolation for the defeat by taking the Colquhoun Sculls, rather to the surprise of the talent, who had reckoned Logan a certainty. The last day was, however, all in favour of strength, and the strongest man undoubtedly won. At Oxford, Hertford have been at it again, and now stand in the proud position of winning the fours and being head boat, great achievements for a college but newly known to fame. As forcibly put by Mr. Brown, of Hertford, in an admirable letter to the editor of the *Field*, the rowing of his college, though resulting in their holding the Stewards' Cup at Henley, in addition to the University honours already mentioned, is objected to by Oxford magnates as of bad style, an amusing commentary on the judgment shown by the sapient authorities in question. The existence of such prejudice is a potent cause of 'Varsity crews being often of so inferior a standard, considering the numbers of men able and anxious to devote themselves to attaining their 'blue.'

On many occasions we have drawn attention to the quality of prizes offered at regattas of presumed importance. Some competitors at the Bewdley meeting, where cups of the value of 30*l.* were announced as the honorarium to a winning crew, adopted the prosaic method of having their prizes weighed and appraised, and the result being not quite satisfactory, an action to recover the advertised value was brought in the Kidderminster County Court, resulting in a decisive victory for the plaintiffs, who are to be provided with fresh cups of the full worth. Regatta committees everywhere—please copy.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE—Martinmass Tide.

'THE little summer of St. Martin'—where is it we have seen that saying? Like a good many other old adages, there is evidently much truth in it, as the extraordinary mild weather during the past month has testified. The good St. Martin gained his high reputation in mediæval days by dividing his cloak in midwinter with a naked beggar he encountered at Amiens. Most people would have given, not half their cloaks, but the whole of their ulsters, on Guy Fawkes' day to anybody who would have kindly relieved them of the burden. We merely refer to the adage because, as we are great respecters of the past, we like to hear old saws confirmed. There must have been something in that 'little summer' in days of yore. It is true we have seen little of it of late years. Probably, like comets, it has its orbit, and visits us at intervals. We can't say we were much impressed by, or very grateful for, its appearance. To be in a perspiration in November, after a brief walk across St. James's Park, to sit with open windows and without fires, was against the old order of things,—and yet it was ungrateful to grumble.

The 'little summer' did not visit Brighton, nor did it enliven the dreariness of Lincoln. Neither were we incommoded with it at Worcester, to which pleasant city, personally dear to us from old recollections, we bent our steps after a more or less agreeable Houghton. We do not expect much in the racing way at Worcester now. Some twenty years ago or so there were good horses to run there, and good men to ride them; but that is all changed. The good horses are not tempted to Pitchcroft, and as for the good men, why they are so few that to find one is a case of difficulty. Old racegoers, like old playgoers, are sometimes sorely tried. That 'comparisons are odious,' we have the high authority of our copybooks, and yet how they are forced upon us with a force there is no resisting? We had to compare a great deal, we regret to say, at Worcester, and about many things, not entirely to the advantage of this present time. The old city did not look quite as jovial as of yore. There was no sound of revelry by night; there was no pleasant party at the Star; even the bar of the Crown had lost some of its festive appearance. Comparison the first; we remember when there were such things as glee clubs, where we heard the picked voices of festival choirs, and drank our evening glass to the accompaniment of melody. Second comparison; we remember jolly dinners at the Star, when 'Joes,' 'Reggys,' and 'Hughies' were to the fore, about a dozen good fellows, with an equal number of 'crocks' among them, bent on sweeping the Pitchcroft board. Comparison number three; we call to mind theatres with goodly companies, fair 'Adas' and sprightly 'Jennys'; also suppers after the opera was over, to which noble lords were with difficulty prevented from inviting the whole *dramatis personæ*. But we must put a stop to our comparisons, or they will become too 'odious' for us to write or our readers to read.

If we did not expect much in the way of sport, assuredly we were not disappointed. Very tedious was the plating, very short the prices which the two or three bookmakers present condescended to lay. For even they had deserted the place. Where there is no carcass there will be no eagles, and the 'carcass' on Pitchcroft was, as the pious servant-girl said to her mistress in regard to another matter, 'such a little one,' that its flesh was not worth picking. When we say that the worthy and popular Tom Bratten was the leading member of the profession present, our racing readers will at once

perceive how very limited must have been the market for any ardent plunger who desired to 'play.' Popular as Tom is, the same condition does not apply to the prices he is in the habit of offering his clients, and a repetition of '5 to 4 on the field' is apt to be very tiring. However, as we have intimated, backers were not numerous, and the few there were modest men, whose maximum, we should imagine, was a tenner. If the prices were short, an excuse might have been alleged by the worthy Tom and his coadjutors that they were certainties, which was certainly the case. Favourite after favourite won, and it was not until the last race of the first day that an outsider came to the front in the Hunters' Race, in the shape of Proctor, which turned out to be the same Proctor who in '79 won the Biennial and the Mottisfont at Stockbridge for the late Mr. Savile. The best of the joke was that we none of us were aware of the identity of the horse with the smart son of Lecturer, and his owner even, who purchased him at Mr. Savile's sale, seemed to have forgotten the circumstance of his having been a good two-year-old, if, as was stated, he only had ten pounds on him. Of course, a racehorse among hunters, he won as he liked, and bitter were our feelings when we found how we had been done. There was an objection on the ground of insufficient description, but it came to nothing. We certainly think Proctor's sire and dam should have been mentioned on the card; as to the hunting certificate, that of course is only too easily obtained, for the farce of the transformation of a thoroughbred into a hunter is almost daily performed at this season. We shall meet some speedy 'hunters,' say at Sandown, and perhaps Croydon, next month. How absurd it is!

There was a very startling, and indeed almost painful, incident on the second day in the Severn Bank Steeplechase, for which Professor was one of the favourites, and which he had won by the length of a street. We say had won advisedly, for the old horse had come into the straight alone, and Mr. G. Lowe proceeded to pull him up into a canter. Some way in the rear was Mr. Palin on Brockton, a horse that had been started to make running for Professor, hopelessly distanced. No sooner, however, did Mr. Palin perceive that Mr. Lowe had pulled up, than he set spurs to his horse and came on in pursuit. If Mr. Lowe had only taken the trouble to look behind him, he might have saved himself a considerable amount of mortification, but instead of that he further eased Professor—who was almost trotting when Brockton came alongside. Of course, then it was too late. To set Professor going again, the chair only a hundred yards in front, was impossible, and so Brockton won by a neck. The feelings of Professor's backers may be better imagined than described. If the horse had been fairly beaten, of course it would have been racing fortune, but he *had* won, as we said above, and was only beaten through gross carelessness. Poor Mr. G. Lowe! The crowd of course yelled at and jeered him as he rode Professor back to the paddock, and his reception by Colonel Forester and Wadlow was hardly what one could call cordial. The gallant Colonel was understood to have had the maximum on; Lord Coventry, his host, had followed suit. In fact, if we may apply such a term to the limited circle of gentlemen on the Stewards' Stand, there had been a plunge on Professor. The first feeling of a desire to do Mr. Lowe some grievous bodily injury having subsided, we were almost inclined to commiserate him. His too great confidence had certainly brought its own punishment; and then again it occurred to us that the man on whom we ought to have wreaked our vengeance was Mr. Palin, the rider of Brockton. He had been started, so it was stated, to make running for Professor, who had left him standing still some way from home. His mission accomplished, there was nothing more for him

to do but to return to his stable. He had been fairly beaten, and Mr. Palin had had a pleasant ride. What, then, induced him to act in the way he did? Did he lose his head equally with poor Lowe, who said he took the frantic shouts of 'go on' that resounded from all sides as he cantered leisurely up from the distance for expressions of approval at his brilliant win! Truly, when the misdeeds of Lowe and Palin are weighed in the balance, we feel that against the latter should our anger have been rightly stirred. *Au reste* Worcester was pleasant enough in its social surroundings. We took our ease in our inn, which it was the Crown, and divided our evenings between the theatre and domestic 'nap.' We ate the mutton of Wales and drank the wine called Heidseck as well as other liquors. Faithful city, *au revoir*.

Liverpool, foredoomed by most prophets of racing evil as a failure, turned out, to the astonishment of most people, a success, and though the Messrs. Topham were soundly taken to task for spinning out their meeting to four days, they could point to the result as a proof that they were not so far wrong. We certainly think, at this time of year, three days are ample; but the Liverpool Autumn, as by a polite fiction the meeting is called, always has had four, and if people can be got to come to it, we do not see why the lessees should give one up. We had splendid weather, almost unprecedented on Aintree, and really good racing. Our Irish friends came over, and brought 'ghees' that were to sweep the board; but they only took two of the jumping races, and their Cup horse, Master Ned, turned out an overrated animal. Mr. Linde was of course the trainer of the jumpers, Lord Chancellor taking the Sefton Steeplechase, and Cyrus the Aintree Hunt Steeplechase. Lord Chancellor won very easily indeed, and took Captain Machell's fancy, who gave a round sum for him. The horse could not be trained last year, or else we should have seen him on Aintree before this. Cyrus, who beat Athlone in very hollow style, is a promising young horse, and must have much improved since last Punchestown, where Athlone beat him out of sight. Mr. Linde certainly is as clever in 'bringing on' hunters as poor Joe Dawson was with early two-year-olds. It is not that they have better horses in Ireland—that we cannot admit—but they know how to train them. They are fonder of the sport than we are, lay themselves out for it, and throw all their energies into it, and there are only a select few who really care much about racing. Mr. Linde has peculiar advantages in a steeplechase course, where every kind of obstacle is represented, from a ditch to a bullfinch, we believe; so, wherever he places his horses, they are at home. Then he knows also when to sell them, and who to sell them to, so we look upon Mr. Linde as a very clever man indeed.

Mazurka showed herself a very good mare by carrying the weight she did in the Crompton Cup, and though she did not please some critical eyes in the paddock, she must have been all right, for she won in a canter, and neither Meteora, Goggles, Candahar, or Douranee could make her gallop. Croydon did Sir John Astley a good turn on the first day, a useful horse, and we almost wonder he let him go to Jousiffe for 490 guineas. But we suppose, with the lot of horses Sir John has, he must sell now and then. The meeting of Lucy Glitters and Hagioscope in the Liverpool Leger was a foregone conclusion for the mare, jade though she may be. Snowden had to ride and keep her going, though, and it was as well for her backers that she had a man on her back. Archer had a fair day on Tuesday, but there was great grief in the last race, the Knowsley Nursery, when odds of 3 to 1 were laid on Ulster Queen, and she was done by Nectar. In the previous event, the New Stand Stakes, there had been some plunging on Tower and Sword, and the good thing had come off, though there were some anxious moments

when Archer was seen to be doing his very utmost to get the best of Brotherhood. 'The Pusher' was on the latter, and Archer was evidently in as much 'trouble' as was Tower and Sword, but he managed to get the last ounce out of him somehow after that Archerian fashion with which we are, or ought to be, by this time well acquainted. This emboldened our golden youth to do an extra plunge on Ulster Queen, and the result may be more easily imagined than described.

Good mare as Mazurka is, it was asking her a little too much to give Linnæus, in the Stewards' Cup, nearly 2 st. He had got second to her on the first day, and he ought to have been backed on the Wednesday, but Sir Joseph carried more money than Mr. Towneley Parker's grey. Sir Joseph, however, stopped like a shot when called upon, and Mazurka shutting up under her weight, Linnæus was left with an easy win. It transpired that Sir Joseph had broken down, but nothing very serious, we believe. Lord Cadogan, who, by the way, was confined by serious illness to his home at Brighton, had a real good day on the Wednesday, for Sunshine won the Liverpool Nursery, and Spring Tide took the City Cup, so we hope when the wire brought the good news to the invalid's couch it acted like a tonic on him. Certainly the 'Eton Blue' could not complain. Sunshine is a sweet filly, and Spring Tide made havoc with his field, as soon as he could get through, in the Cup. Sir John Astley and Lord Castlereagh had each a turn with Glen Allyn and Beatrice. The former Sir John bought out of a selling race at Manchester, and he was said to be 12 lbs. better than Wild Stag. It was a good race between him and Marc Antony, to whom he was giving his year and 8 lbs., and sheer gameness brought him home. A cast-off of Sir John's, Croydon, a very useful horse indeed, for he can stay, won the Feather Plate for his new owner, Mr. Hughes, of Chester, who wisely would not let him go, but bought him in for 710 guineas. Beatrice had run well enough on Tuesday, when Croydon beat her, to make her much fancied, with little Barrett up, in the Fazakerly Nursery, and Lord Castlereagh parted with her to Joseph Cannon for 210 guineas. The Sefton Steeplechase we have already spoken of. There was really nothing in the race but Lord Chancellor, and though Mr. H. Beesley made a show of a race with Victor II., he could have won by the length of a street if he had liked. Mr. Rupert Carrington fancied his Cross Question, but he ran badly, as did everything else. Captain Machell has got a dangerous customer in the winner, unless Mr. Linde manufactures something better this winter, which, by the way, he is very likely to do, and bring it over and astonish us in the spring. There is a horse called Cyrus, who won the Aintree Hunt Steeplechase, beating Athlarca, that will shape, if we mistake not, into a very good jumper. He is a somewhat difficult horse to ride, we hear, but he ran straight enough on Aintree, and as he won—we presume fair and square—we fancy he must be smart. We know Athlarca is.

The Cup brought out such a much larger and better field than expected, and the prophets were so floored by the result, that the race will be memorable. It will be memorable also for a sad fatality that occurred to one of our most promising jockeys, which we shall refer to in due course. There had been a good deal of betting on it from the moment when the weights appeared; and there was a ludicrous circumstance connected with the race which we must mention. Prestonpans had naturally been selected by the public as the favourite, and when it transpired that the horse had been struck out, we all said it was only what might have been expected, and cursed the folly that had impelled us, after repeated warnings, to touch Mr. Gretton's horses. But we could not help laughing—some of us, we fear, maliciously—

when it transpired that Prestonpans had been struck out by mistake. His worthy and popular owner had intended to scratch him for the Lancashire Handicap, not for the Cup; but quite the reverse of his intention was the result. Who had blundered we know not, nor does it much concern us to inquire; but the error must have been annoying to Mr. Gretton, as he had already instructed his commissioner to put 'a thou' on the horse, and it had been done. There ought to be in every stable but one 'scratcher,' whose business it should be to attend to that department alone; and we wonder when Mr. Gretton sent his horses to Manton that Alec Taylor did not immediately appoint an official such as we have here named; these deplorable mistakes would not then, in all probability, have occurred. However, there was no help for it, and the public had to find another favourite, which they did in Valour, a very legitimate one, though there was another in the same stable, Piræus, who had run well in the Cambridgeshire, and who was exceedingly favourably handicapped, a four-year-old, with 6 st. 7 lbs. However, there appeared to be some doubts at first whether Piræus would be found at the post, and meanwhile an evidently genuine commission in the market in favour of Buchanan caused him to take Valour's place in the quotations. The Manton stable, it seemed, balked of the Prestonpans chance by that unlucky blunder, determined to find another good enough to win, and there was no gainsaying Buchanan's claims, with 7 st. 11 lbs. on his back. The grey, it is true, had not done anything since the somewhat sensational win at Lincoln; but for that there might be reasons. He had won at Lincoln in a common canter, and though many people were inclined to ascribe his victory to the fact of his being the one eminently fit horse among a lot of others that had received hurried preparations, or no preparations at all—yet a win is a win, and not to be lightly esteemed. So, when it was evident that business was meant with Buchanan at Liverpool, people hurried to get on. Valour, however, was firm in the market, and 10 to 1 was taken kindly, when we arrived at Liverpool, about Piræus, so all doubts as to his starting were dispelled. Experiment's stable was very fond of her; Porter fancied Post Obit; the Manton people, Toastmaster; and all Ireland swore, a little too loudly, by Master Ned. He was 'the second best three-year-old in Ireland,' said his many friends; but the Aintree critics, who saw him in the morning gallops, were not enchanted with him, and he did not go very well in the market. He struck us, when we saw him, as being a plain, overgrown horse (he looked more like a four- or five-year-old than what he was), and one more fitted to take to the jumping business than the flat. Perhaps the former, from what we hear, may be his destination. Piræus went badly in the betting just before the race, consequent on the rush on Archer's mount—Valour. Not only were they the backers of Archer who were eager to get on the horse, but it was well known that such an excellent judge as Captain Machell had much more money on him than he had on Piræus; and, while advising his friends to back both, he made no secret of his belief that Valour was the best of the two at the weights. We were not so much eaten up with Valour or Buchanan, we confess. We had seen the former beaten by Sutler on more than one occasion, and he had succumbed to Essayez at Four Oaks. It was true he had beaten Peter at Manchester, but how he had managed to do that will for ever remain a mystery. And then here, in the Liverpool Cup, he was out of his course, as, indeed, were many others on their public running. Who were the stayers was a question not easy of answer. Wallenstein had been running shockingly bad; Toastmaster, by the book, was a 'miler'; Shinglass could

not, we were told, get a yard farther; Experiment was unreliable; perhaps Fortissimo had the best credentials. Ercildoune was believed to be a Derby horse once, and he might get home if he would do in public what Cannon had asked him to do in private; but as to the others, we were taking a good deal for granted when we asked them to win over a mile and a half. Valour looked wonderfully fit and well, never better in fact, and the confidence of his backers rose high at the last. Half an hour before the race he was quite as good a favourite as Buchanan, and certainly he carried more money than the grey. The issue of the race, and the painful accident that happened towards its close, we all know. Sufficient to say here, that before the Canal turn was reached Piræus had rushed through his horses, and without being headed, kept the lead he then took to the end. At the distance Buchanan, beaten at the time, swerved as Macdonald took up his whip, crossed his legs, and fell heavily, bringing down Ercildoune, who was close behind him, Lord Rosebery's horse striking Macdonald on the head as he fell. Of course there was great confusion, and the horses in the rear of the two who had fallen had to pull out to avoid a similar mishap. It had not interfered, however, with the leaders, of whom Wallenstein was the nearest attendant on Piræus. He made a gallant effort to reach the leader opposite the stand, but failed, and Mr. Hungerford's horse won easily by a length.

Of course it was immediately perceived that a very serious if not fatal accident had happened, and the sight of poor Macdonald borne senseless on men's shoulders towards the Sefton Arms was not reassuring. Surgical aid was quickly summoned, and the best that Liverpool could procure was telegraphed for by Sir John Astley in the absence of Mr. Stirling Crawford. Mr. Gretton, and indeed all the employers of the poor fellow who were present, took an equal interest in seeing that he had the best advice and every comfort. But the fatal blow had been struck when Ercildoune in falling had kicked him on the head. A severe fracture at the base of the skull was the result, and the medical men who surrounded his bedside had no hope from the first. The poor fellow lingered in agony until death released him on the morning but one after the accident. Cut off in the midst of a promising career, when his prospects seemed at their brightest, his early death has made a painful impression. Barely three-and-twenty when called away, he won his first race in 1876 on Tetrarch at Sandown Park when he was apprenticed to Humphreys, and the same year won the Shropshire Handicap on the same horse. Humphreys formed a high opinion of him, which was borne out by his subsequent career. When out of his time with the Lambourne trainer he took up his residence at Newmarket, and his star commenced steadily to rise. He was not a brilliant horseman, but he improved steadily. He was zealous and painstaking, quick and sharp, and not above learning or being taught. He scored his first big event when he rode Chippendale in the Cesarewitch of '79, and his recent and greatest win, when he steered Foxhall to victory in the same great handicap, is too fresh in our memories to need more than the mention of it. Singularly enough, he fell once before on Aintree, when he rode Tetrarch in the Great Lancashire Handicap in 1877, and was then, as now, picked up insensible and conveyed to the Sefton Arms. But that was only a broken collar-bone; now, alas, it was a death-blow. We never heard a word said against him; we have heard many in his praise. He was a good son, and in the prosperous days that seemed dawning for him he remembered those who had a claim on his love and affections. Peace be to him!

This sad event naturally threw a gloom over the first day of the meeting, because it was then known that there was no earthly hope, and that poor

little 'Mac' was rapidly sinking. A good many people left by the early train in the morning, but the gamblers stopped on, though they did not take much by their motion. It was thought that Valour, notwithstanding his poor exhibition in the Cup, would do much better in the Lancashire Handicap over his own peculiar course, a mile. So a good deal of money went on him; and next in favouritism was that disappointing horse Toastmaster, of whom his stable, we should think, have nearly had enough. Piræus ran, but nearly friendless, for in the judgment of the talent his 12 lbs. penalty put him out of court. His owner apparently thought the same, for he did not trust him with very much, and the stable money was all on Valour. However, the old horse ran no better than he did on the previous day, and Piræus, repeating his performance in the Cup, dashed to the front at the Canal turn, was never headed, and won in a canter. Edensor and Shinglass were his immediate followers, and that was all that need be said, except to mention that Piræus has repeated Arbitrator's double win of four years ago, and proved himself a very good horse. The other events call for no special remark. Petromel took the Queen's Plate very easily from Victor Emanuel, Poulet, and Prestonpass, the latter being started apparently with a view of getting the measure of his field with a view to eventualities. At least, Snowden rode him very carefully, we thought.

And then we journeyed on to Shrewsbury, but not in the old order of our going. It was a terrible order, the old; and yet, so perverse is human nature, we caught ourselves almost regretting it the other day and thinking of the dear delights of Liverpool, 'the love of the turtle,' &c.; for we used to spend the Saturday and part of the Sunday there, it being hardly worth while returning to London on Friday night, to come down to Shrewsbury on Sunday afternoon. Dear old John Frail had a pleasant way, our readers will remember, in the times of which we are speaking of having about thirteen races a day, commencing at 10.30 on Monday morning. So we spent our Saturday in Liverpool pleasantly enough. There was a hospitable board or two at which to sit, there were theatres to go to, there were interesting things, animate and inanimate, to see; nights, too, we remember, were sometimes 'filled with music,' and altogether it was not at all a bad time. The event was the Sunday journey to the town of cakes and—be it parenthetically remarked—ale. Crossing the ferry to Birkenhead in the midst of rain and wind, getting into some cold carriages, and being conveyed to our destination at such a rate of speed as a Sunday G.W. train could accomplish. The second and third-class compartments were filled, too, with a mass of racing humanity who spent the, to us, weary hours in blasphemy and song, until, cold and hungry, we crawled into Shrewsbury station about nine o'clock at night. This certainly was much too awfully awful, and yet, as we have just said, we hark back to these old days with a certain feeling of regret. Was it the good things that John spread before us—and there were good things in these days—that supported us under our trials? We had the prospect of at least five days' racing before us, and it was not at all certain that our host would not keep us there on the Saturday—if we remember rightly, he did on one occasion—to be dismissed, worn out and satiated, to our homes. Such was the old order. Now for the new.

In a certain nook of South Shropshire, embosomed among swelling hills, lies one of the most charmingly situated of villages it is possible to conceive.
Hills—

Bare grassy slopes where sheep are tethered,
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined—

surround it on three sides, on the fourth a fertile plain spreads before it with the towers of Shrewsbury dimly seen in the distance. The hills are not merely 'grassy slopes' either, but in some instances rise to the dignity of upwards of 1700 feet above the sea-level. On their heathery summits live grouse and mountain hares; down their sloping sides rushes many a stream. You may walk for miles and miles before you come to the limits of this unique tract of country. The air is bracing, the mountain mutton delicious; in the village, nestling at the foot of the hills, very good lodgings may be had; above all, there is an hotel, excellently conducted, replete with comfort and not unreasonable in its charges. A fortnight might be spent there, and the tourist would find some fresh excursion every day, and then he would turn his back on it with regret. Such is Church Stretton, half an hour by rail from Shrewsbury, and such, if it please our readers, is the new order of our going to the races thereof.

The worst of it is that we feel inclined on a fine bright morning, such as we had in the middle of the last month, to devote Shrewsbury and its races, its Battle-field, handicaps, and Anglesey nurseries, to perdition. Why should we not stay here among the hills, climb 'the Pole,' scale Caradoc, or walk up the valley to 'the Spout,' an unromantic name, but where you may fancy yourself in Scotland? What are 'good things' to good air? What the feverish excitement of the betting ring to a tramp over the heather? But duty calls, and we tear ourselves away from Church Stretton and plunge into the Wynnstay Welter, which we find is the first event 'set for decision,' as the correct phrase goes. The Messrs. Frail have issued a good programme; nothing of any great class do we find, but still fairly good sport, much better, considering the altered circumstances of the meeting, than we had expected. For many of the old faces were absent; some had gone over to the majority, illness kept away others—a certain weariness of the game had infected those whom we looked upon as *habitués*. Imagine Shrewsbury without Lord Westmorland or Sir George Chetwynd (though the latter did put in an appearance on the second day), or Lord Wilton or Mr. Crawford! The Duke of Beaufort made some amends by a reappearance after many years; but we missed 'the old familiar faces.' The sport, as we have said, was much better than might have been expected, though there was really nothing very particular about it, no events of special interest, except the Shropshire Handicap and the Cup, that we care to dilate upon. Petronel ran away with the Queen's Guineas, and never gave Valentino a chance; and that rather unlucky horse Brag was good enough to beat Beatus, Tower and Sword, Chevronel, Montrose, Centenary, &c., in a Welter Handicap. The Great Shropshire caused a good amount of speculation, and the majority of us jumped at too hasty a conclusion when we imagined Piræus could go on winning. He is a good horse, but to expect him to run every day was asking too much. Besides, the handicap was a very excellent one, and the more we looked at it the more difficult did it seem to find the solution of the puzzle. Robbie Burns was very well handicapped, and his party declared he was never better, and would win. The Stanton people trusted Toastmaster once again, and if Althotas could stay he was very well in. Then Ercildoune would do things at home which, if he did out, he might take the prize; and there was Wallenstein, second to Piræus at Liverpool. Sir John Astley ran Peter, and as little as 7 to 1 was taken about him; but Piræus and Althotas carried the most money, and to back the two coupled was the high road to a certainty. A few people, but only a few, backed Wallenstein, and when he was seen coming round the bend, rather wide but going strong and well, his chance dawned on us when too late. Piræus looked like a

winner at the distance, but as they neared the enclosure Wallenstein, still running wide, shot up on the Stand side, and won in a canter by a length and a half. Althotas compounded at the distance, and Robbie Burns cut a very wretched figure and finished absolutely last. Toastmaster ran a bad horse, and Ercildoune, we fear, is a bit of a rogue. The win was a confirmation of public running, curiously overlooked.

A great many people have been waiting for some time for a horse called Spitzbergen, under the impression that he would win a race at that indefinite period known as 'some day.' The only point was to discover when that day would come, and it came unexpectedly to most of us on the Friday. He was among the starters for the Cup, for which at first Edelweis was favourite; but a rumour got abroad that the two had been tried together at Manton and Spitzbergen had won. What sort of connection there is between the stable of Mr. Stirling Crawford and that of Mr. Redmall the bookmaker we know not, but some secret link doubtless exists, for we believe the report of the trial to be true. Moreover, the waited-for Spitzbergen won easily, and the good thing was landed, to the satisfaction, we trust, of all concerned. So much for Shrewsbury, and for the present good-bye to all friends round the Wrekin, not forgetting Church Stretton.

The doings of the Queen's Staghounds on their opening day at Salt Hill, on Tuesday, November 1st, have been almost done to death by the Specials and those funny men who do the Dailies, one of whom said that on this day Lord Cork did not wear the green garb familiar to the frequenters of Ascot, but 'a scarlet coat, distinguished from others only by the conspicuous 'brightness of its hue,' which in plain English, we suppose, simply means a brand new pink. On this day 'Honesty' was uncared for the fourth time, but did not give them such a good run as on former occasions, but amused himself in dodging about Burnham Beeches; then the hounds got very close to him and ran him to Beaconsfield with very few followers. It was a most miserable day, snowing and raining the whole time, yet there was an immense number of people and more on foot than had ever been seen, who were exceedingly unruly, giving Lord Cork and Goodall a great deal of trouble. It is quite impossible to say who were present and who not, but amongst the regular followers were Colonel and Lady Julia Follett, Lady Zouche, Colonel Harford, Captain King, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Paget, Mr. and Mrs. King-Peirce, Mr. Haynes Walton, Mr. Henry Laver, Mr. Clarkson, Mr. H. W. Nevill, Mr. Mavor, Dr. Jones, Mr. Spiers, Mr. George Salter, Mr. George Williams, Mr. Bowen May and his son, and hundreds of others. It was generally remarked that the Royal Hunt servants are better mounted, Goodall's grey being much admired; and this is the first season that his second horseman has worn scarlet.

The opening day of the Belvoir was on Monday, October 31st, at the Castle, when there was a large field to meet Frank Gillard and his beautiful pack of hounds. The Duke of Rutland was not out, but present were: Mr. John Earle Welby of Allington Hall, Captain Thorold, Major Longstaffe, Captain Tennant, Mr. Algernon Turnor and Miss Turnor, Mr. J. Hardy, Mr. and the Misses Heathcote, Mr. James Hutchinson, M. Couturier, Mr. and Mrs. James Hornsby of Honington Hall, Mr. W. Hornsby, Mr. A. Cross, Mr. A. Goodman, Mr. Boyall, Mr. Brockton, Mr. Downing, Mr. Mirehouse, Mr. Money Wigram, Mr. Gordon, Dr. Williams, &c. There was but very little scent and the sport was rather tame. They found at Muston Gorse, and ran to Belvoir and lost. Found another at Casthorpe, ran by Mr. Sill's house over Mr. Downing's farm back to the covert, then along the canal nearly to Woolsthorpe and to ground after a nice ring; found again at Sedgebrooke plantation, ran by Allington, through the Debdales

nearly to Bottesford, back by Muston village, where they lost after a fair hunting run in which there were a great many falls. On Tuesday, November 21st, they met at Leadenham, when they found a fox in some plantations below the hill, which ran to Welbourn and back to his old quarters, then slowly over the vale, where there was plenty of big jumping and lots of falls, on nearly to Wellingore, where he went to ground after a run of over one hour. It was snowing hard and very cold. Then they had a short ring from Sparrow Gorse, then away to Normanton Hill Top nearly to Sudbrook and back to where they found, after all the field had gone home but Messrs. Bemrose and Rudkin, who, with the hunt servants, had it all to themselves. In addition to those out on the previous day were Colonel and Miss Fane, Colonel Reeve, Mr. W. Willson and Miss Laura Willson, Miss Crofts, Miss Peacock, Messrs. Bedford, Bellamy, Bemrose, Clark, Caswell, Goodson, Watson, and Young. On Wednesday, November 2nd, they met at Waltham and found any number of foxes in Mr. Burbidge's covert, to the great delight of that fine old sportsman, who came out in his carriage. Hounds were hunting in all directions, but at last they got together and killed. Then a fox went away with hounds close at him over Burton Flats, on to Stapleford Park and round the coverts on to Whissendine, where he got to ground in a covert at Holygate farm-buildings, and was bolted and killed after a slow hunting run of fifty-eight minutes. Then they found again in Freeby Wood, ran through Waltham Thorns, crossed the Melton road over the vale up to Goodby Gorse, in which there was lots of grief, down to the village, where they lost. Then they went on to Harby Hills with rather a select field, amongst whom were Captain Middleton, Captain Elmhirst, Mr. Baldock, Mr. Prior, and a few others; there they found, and went away at once to Sherbrooke covert, and they had a nice run, but so few saw it. In addition to those out on the previous days were Mr. Tailby, Colonel Gosling, Captain and Hon. Mrs. Molyneux, Mr. Herbert Praed, Mr. Pochin, Mr. Lubbock, and others.

Monday, November 14th, found the Holderness at Routh, and a capital day's sport followed, including a fast gallop of fifty-eight minutes from a larch plantation near Whitecross to Alderman's Gorse. Amongst others out were Sir Henry and Lady Bonyton, Major Bower, Mr. Segard, Mr. F. Pease, Mr. J. Harrison, Messrs. Jackson, Halliday, Richardson, &c. Sad accounts come of the absence of foxes in some parts of the Holderness country, but let us hope that, as the season advances, it may be found that they were only out in the turnips when last called upon. Lord and Lady Waterford are to take up their quarters for the winter at Little Brocklesby, and the warm welcome they are sure to receive in Lord Yarborough's country will, we trust, help them partly to forget the ingratitude they have experienced in their own. Rumour speaks of a large party assembling at Brocklesby for the purpose of enjoying the 'sport of kings,' when the fair sex is likely to be ably represented in the field, as the Duchess of Hamilton and the Honourable Mrs. Tom Fitzwilliam are said to be of the party.

Friday, November 18th, Lord Middleton's hounds were at Ganton. Proceedings commenced with a breakfast at the Hall, to which all comers were welcomed by the genial owner and Lady Legard. Amongst the party staying in the house and at the meet were the Honourable E. and Mrs. Willoughby, Mr. and Mrs. Darley, Miss Hamikon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cholmley, Mr. E. Johnstone, Mr. Algernon Legard, Rev. F. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Captain Unett, Mr. Haliday, &c. At 10.30 Mr. Willoughby, who in the much regretted absence of Lord Middleton acts as Master, gave the order to move off, and after running a fox who declined to leave home, a good fox was found in the Peak, who putting his head eastward, made

his point, after an hour's fast gallop on the edge of Filey Cliffs, which at this part are some two or three hundred feet high, so hounds had to be whipped off.

Winter began in Warwickshire on Tuesday, the 1st of November. At an early hour snow fell heavily, and continued, almost without cessation, the greater part of the day; yet, in spite thereof, the North Warwickshire, according to custom, met at Stoneleigh Abbey, although the Arctic weather reduced the usual multitude of horsemen and carriages to a very great extent, but the pedestrians mustered in great numbers, and, as usual, did their best to spoil sport. Riding was at first out of the question, as the snow balled considerably. They found a fox at Bericote, which ran to Glasshouse Wood to Crackley, where they lost. Then they found another at Thickthorn, and had a nice little run of half an hour to Berkswell, and also lost. So bad a day as regards the weather for a first meet at Stoneleigh is not remembered.

The South or Old Warwickshire commenced their regular season on Monday, October 31st, when they met at Thelsford Cross Roads, and not as usual at Charlote Park. It was a very fine bright morning, and a large field assembled, on horseback and in carriages, amongst whom were Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Master, who this season hunts the hounds himself; the Earl of Howth, Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt, Lord Ribblesdale, Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, Mr. Berkeley Lucy, Mr. Henry Alfrey, General Bloomfield, Colonel and Miss Ashton, Mr. Henry Everard, Mr. John Arkwright, Mrs. Grenfell, Captain Jennings, Mr. H. Lupton, Mr. Ernest Hobson, Mr. H. Boulton, Mr. John D. Barbour, Mr. Hans Blackwood, Mr. Starkey, Mr. Grazebrook, Mr. James Rose, Mr. H. Ford, and many farmers. They found at Fir Tree Hill and had a fast five-and-twenty minutes through Moreton to Lighthorne Rough, where they changed foxes; then ran fast to Moreton Wood, over the meadows, back to the Rough to Bishop's Gorse, where they lost. Lord Willoughby hunted the hounds very well.

Sir Bache Cunard's first day was as usual at Gumley Hall, on Monday, the 31st, where a large field assembled. The hounds did credit to Grant, the huntsman, and the horses to Morley, the stud-groom. Amongst those present were Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. Gordon Cunard, and the Misses Cunard; Mr. W. W. Tailby, Sir Henry and Lady Halford, Count and Countess Stockau, Mr. S. Laing, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. E. Kennard, Major Bethune, Major Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. Bigge, Mrs. Arthur, Miss Aspinall, Major Jary, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. John Logan, Miss Davy, Mr. R. A. Falkner, Mr. Bennett, Mr. J. H. Douglass, Mr. A. Muntz, Mr. W. H. Hay, Mr. E. Dalglish, Mr. George Coleman, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Hazlehurst, Mr. Perkins, &c. The hounds soon found in the new blackthorn covert, which is very thick and strong, and it was some time before they could force the fox away, and then, with a very bad scent, they ran towards Laughton, and lost. Then they found again and ran fast by Mowsley to John Ball, and back to Saddington.

Up to November 14th Squire Lowndes' hounds had been out seventeen times, killed eight brace of foxes, and run six brace to ground, and had some very fast gallops over their beautiful vale.

The opening meet of the Atherstone was on the 7th, at Bosworth, when the weather was remarkably fine. Amongst those present were Mr. W. E. Oakeley (the Master) and the Hon. Mrs. Oakley, Lord Fielding, Hon. Cecil Howard, Mr. Newdegate, M.P., General Phillips, Mr. Cunliffe Shawe (the Secretary of the Hunt), Captain Barwell, Mr. F. Wedge, &c. The hounds and horses looked in the most perfect condition, thereby reflecting the greatest credit on Castleman and John Pye. They found their first fox

at Bosworth, and ran to Nailstone, where they killed, after a good run; then after running a brace to ground they found another near the Cow Pastures, which was killed near Barwell. Since then these hounds have had very good sport.

The first day of the Southwold was at Belchford, when there was a very large field out. They found several foxes at Oxcombe, but did not do much good with them; then, after drawing Cawkwell Wood blank, they returned to Oxcombe, where they found a fox which no doubt they had moved in the morning, got well away with him, ran hard up to Cadwell Lodge, then hunting slowly, with hares jumping up on every side, both the hounds and their huntsman, Mr. Rawnsley, the Master, who is very keen, performing admirably, into Stinigot, where, after dodging about for some time, finally got into a rabbit-hole, from which he was dislodged. This is the first season of Mr. Rawnsley carrying the horn:

The Southdown commenced cub-hunting on August the 22nd, and found a very fair show of foxes all over their country. Scent was very bad in covert, but, taking it all through, Champion never knew it better out. They had a very hard day on Monday, October 17th, at Laughton, running five hours out and in the coverts, and killed an old dog-fox. This was a capital day for young hounds. They finished on Friday, the 21st, with a very good day, losing their first fox, killing their second; then had one hour and twenty-five minutes over the open down, and ran the third to ground. They were out twenty-six mornings, killed thirteen and a half brace, and ran eight and a half brace to ground. They began their regular season on Wednesday, October 26th, with a wretched bad-scenting day. It was a bitter north-east wind, with heavy hailstorms, but a very large company came to see the late Master presented with his picture by Sir Henry Brand, the Speaker; several ladies were present, and amongst others were the new Master, Mr. Charles Brand, Lord Gage, Sir Spencer Wilson, Mr. James Ingram, of Ades, the father of the hunt; General Hepburn, Mr. A. Donovan, Mr. W. Langham Christie, M.P., Major Shiffner, Major Luxford, Sir James Duke, and Major Henry Bethune, of Burton Overy, in Leicestershire, formerly well known in Sussex, especially with the late General Wyndham's hounds, when Will Cox hunted them.

The opening day with the Hursley was on Friday, the 29th, when, according to custom, they went to draw Norwood, meeting on the lawn of Mr. Vanderbyl's shooting-box, where all comers were invited to breakfast. The morning was raw and foggy, but a large field assembled, amongst whom were Colonel Nicoll, the Master; General Forrest, Colonel Bouverie-Campbell, Major Bond, Captain Fryer, of Worthy Park; Mr. J. Barnes, of Lainston House, and Miss Everett; Mr. Charles Day and his son; Mr. and Miss Vanderbyl, Captain Tyssen, Captain Crawford, Mr. Frederick Heysham, Mr. Arthur Deane, Mr. Charles Purrett, Mr. Frederick Bailey, Mr. Trevor Yates, Mr. William Allee, Mr. and Miss Brewer, Mr. Acheson Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Craven, Miss Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fitt, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. Bosvile, Mr. Pitter, Mr. John Tubb, and others. They found a brace of foxes as soon as the hounds were put into covert, and, after going a short distance, they divided, one half running fast over the Stockbridge Road to Westley, where the stragglers were brought up; then through Westwood, skirted Up Somborne and Ashley, and into Parnholt, where the hounds again unfortunately divided; but they got together, and hitting off the line broke covert for Farley Green, where they ran a ring round that now stiffly enclosed county, round the Mount to Westwood and Crabwood, when they got to slow hunting and marked him to ground in the hanging plantation by Farley Mount. The first

thirty-five minutes was a very pretty spin. The Hursley foxes are stout and strong, and the hounds are in capital condition.

Captain Johnstone's hounds did very well amongst the cubs, of which they found plenty, and had not only some hard but some real good days in the open, and killed their foxes at the end. On Tuesday, October 18th, however, they got beaten, after running an old fox for two hours several miles into Lord Middleton's country, when they were close to him, he was coursed by a dog and ran into a wood-house, where some men shut him in until Russell had given him up and gone a long way back; but he got safe away, which was a good job, as he was a real stout fox; but he lives to give them another run, when Russell hopes to catch him.

'Brooksby' writes to the 'Field,' wishing that some sensible man would reintroduce the fashion of wearing hunting-caps instead of chimney-pots. He is quite right; and the continuance of this ridiculous custom is a further proof what abject slaves to fashion Englishmen all are. We are quite old enough to remember when (except in the Shires) a tall hat was quite an exception; and once seeing a gentleman have a bad fall on his head, when it was observed that his stout cap—in those days lined with copper—saved his neck. Now, opinion inclines the other way; but is it borne out by facts? All hunt servants can testify to the contrary. If any advocate for a hat and a hat-string would hunt a few times with the Southdown, he would very soon be glad to invest in a cap, and be comfortable. As all fashions come round again in time, we shall gladly welcome back the old velvet cap of our youth.

The Meynell have had their full share of sport, and the going has been very good, ditches being clear and fences not as blind as usual in November; the scent, too, has been on the whole first-class. Amongst the best runs have been a very quick thing from Radburne on the first Thursday in the month, and the opening meet at Sudbury Coppy resulted in a very fast twenty minutes with a kill in the open. On Thursday, Nov. 17th, at Willington, a large field were disappointed by not finding at Arleston Gorse, indeed all that part of Derbyshire was blank till they got to Foston, but it was thought that there is no dearth of foxes, though the preceding night being stormy they were all below ground. On the forest there have been two good days, one from Byrklay Lodge on Nov. 14th, killing at Dunstall; while a run from Brickkilnrough at Rolleston by Bushton, Tutbury, Castle Hayes, Houndhill, to Buttermilk Hill was a seven-mile point, and at half ten or eleven as hounds ran, and never touched a covert from find to finish. The presentation of plate to the late Master, Lord Waterpark, is to take place at Sudbury next month, and we feel sure that there will be a large muster to do his Lordship honour.

On Saturday, Nov. 19th, the Newmarket Drag Hounds met on the Fairstead (commonly known as the Severals). At two o'clock a large field was present, including Lord Marcus Beresford, Captain Machell, Messrs. Garrett, Moore, G. W. Moir, R. W. King (Brinkley Hall), R. King (Chamois Hall), Jos. Jillings, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and Miss Thirlwell, and a large contingent of the Newmarket trainers and jockeys. A little before the appointed time Mr. James Gardner (the Master) appeared at the trysting-place with the hounds, which have been wonderfully improved in condition and appearance since young (?) Will Goodall, the kennel huntsman, has had charge of them. Mr. James Ryan most hospitably dispensed all the soul-stirring beverages suitable on such occasions. At a few minutes past two o'clock the hounds were trotted up the Moulton Road, and when within a short distance of Moulton village they were laid on the line which took them to Dalham, leaving Dalham Park on the right by Gazeley and skirting Kentford village, finished in a meadow between Kennett and Moulton. The distance covered was a ring of about seven miles; time, thirty-five minutes. The going was

fairly good for a plough country and the pace very hot; the fencing easy, the only important obstacles being the Dalham and Moulton brooks. To particularise the performances of individuals would be invidious, considering that the majority of the field are professional horsemen who have earned their laurels on historic ground. Suffice it to say that they went well; in fact, the only improvement that we dare presume to suggest would be that one or two would give a little more law to the hounds, thereby reducing the danger to the latter, and aiding the Master in maintaining perfect discipline in the field. Mrs. Marsh and Miss Thirlwell rode perfectly, and were amongst the first flight throughout. Altogether the day's sport was a complete success, the object being to afford those trainers and others an opportunity of some sport across country who are unable on account of their business to spare much time for recreation. By means of a drag hunt they have all the morning to devote to their duties, and are sure of a capital run without losing much time. We regret to record that Mr. Hopper sustained considerable loss through his mare breaking her back; and Lord Marcus Beresford had a severe shaking by his horse falling at a blind ditch. But as there is no rose without a thorn, we must not take these matters too much to heart, but hope that we may enjoy a good season and fine hunting weather. The committee of management have drawn up the most stringent regulations to prevent the kindness of the farmers over whose land we ride being abused.

It is many years since hunting men have been favoured with such beautiful weather during November: glorious sunshine every day, while enough rain has fallen at intervals during the nights to keep the ground in good order for riding. Scent, which was bad during the early days of the season, has improved, and from all sides come accounts of brilliant runs. The Herefordshire hounds have been having capital sport, and the runs from Silsoe, No-Man's-Land, and Broadwater, will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see them. It was on Wednesday 9th they met at Silsoe; drew Cainhoe Park blank, but found directly at the Alders; ran up the park by the icehouse, leaving Rowney Warren on the right; through Chicksands Wood as if for Malden Wood, but being headed he turned through the bottom of the wood as if for Bledlow; leaving that on the right he went across the park to Rowney Warren, tried both earths there, but found them stopped of course, so set his head straight for the open, where the bitches pulled him down close to Wilstead village. Time, thirty-four minutes, without the slightest check, nor was there ever a horse got near them. One of the keenest of the keen, who tells the tale, says he tried his best, but old Bob Ward was quite top-sawyer, and had the best of it all through this brilliant gallop. They found and killed a brace of foxes afterwards, but luckily without much galloping, for horses had had enough. On Friday 11th they met at No-Man's-Land, and found a fox at once in the gorse; ran up to Hill End Springs, where they lost him for some time. In Mr. Macnamara's springs they found again; ran two rings round the grove and Mr. Fenwick's, High Firs, to Wheathampstead Bury, where the fox was evidently on visiting terms with the best of sportsmen, John Ransome. Crossing the railway, hounds had a narrow escape from a train, but ran on to a little copse near Mackery End, from which they ran hard skirting Pryor's Wood into Aysott Park, where they checked a few seconds. Into Brimstone Wood, however, they were on good terms, and rattled him down the valley and up the hill beyond Coldecote Bury. He was about done, and they killed him in Mrs. Back's garden after a run lasting nearly two hours. On Monday 14th, from Broadwater, they went straight to Aston Bury, where they found a brace at once. Their fox took them straight through

Frogmore Park over the road ; leaving Broom Hall and Watkins' Farm on the right, he went on up into the Tewyn Woods, where the fog was so thick that he beat them. Drew Whomelleys and Half Hide blank ; then on to Lucas's Wood, belonging to Mr. Jepp of East Hale, and looked after so well by Mr. Kitchener of Red Coats Green, who would both have been vexed, to say the least of it, had their coverts been drawn blank. But no ; at 3.20 hounds found, and had a very merry ten minutes in covert, and then away at the top end straight down to the earths ; but summer hospitality is done now, and the establishment closed, so he turned short up to Almshoe Bury. Mr. Roberts viewed him to the right to Little Almshoe, and on to Tibs Bush, where he crossed the road to try the earths at Butler's Valley, and on to Appley Holes, but being too near him, hounds did not give him time to gain access, so he bore across the bottom, leaving Hitchin Park on the right, to Mount Pleasant, where he was quite beaten and turned short into the covert back through the park, where they raced him by Maiden Croft, and ran into him in Gosmore village after one hour and seventeen minutes. It was quite dark, and very few saw the finish. On Wednesday 16th they had a merry day, finding plenty of foxes in Captain Blake's coverts at Danesbury. On Friday 18th a large field met them at Water End, the pretty little village between Ashridge and Gaddesden Park ; a glorious day, more like August than November, and rather too warm for such a gallop as they had. With the lady pack Ward found a good fox in Frithsden Copse, which ran round the covert and away at the lower end across to Holly Bush Wood. With a good scent the ladies rattled him across the valley to High Park Wood, and along to St. Margaret's, where he turned left-handed, making a ring to Ashridge Park. Here he was headed, so turned back in Pitdridge Wood, away as if for St. Margaret's again, but turned up the valley back to Cromer Wood, where he was killed after a very fast gallop. Had it been straight, few would have seen it. No one enjoyed it better than Lord Brownlow. In Ringsale Copse they found a brace, and hunted one a good ring by Dockey Wood to Duncumbe Terrace, round to Sallow Copse and back the same way to Ringsale Copse, where he saved his brush after thirty-five minutes.

With the Berkhamstead buckhounds Mr. Rawle has been showing famous sport, and spreading his followers about the country as in days gone by. With plenty of good deer in the paddock, a stable full of horses, and a pack of little ladies, which many sportsmen declare to be the best lot that even he has ever got together, he is cheery and keen as ever to show sport. Favoured by fine weather, in contrast to last season, when a succession of wet, rough Wednesdays would have daunted most men, so far this season has been very enjoyable ; and it makes all the difference riding home from a great run with tired horses and hounds. Opening the season on October 26, they had a good run from Studham Common, and took their hind at Rothamsted, near Harpenden. On Wednesday, November 9, a large field met them at Harpenden Common, knowing that a hind, which had been lying out in the Hertford woods all last season, would be hunted this day. From Mr. Tom Cox's meadow at Beason's End she went away across Hammond's End. When hounds were laid on, a little before one o'clock, they soon showed that there was not a yard of scent. With an ever-anxious field close on their backs, they could only hunt it out inch by inch, and the worthy Master had a great deal to put up with. To Rothamsted they hunted across the Park and down to the village of Harpenden. Wild as a hawk and cunning as a hare, the hind took a lot of hunting, and seemed to have it all her own way. Viewed across the park, the Master capped them on close at her heels ; then began a race to the railway, where she laid down in a

hedgerow, but jumped up across the railway, and they raced her to the Hertfordshire kennels. Here they checked; then down and across the road into Luton Park, where she laid down again, and was lost for some time. Bidden to go hither and thither by the field, the Master, to the astonishment of those who know him best, was most willing to please every one, so cast where he was told. Much time was spent in this way, till a holloa that could be relied on took them back to the farm. Then they ran into Flower Garden Wood with a merry cry, down to the lodge, and away along the bottom to New Mill End station, up hill to Gray Wood, along the ridge of the hill towards Harpenden. Down by the railway that goes to Hemel-Hemstead she was viewed, still full of going. Pace improved while horses tired, and the field began to get select. Merrily they ran alongside the railway to Harpenden Bury, turned along the stream, and ran into Redbourne, where they tried to take her. Mr. Rawle and Jack were off their horses, but she slipped away from the gasworks with hounds in view, and began another race for liberty at half-past four. It was getting dark, and few saw them go. Alongside the stream, she raced under the railway, up the hill, towards Hammond's End, turned short to the right, down the fields, and crossed the stream by Redbourne Mill, raced along the water meadows to Redbourne Bury, where they crossed the high road, going nearly to Gorchambury; skirted the park, and through Kettlewell, where it was too dark to see where they went; but the merry cry guided the little band of followers through the dark to the Cherry Tree Farm, close to Hemel-Hemstead, where they drove their hind into a pond. Three times she came out and ran a short distance, returning to the water. Then she jumped a wall into some buildings, and was taken at a quarter-past five by Charley Miles and Carlisle, while a kind farmer held a candle to show them where she was. Alfred Lubbock, Ernest Holt, and Charles Fountain were the only three, besides those named, who saw the end of this run; and wonderful as was their performance, riding to hounds such a pace in the dark, it was put in the shade by the Master and Jack, who came up after a stern chase, with nothing to guide them but their own judgment. On Wednesday 23rd they had a good run from Corner Farm, one hour and fifty minutes, taking their stag at Skimpot, near Luton.

After having hunted upon the hills for a rather longer period than usual this season, Sir Nathaniel Rothschild's staghounds had their first day in The Vale on Thursday, November the 24th. The fixture was at Mr. Terry's farm, at Berry Fields, where an untried havier from Savernake Forest was turned out. As hounds raced alongside the Hardwick brook it was very evident that there was a rare scent, and when they crossed the Blackgrove double, and the rough country immediately beyond it, only Sir Nathaniel and a select few followed them, the majority of the field taking the bridle-road to Blackgrove. Hounds kept a direct course under Pitchcott, thence ran parallel to Carter's lane, with North Marston to their right, next inclined slightly to the left, and went over the top of Hogshaw Hill, crossed the Aylesbury and Buckingham Railway at Fullbrook Farm, and so up Fine Moor Hill to Runt's Wood. Hounds held on through Runt's Wood and Great Sea Wood and ran up to the deer at Knowl Hill, where he was safely taken, without having been viewed from first to finish. The point is eight miles, and the line, which was all grass, up to the woods was done in forty-five minutes.

Among the latest items of stud intelligence comes the announcement of Robert the Devil's purchase by Mr. Henry Waring, who, for some time past, has been casting about for an eligible tenant for the Grand Seigneur's box at Beenham House, where Cymbal and King of the Forest have hitherto

divided and governed. Concerning the policy of Mr. Waring's recent 'annexation' no two opinions can exist, for it is of the utmost importance that an establishment which has attained such dimensions as that at Beenham should have at its head something likely to add to its prestige; and no better choice could be made than of one of the best horses of modern times, who did nearly all that was asked him gallantly and well, and whose sterling worth was assayed in so many different crucibles, that no doubt can exist as to his thorough excellence at all points. The figure paid for him of 8200*l.* was a long one certainly, but not overweeningly so, when we recollect what the Duke of Westminster gave for Doncaster, and the price put upon Cremorne by Mr. Savile, to say nothing of the sum recently received for Silvio by Lord Falmouth; and his new owner may confidently look for a return for his capital and enterprise, even at the discreetly modest fee demanded for his season at first starting. Neither will he be overdone with mares at 50 *gs.*, for Mr. Waring has wisely limited Robert's share of the home matrons to fifteen, the same number as subscriptions offered to the public; and it is almost needless to add that to the *novus borpes* will be apportioned the very cream of the collection at Beenham, so far, of course, as they are suitably bred and shaped for the distinguished alliance in store for them. After some years of up-hill work, and wanderings to and fro in search of eligible markets for yearling stock, and with no first-class sire available for purchase, Mr. Waring may be said to have at last fairly settled down into his stride, which is far better than being hurried and hustled at the start, and finding oneself in the ruck at the finish. Building operations are well-nigh completed, the newly-made pastures are getting into good heart, the Ascot Saturday has been secured for the annual yearling sale, and now the work may be considered as crowned by the acquisition of Robert the Devil as head of affairs. Robert is one of few big horses which have proved themselves stayers, and though there are doubtless spots in the sun, yet exception cannot be taken to him (as is too commonly the case with giants) on the score of coarseness, ungainliness, or lack of quality. Though he measures well, no one can dub him leggy, lacking in girth, or loosely made, while his action is first-rate in all his paces, and there is not a suspicion of lumber or clumsiness about him. Since Lord Clifden we have not seen such a lengthy gentleman among our great winners, and his few defeats point to an exaggeration of lasting power rather than to defective speed; and, doubtless, he was averse to making his own running, like many another glutton at a distance. He leaves the turf without loss of temper or of reputation, while others besides his trainer regretted that his racing labours came to an end as a four-year-old; but certainly his owners adopted the safest and wisest course by withdrawing him from active life ere yet he had moulted one feather of his fame, and with all his racing honours thick upon him. As regards his pedigree, to be perfectly consistent, we must own that according to preconceived notions we deemed at one time that apparent weaknesses therein existing would stand in the way of the distinction he has acquired and maintained in such decisive fashion; and certainly his somewhat unfashionable breeding made him enemies in quarters where theory held perhaps too firm a place.

But we can surely afford to forgive and forget all this, now that Robert has further exemplified the truth of the old adage that 'handsome is that handsome does,' and as William Day has recently experienced a revival in all respects as substantial as his best friends could wish, why should not the old Jerry blood flowing in the veins of 'the Devil' through Promised Land, reassert itself after a long period of abuse and neglect? We have witnessed many such vagaries in breeding before, and at any rate there is this to be advanced in favour of Mr. Waring's new purchase, that he can boast a strain

comparatively fresh and new, into which breeders have not dipped too lavishly; and who knows but it may become as much the fashion and rage again as the old Weatherbit descent, quite fortuitously rescued from oblivion by Beadsman in his old age? There are a lot of mares in the Stud-Book, well-bred and good-looking enough for anything, but of the small, neat, elegantly turned sort, which it were labour lost to put to sires of identically the same stamp, so many of which we can reckon among the cracks of the period. Robert the Devil is just the sort of horse to prove an admirable corrective for shortcomings of this description, the chances being that he begets big, lengthy stock after his own type; and we should add that another desirable element in his composition is the slice of old Sledmere blood engrafted upon that of Jerry. Like many celebrities of late years, Robert inherits more than might appear to be his share of strains tracing upwards to Birdcatcher; but in this respect at any rate he is no more remarkable than Isonomy, though perhaps two more thoroughly dissimilar specimens of their kind could nowhere be found. However, there is an extended field of utility before him, and Mr. Waring has many matrons undeniably adapted to his new purchase, which we trust will amply reward his expectations no less than his enterprise.

The dispersion of yet another large breeding stud is announced for the middle of December, when Mr. H. W. Freeman parts company with the venture which, from small beginnings, has gone on increasing (after the manner of such hobbies) until its management has drifted away from the shores of pleasure to those of business. A sort of *cacoethes acquirendi* seems to possess nearly all of those who 'go in for' a few brood mares by way of amusement at first, and the temptation is always so irresistible to add just one more to the collection, that we do not wonder at gentlemen professionally engaged discovering at last that they cannot do justice to both concerns they have unadvisedly taken in hand. The Newbridge Hill thoroughbred tribes number over ninety, of which no less than ten are stallions, with no sire of mark among them, however; and perhaps King Alfred, Rococo, and Hopbloom will be voted best worth the attention of home and foreign buyers. Asteroid and The Earl have failed, from different causes, to make their names as famous at the stud as when they carried the Hawley and Hastings silks; while St. Leger, Glen Arthur, and Albert Edward are untried so far, and The Rake and Strafford are getting on in years without having made very substantial marks as yet. Acorn, one of the last of the Beadsmans, we have never yet seen, and on re-perusing the list of talent assembled at Newbridge Hill, we dare not anticipate the realisation of higher prices in the ring than were given privately for them by their indefatigable collector from time to time. Sooth to say, all save first-raters are a mere drug in the market at present, when there is a total lack of fresh aspirants to fame as breeders, and not a few of the old sort seem only hanging on with an eye to clear out at the first favourable opportunity. The supply of sires has long been greater than the demand, and perhaps we were never so overdone as at present with what we must perforce dub mediocrities until they have redeemed themselves from the reproach of showing no desirable results.

In cataloguing his mares for sale, Mr. Freeman has adopted the novel and perhaps convenient plan of grouping the various matrons under their respective 'heads of houses,' and we commence accordingly with the Macaronis and Carnivals, to which succeed three daughters of Thormanby, and then we are in the thick of the Newminster tribe, followed up by the Birdcatchers and Wild Dayrells, and finally conclude with stray specimens of other lines not so numerously represented as to require classification. Among the five-and-fifty brood mares will be found the dams of Seasmere,

Medicus, Honour Bright, Ultramarine, Ariel, and others familiar in the mouths of race-goers as recent winners; and that most of these are in the happy state so much desired by stud-masters, will be apparent to all who have seen them for the last time in their old home. Of course, with so many stallions in the boxes hard by, it would be absurd to expect that more than an occasional foreign alliance here and there has been sought for the nursing mothers of Newbridge Hill; but all appear to have been mated with care and judgment, and strictly in accordance with the policy adopted by their owner of following up successful precedents as displayed by distinguished performers on the racing stage. Perhaps breeding has nowhere been conducted on more strictly scientific principles than at the Bath establishment, which, as a not unnatural consequence, numbers among the occupants of its boxes some mares the paper pedigrees of which have been their passport thither, rather than grandeur of conformation, or doughty deeds while in training. Still, it is not the most perfectly shaped animal nor most brilliant performer that invariably frames into the dam of winners; and doubtless there are 'gems of purest ray serene' in the collection well worth the trouble of seeking out and bringing to light, destined to shine more brightly in days to come, and to justify the choice of one whose fate it has been to sow, and of others to reap the fruits of his judgment.

The Badminton Club, that cosy little retreat for sportsmen, where the ruling toast is the 'Road and the Chase,' is about to be rebuilt. The two houses adjoining in Piccadilly having been secured by the club, it is intended to rebuild on their site, in addition to that of the present premises. The main features of the club—including the extensive stabling so convenient to members, being the only club in London that has accommodation for horses as well as men—will remain as before, while the well-known courtyard that affords such a comfortable lounge will be enlarged as a summer and winter garden. What nicer can be imagined in hot weather than to smoke a cigar here instead of in the usual hot smoking-rooms? The bedroom accommodation will be much increased, while suites of rooms will be at the disposal of members who wish to reside in town for a short time. The elevations as designed will be a handsome addition to Piccadilly.

A more manly figure never graced the cricket field than that of the late Sir Frederick Bathurst, who died in October, at his seat, Clarendon Park, near Salisbury. His appearance did not belie his powers, and in the bowling department of the game he especially excelled. His delivery of the ball was somewhat low, but he was deadly straight, and he could keep on all day without flagging. Sir Frederick took part in all the principal matches at Lord's for nearly twenty years; few persons have played in first-class cricket for so long a period. One of his greatest feats was, when playing for the Gentlemen against the Players in 1853, he bowled throughout the match without being changed, and took eleven wickets for 50 runs.

We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following gastronomic items. They read well:

MAG MARLBOROUGH SOUP.—Take a grouse, a blackcock, a hare, and a couple of rabbits, cut them into small pieces, reserving some of the best pieces; put them into a pot with water, and a large quantity of vegetables. Let it stew very slowly for four or five hours; then take the best pieces, season them, and toss them in a little flour, brown them over a very quick fire, and add them to the strained stock, with two dozen of very small onions and half a white cabbage, shred fine; stew slowly till tender. Half an hour before serving, add six potatoes, cut in small pieces. The whole contents of the pot might be served up without straining, but more water should be used.—G. S.

SCORCH HARE SOUP.—Take two hares and skin them; take out the inside

without breaking it; hold it over a basin, and tear out the lungs, and save the blood in the basin. Cut up the hares in pieces, saving the fillets, and put the pieces in a large pan, and cover them with cold water; take two tablespoonfuls of flour, and mix it smooth with the blood. Then pour it into the pan and mix it with the hares. Put in one carrot and one turnip, cut in small pieces, one stalk of celery, six onions, chopped small, pepper and salt. Set the pan on the fire, and, with a long wooden spoon, stir it one way till it boils; let it boil till the meat is boiled to pieces. Cut the fillets into pieces one inch in length, and brown them in a stewpan with a little butter. When the soup is boiled enough, strain it, add the fillets of hare, return it into the pan, and let it boil a short time; take off the scum, and season with two tablespoonfuls of catsup and one glass of port. Serve up very hot.—G. S.

STEWED PARTRIDGE.—Cut a partridge into about eight pieces, and put them in a stewpan with a little broth or stock; when half cooked and tender, add a wineglass of port, a dessertspoonful of catsup, two onions, chopped small, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, salt and pepper, and a teacupful of cream. Stew till very tender.—G. S.

We have not much space left for the sayings and doings of the theatrical world, behind or before the curtain, or in the fierce light that bursts upon a court of law. Some houses have been doing well; others, where respectable fare has been offered the public, have been doing the reverse; some houses undeservedly prosper, some fall into unmerited neglect. Why was 'Honour' not a success at the Court? and why was it withdrawn to give place to such a production as 'Mimi'? To be sure the latter lived the shortest of lives, and how such a skilled and experienced playwright as Mr. Boucicault could have offered, and a manager accepted it, passes comprehension. 'Honour,' unpleasant as it was in its subject, was dramatic to a degree, and absorbed attention from the first scene to the last. It had also the advantage, as we took occasion to remark in a notice of the play in the last 'Van,' of a splendid representation. The honours thereof were taken by Mr. Clayton, though perhaps it is invidious to mention one where all were good. Why the play did not take with the public is a mystery. Mr. Clayton should have issued an ukase to them, after the custom of some managers we wot of, telling them that they were a lot of ignorami; and ordering them to come and see 'Honour.' We believe they would have obeyed.

The sympathies not only of his friends and acquaintance, but of all persons who feel indignation at false and unmerited aspersions on character, and loathing for the asperser, have been with Mr. Clement Scott in the recent action for libel that created so much excitement, not alone in dramatic circles, but in London generally. A more utterly false and malignant attack than that made on Mr. Scott, or one which was unsupported by the slightest shadow of evidence or fact, has been rarely investigated in a court of law. The libel was couched in coarse and violent language—language that, as Lord Coleridge observed, could not well be stronger; and in support of it there was really not a tittle of evidence. It was contradicted on oath by the plaintiff, and Admiral Carr-Glyn denounced it as—what no doubt it really was—'a malicious lie.' That the Court and jury believed that gallant officer the summing-up and the verdict proved. Mr. Scott is to be warmly congratulated on the result; but at the same time can it make entire amends to him for all he has gone through and suffered at the hands of his libeller? It has been said that of late years the tone of a portion of the press has been imitated from that of the United States, and that what is called 'personal journalism' is on the increase. But *persiflage* and satire are very distinct from gross attacks on character, and the gossip of a so-called 'Society paper' is not to be confounded with the vulgar abuse of the journals of the gutter.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 263.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF COLONEL R. H. PRICE.

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1882.

DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1882.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
2	M	Manchester Steeplechases. [stone Hunt Ball.
3	TU	Manchester Steeplechases. Plumpton Coursing Meeting. Ather-
4	W	Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's.
5	TH	
6	F	Twelfth Day.
7	S	Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's.
8	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
9	M	
10	TU	Partridge Shooting ends in Ireland.
11	W	Altcar Club Coursing Meeting. Oakley Hunt Ball.
12	TH	Rugby Hunt Ball.
13	F	
14	S	Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's.
15	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
16	M	
17	TU	Lutterworth Hunt Ball.
18	W	Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's.
19	TH	Upper Nithsdale Club Coursing Meeting.
20	F	
21	S	Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's.
22	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
23	M	
24	TU	
25	W	Ridgway Club Lytham Coursing Meeting.
26	TH	
27	F	
28	S	Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's.
29	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
30	M	
31	TU	Plumpton, Brigg, and North Berwick Coursing Meeting.



A. K. Shaw

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

COLONEL R. H. PRICE.

THE son of an old M.F.H., who was for some time joint Master with Mr. Adam of the Ludlow Hounds, Colonel Price may be said to have hunted from his boyhood. Born in 1821, he was educated at Shrewsbury, then under the mastership of Dr. Butler; and from the time he could first cross a pony, he followed his father's hounds. In 1839 Colonel Price joined the 35th Regiment, and remained on full-pay until 1864. During this period he naturally saw a good deal of service at home and abroad; and whether in India, or other parts of our Colonial empire, Irish or English garrison towns, while essentially a good soldier, he was also a keen sportsman. When quartered in Ireland from 1848 to 1852 he was well known with the Ward, Kildare, Meath, and other hounds in Roscommon and Fermanagh.

In 1858 Colonel Price took the Radnorshire and West Hereford Hounds 'as a stop-gap'—to use his own modest words; but he must have proved a very efficient 'stop-gap,' for he has hunted them, to the great satisfaction of gentle and simple in the country, ever since. For the last eight years he has carried the horn himself, and shown excellent sport. The hounds have a cross of the old Welsh blood, and are noted for great perseverance and dash, with plenty of music.

Colonel Price is a good shot and a keen fisherman; he is fond of indeed, and plays well, the game all round, but we think he would admit, if asked, 'that the best of his fun he owes it to horse and 'hound.' He may well be congratulated on his long tenure of office as Master of the Radnorshire and West Hereford, reflecting as it does, honour alike on himself and on his friends and neighbours in the country. May he carry the horn for many years to come!

THE BALANCE OF NATURE IN RELATION TO SPORT.

THINKING it possible that some of the out-of-the-way information which from time to time I have been gathering into a focus in various note-books may prove interesting to the readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' so far as it relates to the animals of sport, I beg to present them with the following pages, which, as will be obvious enough, have been written in a rather off-hand style, that is to say, with more attention to the *matter* than the manner of the article. In fact, the subject is such a wide one—it extends from the whitebait to the whale, from the ant to the elephant—that I quite despair of presenting it in anything like a logical shape, in the brief compass so necessary where space is limited.

My attention was first drawn to this subject some quarter of a century ago in connection with the spread of 'pisciculture,' or the artificial spawning and protected rearing of fish. In the river Tay and its affluents I found a splendid theatre of observation, seeing that these streams contained a great variety of animals each of which afforded a theme for illustration. One day late in the autumn I caught a yellow trout, the stomach of which was crammed with the fine healthy-looking ova of newly spawned salmon, so recently swallowed that they were in no way affected by the digesting matter of the stomach; and being, at my instigation, added to the contents of the breeding boxes at Stormontfield by 'Peter of the Pools,' there is every reason to believe they were ultimately hatched and became a portion of the salmon wealth of the Tay! and Peter Marshall, who for so long a period presided over the pools under the direction of the Tay superintendent, Mr. Robert Buist, was a perfect walking encyclopædia of knowledge of the kind I am now about to retail. 'I have seen with my own eyes,' he used to say, 'one bird gorging itself with our eggs, and then seen another bird pounce upon it and kill it; but before it could make a meal of meat out of its prey, I have seen a still bigger bird flop down and slay the slayer.' Such is the 'balance of Nature,' as it is indicated day by day over the whole world. 'Life is all around us one great battle,' used to preach in his day a celebrated Edinburgh minister. 'We have, to be sure, no giants of the good old sort that in our young days we read about in our picture-books; great big men who made it the rule of their lives to live on little men; but at present we have other forces of Nature constantly at work to hinder men from living to their allotted span of threescore years and ten. For these,' said the rev. gentleman, 'see the tables of mortality; there you will find no giants of the *fee fa fum* sort, but rather their substitutes, who play havoc with the best-laid plans of mankind, and enable death to continue the works of life in all their varied branches. Death, my friends, is no doubt a bad thing for the individual, but to the body corporate it is the one thing needful, because it gives to the land fresh relays of human

‘energy to carry forward the thinking and the labour of the days of our lives.’

These were sermons of the kind that I delighted to hear and ponder. No dry bones of theological controversy, or dreadful threats of ‘fire and brimstone’ for ever. I know no better text for pulpit illustration than the battle of life as weighed in the balance of Nature. Let us, for instance, take the ‘mission’ of that fell tyrant of the watery plains, the pike. That fish is simply a pirate and a cannibal! But we must not be severe on him, poor monster—he knows no better! he only fulfils the errand on which old mother Nature has sent him; his mission is to kill and slay wherever and whenever he can. In our rivers, he prevents the abnormal increase of the other fishes; in a pond, he keeps down the number of the trout and perch; but, in the opinion of the writer, the mission of the pike is not just what it seems—all slaughter without a meaning—which can be easily illustrated by a little anecdote.

‘Once upon a time’—that is a phrase I am fond of—it occurred to the manager of a certain great fishery—it occupied a vast lake in which there were thousands of acres of teeming water—that trout were becoming scarce and pike plentiful, and he addressed his servants to that purpose, and proposed to them as regarded the pike a war of extermination, so that in the time to come there should be more trout and fewer pike. ‘Yes, master,’ replied his servant, ‘if it seems good to you, we will begin and net for pike just about their spawning time; but mind this, sir, if our trout are comparatively few in number, they are large in size and fine of flavour.’ The work of netting the pike began in due time, and was so rigorously carried out that no less than three thousand were captured, and of course killed, in the course of a very short time. Good work it was thought, when it had been accomplished. In the space of two years master and man had another conversation over the business, the man speaking as follows: ‘Well, you see, sir, we have now plenty of trout, but as a rule they are all half-pounders we get, while before we killed the pike all the trout that were taken out of this loch were a full pound in weight; so you see, sir, the whole thing is about as broad as it is long.’

Just so. The thing in that case was ‘about as broad as it was long;’ as it has proved to be in many similar cases. If ten thousand trout are bred in an expanse of water that is only sufficient to feed and breed half that number, it stands to reason that the fish will only attain about half the weight they ought to attain. The pike is a voracious feeder, as can be ascertained from the rapid rate at which it increases in size. Of seven marked fish kept in a smallish pond, it was found that in the course of two years and eleven months two of them had increased in weight to the extent of thirteen pounds four ounces in that period, while the remaining five had increased from fish of one pound four ounces to pike of from nine to eleven pounds and a half. The three thousand pike which were taken out of the loch just referred to would require a vast amount of food, and must therefore have

played havoc with the other fishes which found a home in that sheet of water. If each of these three thousand pike ate one fish per diem—no unlikely thing—the number so eaten in the course of twelve months would be considerably over a million. Any sheet of water, no matter how large it may be, can only give breeding and feeding-room to a certain number of inhabitants; if the number be increased over-much, the fish will never grow fat; if, on the contrary, the number be diminished, those left will fatten in proportion.

It has been said of a large river that the fish stock may be indefinitely increased because of the food contributed by its affluents; but those who promulgate that opinion are in error, because year by year the bulk of the river is the same, as is also the food contribution of the affluents. In my humble opinion, no text of pisciculture is better established than that which tells us that 'a given area of water will only give breeding space and food to a given number of fish.' We cannot, unfortunately, take a census of the fish population of a lake or river, so as to obtain a correct note of the capital stock. At a particular period of the year, there must be a wonderful number of salmon in such a river as the Tay. About the month of May, for instance, there will be countless thousands of tiny fish (*par*) hatched in March and April; there will be a lesser number of *par* hatched in the preceding season, whilst there will also be a large supply of year-old and two-year-old *smolts* on their way to the salt water, whilst grilse and salmon of still more mature growth will naturally be also abundant. As an example of the salmon population of a big stream, I may cite the case in the following fashion:—

1. A female fish of, say 30 lbs weight, will yield in the month of November 25,000 eggs, each of which we will take it for granted will be rendered fruitful by the milt of the male salmon.
2. In the course of 120 days or thereabouts, say about the end of March, these eggs will have hatched out.
3. Next year, in March and April, the fish so hatched will be a year old, but one half of the number will look much older, and will have become *smolts* ready to migrate to the sea.
4. About June the migration of from ten to twelve thousand of these fish will have taken place, the other moiety remaining as *par* another year.
5. About October, or indeed a month earlier, the *smolts* of June will be returning to the waters of their birth as grilse.
6. Next year, in June, the second moiety of the breeding will have in turn become *smolts*, and will descend to the sea.
7. The grilse of the previous season will now return as breeding fish, along with the second moiety of the brood to which they belong, now become grilse.

The foregoing statement, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*, although it is according to present knowledge of the natural history of the salmon. It is curious that the fish of one and the same brood should grow as they do—one moiety of them becoming reproductive whilst the other half are still in babyhood—it forms a curious illustration of the balance of Nature, and constitutes a problem which no naturalist has yet succeeded in solving, and which,

as has been told in the pages of this magazine, has given rise to no end of controversy. Before taking leave of the salmon I may, at the risk of repeating an old story, again refer to the productive power of that fish, which, however, is less productive than some other members of the fish family; as, for instance, the cod, turbot, or herring. A forty-pound salmon, as a general rule, will yield about thirty-seven thousand eggs; but if all the eggs deposited by the female salmon of any particular river were to hatch out, that river would speedily become so blocked up with fish that it would be impossible to move in it. Happily, the persistency of Nature, as I may say, in keeping up a correct balance among all animate things prevents any such catastrophe as has been indicated. If so many fish were hatched in a salmon river as has been hinted at, the supply of food would be utterly inadequate to their sustenance, and so tens of thousands of them would perish of hunger. That, I regret to say, is an ever-present contingency in the case of nearly all fishes. That enormous numbers of infantile fish die of hunger is a secret which was early discovered by the Chinese, and gave rise to the art of pisciculture. A young Chinaman, who some years ago came to Europe to study the incidence of our fisheries, stated that thousands of our young fish might be preserved from death by the simple expedient of feeding them with the yolks of eggs.

In the case of the salmon, it is obvious that forty or fifty females, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, would be sufficient to provide a supply for a very large river; that is, if all the eggs came to life and all the fish that were hatched reached maturity. Forty fish, each giving thirty thousand, would represent a total stock of one million two hundred thousand eggs; now, such a number of young salmon would, in the course of a year, consume an enormous amount of food of some kind, and without that food they would not live and thrive. But it may be accepted as a certain formula of the position, that out of every hundred salmon eggs which are voided by the females of the tribe only a very small portion are ever hatched, and that a still smaller proportion of those hatched ever reach the market as table fish, or are able to repeat the story of their birth. Taking a hundred eggs, I have more than once attempted to draw up a tabular statement of their fate; my latest calculations are as follows:—

1. Number which escape being fertilised by the milt of the male fish in consequence of the fertilisation taking place in a running stream . 40
2. Number of fertilised ova devoured by various enemies before they have time to hatch 27
3. Number washed away into unsuitable places for hatching out by floods and accidents, or rendered unproductive by the severity of the weather 20

Which leaves thirteen eggs of the hundred to come to life; of these eight or nine will be devoured by enemies before they are as many weeks old, and of the four left, only one may in all probability attain the period of reproduction, or reach the market as a table fish!

These figures, it must be borne in mind, are not given at random, but are stated as representing the experience of years of observation and inquiry. More interest might perhaps be conferred upon them by giving fuller details, and showing how many of the fertilised ova are devoured by fish and how many by fowls; but as I think the statement is sufficiently full to show the workings of Nature in preserving her balance, it is unnecessary to enter into the subject in a spirit of greater minuteness.

The salmon, being the fish of the angler *par excellence*, I have of course devoted some considerable space to it; but as an illustration of the balance kept up by Nature, I may state that Buffon, the French naturalist, was able to show that, if a male and female herring and their progeny were allowed to breed and increase without molestation for a period of twenty years, they would produce a bulk of fish equal to the size of the globe on which we live! The reason why such a much-to-be-dreaded consummation is not attained, in the case of the herring, is, *first*, that it affords an abundant food supply to various of the other fish of the sea and to different fowls of the air; and, *second*, that man also steps in to assert his tributary right in the shoals; but it has been frequently shown that man, with all his vaunted intelligence, reaps but a small modicum of the harvest of the sea; he obtains his thousands, but the fishes of the cod family, and others of the minor monsters of the deep, capture their ten thousands, and so the balance of Nature is preserved. The cod-fish is able to multiply its kind in literal millions; but, in the case of that animal, the percentage of the seed that is rendered fruitful is far less than it is in the case of the salmon, and no wonder, when we consider that the theatre of procreation is in the raging sea, whilst the venison of the waters is nursed into life by the ceaseless flowing waters of some comparatively tranquil brook. Again, the eggs of the salmon sink to the ground and may be hidden in the gravelly channel of the stream, whilst the eggs of the cod-fish float on the bosom of the mighty deep, affording a palatable meal to other inhabitants of the ravaging waters! These illustrations of the balance of Nature derived from the creatures of the great deep, might be largely multiplied, but as they do not appertain to sport I refrain from dwelling upon them at greater length. I may, however, in concluding this section of my work, refer for a moment to the oyster. The seed of one of these bivalves, it has been said, is sufficient to sow an acre of ground! But there is unfortunately always a *but* in such matters—as a practical fact it does not do so, and millions of the *spat* are rendered unproductive by falling on an unsuitable bottom. The oyster requires a coigne of vantage on which to establish itself, and it labours under this disadvantage, that it becomes a fixture and is unable to escape from its enemies; and despite the ract of the delicious morsel which man so much covets being protected by strong armour, the oyster has a horde of enemies that can vanquish it. Our delicious lobsters are the scavengers of the sea; the waters below are kept sweet by this devourer of carrion—

a wise provision of Nature in the circumstances. It is unfortunate that the power of man to explore 'the dark unfathomed caves of 'ocean' is so limited; were it otherwise, what wonderful sights might not be revealed to him! what hidden secrets of the balance of Nature might he not be fated to discover!

Landing on *terra firma*, we find, from a work which has just been issued from the press, that one of the humblest of created things, the hitherto despised earth-worm, has been, since the time of its creation, invested with a mission of the highest importance. We have all seen flocks of birds, crows and sea-gulls, and domestic fowls of various kinds, at work on a newly-ploughed field. At what kind of work, will be asked? At the work of feeding, as we may see if we observe carefully. A flock of birds will eat in the course of a day thousands of these humble creatures, but Nature has provided that food in rare abundance, for it is known that an acre of land will contain something like 30,000 of these animals. I shall not take up space, however, by a review of Darwin's remarkable book; but having got on to a farm, I may advantageously say a few words regarding the friends and foes of the farmer, especially of such as will interest the British sportsman. And, first, of what is now called the rabbit nuisance.

The coney is humble quarry, no doubt between bringing down a bounding stag in a Scottish deer forest and shooting a rabbit, there may figuratively be said to be a distance of a hundred miles at least. Rabbit-shooting at its very best is simply pot-hunting, whether it be indulged in by princes or poulterers. The rabbit, as we know, has been for a period of fifty years a farmer's grievance. They soil the land with their offensive excreta, and three of them, it has been said, eat as much food as a sheep. Rabbits are spoken of as if they had no part to play in the balance of Nature, and are simply an animal at large, created perhaps by accident out of matter which might have been turned to better account! Nonsense. Rabbits play an important part in the economy of Nature, and eat much herbage which would, if allowed to seed and multiply, do great damage to the farm. That the rabbit is a 'breedy creature' is perfectly well known, although it never did multiply and replenish its kind with the rapidity which has been alleged. From the antipodes there comes to us, just as I am writing, further news of the enormous increase of these animals in New Zealand. The pheasant, too, has become a nuisance there, and probably in time the salmon, which so much pains has been taken to acclimatise, will be declared a mistake. I most earnestly trust it will be found practicable to send home a million or two of these New Zealand rabbits in the freezing chambers which it seems can be so usefully fitted up in all ships. The figures of rabbit increase, and the accruing damage from that cause, are really somewhat startling, and we believe true. As giving some faint idea of how these animals have multiplied 'down below,' it may be stated that the number of rabbit-skins imported from New Zealand in the year 1878 was

3,976,409, which had increased in 1880 to 7,505,516. Last year a firm of graziers killed 500,000 rabbits by means of poison, but now they are more plentiful than ever on their sheep run! On some estates, or runs, it costs thousands a year to keep down these pests, and in consequence of their abnormal increase many good sheep runs are speedily becoming depreciated in value, and sheep-feeding in the colony is falling off as an industry. Now what has happened at the antipodes is simply that in importing and acclimating the rabbit, the great mistake has been made of disturbing the balance of Nature. In New Zealand the food of the rabbit occurs in vast abundance, whilst the enemies of the animal are exceedingly rare. That is the gist of the whole affair. A mistake has been made which it is not too late to remedy. Let a few animals which are known to prey upon the rabbit be introduced on the pasture lands of New Zealand, and the pest will very soon begin to diminish. Man having committed an error, is bound to rectify it; in introducing the rabbit to the lands of New Zealand, he made himself a factor in the balance of Nature, but he only half did his work; let him take courage and complete his task in the way we have suggested.

The same idea holds good as regards such pests as the Colorado beetle; there are birds of some kind required to keep down that destructive pest, and it seems most remarkable that an antidote of the sort has not yet been introduced, in the same way as turkeys are employed in Virginia to devour the bugs which infest the tobacco plant, or as bantams are allowed the run of the London market gardens to devour the caterpillars, which, if left alone, would injure the vegetables. Gardeners and farmers have not always been able to distinguish their friends of the animal creation from their foes. In France, for instance, a perfect crusade was at one time established against the small birds, because they ate so much of the ripening fruit. But it soon became apparent that the birds had been the benefactors of the fruit growers instead of their bane, because when the birds disappeared, the insects of the districts increased in a most alarming ratio, showing the want of wisdom displayed by the gardeners in interfering with the balance of Nature. The frog and the toad are both friends of the farmer, yet how often do we see them being destroyed. The hedgehog, too, has its mission, whilst snails find good work to do; and weasels, stoats,* polecats, owls, are

* The following graphic extract from the supposed 'Diary of a Stoat' affords an admirable illustration of the life of a beast of prey. It was written by Major Marrant of the Cape Mounted Riflemen:—'Slept rather heavily, having drunk too much hen-pheasant's blood the evening before, but went for a stroll about 5 A.M. I soon found a yellow-hammer's nest, but, jumping a little too far, just missed the old hen. However, I sucked her eggs. Shortly afterwards I winded something in a low old thorn tree, and climbing up found a nest with four fine young blackbirds in it, and I made a nice light breakfast of their blood and brains. How the old birds did scream, and what a fuss they made about it! Perhaps they will remember to build higher another season. I then made a neat stalk and killed a skylark, and as the sun was getting high thought of

not without a mission, although it is not always given to man to discover it.

To man has been given dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. By the aid of his superior intellect he is enabled to exercise a controlling power, and has become in consequence an important factor in arranging the balance of Nature. Persons who have carefully thought out the various problems which have been presented to man in connection with all created things, are of opinion that had man never interfered, the balance established by Nature would never have been disturbed. I differ from these opinions, and hold it to be man's duty to take the good out of all he sees, and turn it to his own use. No doubt the wolf has some kind of mission to fulfil, or it would never have been created; but man will certainly take care that the business of the wolf is not to devour him! With regard to the balance of Nature as it affects our sports and pastimes, many different opinions have been enunciated. One man thinks there should be no bird on the heather but the grouse, and that there should be no beast in the deer forest but the stag and its kind; whilst another person thinks that if the hawks were allowed to increase and take their share of the small birds, we should get about the right balance. A close time for *all* birds has been more than once advocated; but a close time for *all* means for the sparrow as well as for the sparrow-hawk. It is every man for himself, as the Norfolk gamekeeper said when he told his master that he shot the nightingales, because they sang so loud as to keep his pheasants awake at night!

I am not desirous of unduly extending these illustrations of the balance of Nature, but the readers of 'Baily,' I hope, will bear with me whilst I say a word or two about our grouse supplies. I have often wondered, and I dare say many besides me have wondered, at our wonderful supply of these birds, which year by year seem to grow more plentiful. As I have said already in the pages of this magazine, 'the more they are shot, the more plentiful they become.'

'retiring, when I came on the fresh track of a hare. I knew her form would be close by, so followed it in breathless silence. Sure enough she was sleeping on the side of an old track. Getting well above her, I leaped lightly on her back, and my teeth were fast in her neck before she was fairly awake. Then how the stupid creature screamed and struggled! Just as if it was of any use! I suppose she was thinking of her little ones, for she was giving suck I afterwards noticed. However, I left her quiet enough in about ten minutes. Being rather tired, I had a long and refreshing sleep under the root of an old tree, but waking thirsty about three o'clock went down to a little stream and had a drink. Two ladies were sketching the old bridge, and I played about for a little while and heard them admire my graceful movements, and wonder how any man could be barbarous enough to set a trap for such an interesting creature. Had another long sleep, and a pleasant stroll in the evening, but had not much sport, a nice covey of partridges giving me my supper and a quarter of an hour's amusement. The old birds kept fluttering under my nose, apparently both lame and broken-winged, but I had been served that trick before, so I only laughed at them, and managed to chop eight of the young ones. Then I retired for the night, hoping for as happy a day to-morrow.'

One year the breeding birds are killed by the cold in thousands, but next year they seem more abundant than ever! An epidemic sweeps over the moors at another time, sparing neither young nor old, and yet in two seasons after birds seem as plentiful as ever they were. How many grouse would find a home on our moors a hundred years ago? And if the heather was as populous then as it is now, what became of the birds? Were their enemies then more numerous than they are at present, or their food more plentiful? Hundreds of thousands of these birds now reach the markets. Sixty years since, in the days of Sir Walter Scott, 'moor-fowl' were almost never sold; a few were given in presents, and a few hundreds might reach the markets. One explanation of the wonderful and constant increase is, that there is an incessant demand at what may be called fair prices, and, in consequence, much is done to afford a constant and increasing supply; and in particular, it may be safely affirmed that to ensure that the enemies of the bird are being carefully and constantly extirpated with remorseless vigour. The 'bird of sport' has numerous foes. The peregrine falcon is constantly teasing them all the year round. That dreadful vagabond, the hoodie crow, is death upon the grouse. So say those who know. One naturalist says, 'I have heard of an estate on which, in 1864, there lived in great peace and prosperity a colony of crows. One year 400 of these were killed, and in that same season there were only about 100 grouse on the estate; after the lapse of a season or two, when the crows had been so reduced that only a colony of 40 was left, over 400 brace of grouse were obtained. *Moral*—If you grow your crows, you exterminate your grouse!'

The economy of our grouse moors is as yet so little understood that no one seems to know with any degree of accuracy how many birds a hundred acres of heather should be able to carry. Opinions differ radically on this point of grouse moor economy. Some say one number and some another; but in the rent paid for these sporting-grounds a clue can be obtained to the mystery. Each brace of grouse which is shot is popularly supposed to cost the lessee of a grouse moor one pound, and grouse moors are let on an average at about the rate of two shillings an acre. A thousand acres of heather should be got for about a hundred pounds, and the lessee of such a stretch of ground should, according to popular belief, obtain at least two hundred birds for his money, besides such chance game as may turn up in the shape of hares and blackcock. If, then, a moor extending to a thousand acres yield to the tenant, by way of sport, two hundred grouse, we may assume for our purpose that at least another hundred brace will require to be left on the ground as a breeding stock. The average nest of grouse may be taken as containing eight eggs. The touts who so industriously tell us every spring that nests with eleven and even thirteen eggs are common enough, see with spectacles of exaggeration; but I will take it that there are a hundred nests of grouse on a thousand acres of heather, and that each nest will have eight eggs; that gives us a

total of eight hundred eggs. Now, in my humble opinion, and as illustrating the balance of Nature, we may make the following little deductions from the number:—Addled eggs, 34; eggs lost in consequence of accidents to parent grouse, 46; eggs destroyed by the forces of Nature, such as rain, snow, &c., 52; eggs which fall a prey to vermin of various kinds, 48; total, 180, which leaves 620 to produce young birds, of which 200 are shot and 200 left as stock, leaving the parent birds and the remainder of their progeny to furnish food to their numerous enemies, or to be destroyed by 'the disease' and weather influences; that may seem an immense percentage to be doomed to destruction, but I feel convinced from long observation that the number is not exaggerated. As to the 'disease,' I am in the belief that it is always present, and ready, by favouring circumstances, to become epidemic.

I must now conclude, not because I have exhausted my subject, which, in fact, might be extended in similar space over a twelve-month; but a popular magazine requires to vary its contents as much as possible, and so I call a halt to leave room for other contributors. I trust that the foregoing illustrations and observations on 'the balance of Nature' may be the means of inducing sportsmen to give the subject their attention.

THE THOROUGHBRED IN AMERICA;

OR, BROTHER JONATHAN ON THE SPORTING TRAIL.

THE recent 'whippings' which Jonathan has administered to his venerable grandsire John Bull in his own cockpit and chosen arena—the flat racecourse—have awakened us at last from our dream of infallibility and omnipotence in all things pertaining to man's noblest conquest (according to Buffon) since the Flood, more especially in the rearing and training of the horse's highest type and development—the thoroughbred racehorse. Now the Briton fancied he had mastered all the secrets of art and nature, and that in him were vested all the traditional skill and science that the wisdom of ages had accumulated about horses and their habits. Such an article of faith had his hippic supremacy become to the average Englishman, that any dissenter from this creed grew to be looked upon with the same scorn and contempt with which the sons of the Prophet regard the Giaour, the high-caste Hindoo the Pariah of deepest degradation. Why argue the point? Had not 'the Admiral' exhausted the question, and reduced the doubters of our infallibility to shame and confusion of face? Had not the experiment been tried in Russia, in Egypt, in India, and even at the Antipodes? Had not the result been always uniform—the conclusion foregone by good judges? To be sure, a few Irish horses had done great things at rare intervals on the English Turf; Harkaway, Faugh-a-Ballagh, and The Baron were flyers and stayers; and Russborough and Barbarian, though

rather unlucky, were undeniably high-class racehorses. But then Ireland is part and parcel of England, whether her inhabitants will acknowledge the fact or not, as much so as Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, and the Isle of Man. And the victories of the Hibernian indigenes were put to the credit of England's supremacy. Why, it was only a decade or two ago that the Goodwood Cup was not indeed a standing menace, but an annual bait to tempt the foreigner into the racing arena, the lure being the great allowance (10 lbs., I think) given to foreign- and colonial-bred horses! France was the first to challenge our omnipotence, and to wrest many of our laurelled crowns from us. Gladiateur, Fille de l'Air, and a few more of that stamp, taught us that the gifts of speed and staying were common to both sides of the Channel, and since then Germany and Hungary shook the pillars of our supremacy in racing to their foundation. American enterprise, which has competed with us successfully in all quarters of the world, was not slow in following the movement, and sending thoroughbreds to contend for our rich prizes; but Umpire, Prior, Prioress, and Stark, though highly respectable runners, never came into the first-class category, and it was reserved for Anno Domini 1881 to see the chief prizes of the English Turf transferred to the continent of America. The moral of these beatings seems to be that by careful breeding and selection of sires and dams from the best stocks, a first-class racehorse may be produced in almost any temperate zone, and that the monopoly of production has passed from us into other hands, who, to the lessons taught by our experience for many generations, have super-added the results of their own observation, and rejoice in some natural advantages and 'privileges' which are beyond our reach.

The great end and aim of English breeders, indeed perhaps of nearly all breeders of animals, is the market, and it is deemed the highest wisdom and the most successful success to obtain quick returns for the outlay of capital. Hence showy, well-furnished yearlings of fashionable parentage and commanding size are turned out annually for the public sales. These are bought up by speculators anxious to *realise* as promptly as possible the capital they have sunk in thoroughbred juveniles, and committed to trainers who have the same aim and object. Hence our young horses are compelled, by the pressure of circumstances and competition, to lead as *fast* lives in their way as their owners. Can any one doubt but that such stimulating processes vitiate and weaken the constitution and power of the general stock? In America there has been no such unnatural and tremendous energy of competition. A few good mares have been annually imported, and a few good strong staying sires worthy to take rank with the descendants of Priam and Glencoe; and as the flat races on the entire continent were few and far between, Canada being included, there was no fear of the strain on the constitution and the enfeeblement of the type, which is our danger in England, where precocious speed means money. Nor is this soundness of constitution derived from sound healthy lives, and

the absence of feverish competition, the only point in which America, as a breeding home of thoroughbred stock, surpasses our happy little island. We have seen companies formed for the supply of the high-class racer *in posse*, with plenty of money apparently and plenty of talent and knowledge at their head, yet how few have proved thorough successes! how few have been able to weather that lee-shore—cost of keep and forage bills! These considerations came home to me with all their possibilities so long ago as 1864, when I had an opportunity of paying a very brief and transient visit to the farm of Mr. Aitcheson Alexander, in Kentucky, a state which is perhaps as remarkable for the stature of its human growths as for the power and vigour of its colts:—

‘Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus
Magna virum.’

It was in the civil war time when a most Titanic struggle of principles, and interests too, was convulsing the great continent. I believe Kentucky had much yearning of heart for her hard-pressed and afflicted sisters in the South, but geographically by the line and compass she was a free state, if I recollect right, and slavery did not pollute her borders. I recollect that memorable winter well, and my journey in waggon and stage-coach across the plains through Colorado, Nebraska, and Kansas, then full at certain seasons of the migratory herds of buffalo. There was no Pacific Railroad then, and the luxury of Pullman cars was unknown beyond St. Louis, or St. Joseph at any rate. In the travel homeward between these western emporia, we had been snowed-up temporarily; and I mention the circumstance to show how severely the winter sets in ‘down West.’ I think it was some travelling chance or accident that introduced me on my journey to a friend of Mr. Alexander’s and procured me a letter of introduction to this gentleman, in whom is vested, I believe, a dormant English peerage, or, I should say more correctly, who is the representative of an English peerage now dormant. Snow in America means sleighing, in which our cousins and their horses are as much at home as we are in trains, tramcars, and ‘buses; and a nigger and a sleigh soon brought me to a pleasant country-house, of which the best feature in that ‘cold snap’ was its warmth and internal comfort. I forget the size of the ‘Home Farm’ of Mr. Alexander, but if I recollect right, it was some eight or ten thousand acres of corn land, woodland and pasture, divided into those famous forty-acre fields, or ‘pieces’ as they are called there; and, as in the colonies so in America, nothing strikes the English visitor so forcibly as the abundance all around—maize for the million, and cattle and horse kind in the same ratio. It was no day to dawdle or linger over scenes and scenery which wore a very Arctic or Siberian look just then. Mr. Alexander had been away from home, and I recollect well when we went out to take a glance at the horse department of the farmstead, the first thing he learnt was that Morgan, the guerilla chief, had ‘raided off’ a number of his horses for the Con-

federate service and with them a number of stallions; but he had shown his good sense and consideration in returning the latter. How many young thoroughbred horses occupied the long lines of shedding I cannot say; possibly the owner hardly knew, without reference to his books, how many he had; but I shall not easily forget how little moved he was by a sight which would have plunged an English household into grief—namely, a splendid young colt who had been led out in a cavesson, and rearing, in the exuberance of high spirits, he had slipped on the ice and fractured his skull so badly as to cause immediate death. The place of honour in the haras was accorded to Scythian, once Mr. Greville's horse, who had won the Chester Cup, and who did duty here as a sire; but so tractable had he become by sensible usage and kindness, that Mr. Alexander had actually trained him to sulky trotting and had got him to do his mile in very good time, good enough indeed for the trotting track. Owing to some slight accident the horse never was brought out as a trotter; but the mere fact that a horse whose entire antecedents had been, so to speak, hostile to trotting, could be re-educated, shows a command over and knowledge of the noble animal which we can hardly boast of here.

In another large corner box was old Lexington, noted for his staying powers, inherited by some of his progeny. This grand old horse was at that time quite blind, but he had cost a sum then which would make many an Englishman stare.

Now I have alluded in the most cursory way to these rambling reminiscences gathered in a shooting trip in Western America and the Rocky Mountains, to show how largely *pur sang* horse-breeding had entered even then into American farming and stock-raising, and how possible it is that the best types of this class of horse may hereafter come from Greater Britain; for in a few years' time, when mares are commoner than now, it is probable that thoroughbred stock can be raised in large numbers, very cheaply in a country where suitable land, unfoiled by everlasting horse pasturage, can be obtained at Parnellian valuation, and the keep of the colts and fillies can be reduced to something very small indeed. In one important particular, at any rate, England and Ireland are still unrivalled, namely, in their training grounds; for America can show nothing like Newmarket or the Curragh in all her vastness, and hence the lease of supremacy in conditioning horses for flat-racing is likely to remain with England.

Whether the chase will ever flourish in America as it still flourishes in England, and did recently in Ireland, seems problematical, and the chances are that it will not. To introduce hunting into England, for instance, *de novo*, would probably be impossible. As a time-honoured custom full of pleasure and profit, linking generation to generation and age to age, it is wisely preserved and adapted to the circumstances of the time and locality in merry England; while the various clubs that have attempted to assimilate English and American hunting ideas have not, I hear, been eminently successful. In America

shooting is called hunting by the majority, and when there is such splendid shooting sport, artificial or exotic hunting must have a poor chance of success. Nor is the country or are the fences favourable to hound-and-horse hunting. There is too much woodland and primæval nature for pleasant following or hound enterprise. And so serious are these objections that, notwithstanding the enormous Irish element on the continent, lep racing has never acquired any hold on the popular taste; though I saw it attempted to be carried out by the Irish Brigade on the Rappahannock in the civil war time. Americans, however, when transplanted to European hunting-grounds are the hardest of the hard. Pau knows how straight some Yankees steer; and in Ireland, Count Zbrowski, an American Pole, or a Polish American, who has hunted much in Meath, Dublin, and Kildare, can hold his own with its best bruisers, and its fastest fliers. Horses—that is to say, *chevaux de luxe et de race*—have become cosmopolitan luxuries rather than insular idols.

I PREACH TO THE PARSON.

‘It is no use telling me that it is a harmless amusement,’ said the parson. ‘I will be bound to say that your cricketers are in that room there at the Green Lion, drinking and playing cards now, as I hear they are every Saturday evening; the police ought to indict the house.’

We were passing the Green Lion, a good old-fashioned village inn, in which the principal common room was bravely lit up, and from the shadows on the red blind there evidently was a numerous company.

‘Now look here, parson; you go on, and I will come in presently, and tell you who are there and what they are doing; for I want to speak to them about a match next week. I shall find most of them there.’

The parson walked on to the vicarage, and your humble servant went through the bar into the common room—or, more strictly speaking, the *uncommon* room, as it was only for the use of the landlord’s regular customers, and strangers could not get in—and was greeted with a chorus of ‘Good evening, sir; what’s the news?’ Not to spin out this article with ‘padding,’ as is the custom in three-volume novels, let me say that the news was that a match was made, that an eleven was wanted, and, according to ancient custom, a gallon of shandy-gaff was ordered in and paid for to drink success to the eleven; and that being done, the writer, having arranged the match, returned to the vicarage to report as promised.

In this article I shall make the parson wholly a listener. It must be understood that the Vicar and Mrs. Vicar too were bombarding me with hot-shot all the time, but conversations in print are tedious. The talk, or whatever it may be called, is a repetition of arguments which I have had with very good men, who were

cut the wrong way of the stuff—I fear with *no* great success—in hopes of inducing them to see the urgent necessity of looking after the village sports, and getting at the people who delight in them.

‘You are quite right, vicar,’ I said on entering; ‘most of the cricketers are there drinking, smoking, and playing cards, and I have stood them a gallon of shandy-gaff, and of course you say I set them a terrible example. The company present were, the landlord, the keeper, the bailiff’s son, and the headle, who were playing four-handed cribbage, a penny a corner and fourpence on the rubber; which means sixpence for a rubber of two games won, fivepence for a rubber of three games, and the stakes were all spent on shandy-gaff. The others are talking cricket, and some of them watching the card-players, and bets of a pint, or even so much as a pot, were given and taken whilst I was there. I know all the company, and they were very pleased to see me; they are all most respectable men, who work hard and are sober and well-conducted; and what you say is true, they are *always* there every Saturday night, and probably will be there for many a year as long as the present landlord goes on. It is quite true, as you say, that few of them ever come to church, and that they hardly recognise you when you meet them; but they touch their hats to me because I stand them beer. And there you are just wrong; it is *not* the beer, it is because my friends and myself get up the cricket, and readings and concerts, and so sometimes amuse them in the winter; and, pardon my home truths, your party do not inaugurate a single amusement amongst them to gain a laugh from New Year’s Day to the following 31st of December. The fact is, parson, you do not understand what *you* call “the working classes,” for the simple reason that you were brought up in a cockney parish in London, and don’t understand village folk. You go on circulating tracts on drunkenness and gambling, directed against men such as I have seen to-night. Now listen to me. My friends and myself have been with those men—for players or non-players they are cricketers to a man—at home and in out-matches, and there is not a man amongst them with a tendency to drink. They hold their Saturday-night club at the Green Lion regularly from eight till half-past ten, and as regularly they play penny cribbage and talk village politics or cricket; in fact, the match which I announced to-night will keep them going till it is time to go home. I know all you say about putting the money by in the savings’ bank instead of going to the Green Lion, where probably each man will pay sixpence or eightpence; but do you talk so to your richer neighbours, when you go to their dinner-parties and get indigestible green peas and young potatoes in February, and all sorts of extravagances and expensive wines, which are produced for show and not for hospitality, and the money spent on which *might* go to the poor? You have no idea how readily these Green Lion men would rally round you if you would give them the chance, and showed them a little sympathy.

‘ They don’t feel unkindly towards you, as you think ; it is just the other way, they don’t understand you and you don’t understand them ; they give you credit for good intentions, but they say they don’t care about the Pope or the missionaries, which are your two hobbies, and they won’t read the tracts ; and they won’t come to your sermons. To tell you the truth when the last grand garden missionary party was held here, and the carriages were put up at the Green Lion, the serious (?) coachmen and footmen, who were exhorted to band themselves together in support of the poor negro, preferred the cricket tent, and turned out to be the most comical dogs, and spoke slightly of their black brother. Of course you say I ought to have stopped the ridicule. Parson, I am only human, and ridicule and the “humorous” are my weak points. I did not encourage them, but I died of laughter on the quiet ; and so would you if you had heard a merry-eyed coachman *speculate* on his missus, an old maid in lavender-silk that would stand alone, marrying a nigger, and foreshadowing the wedding festivities.

‘ You know years ago the parson was generally one who was bred and brought up in a country village, often a country gentleman’s youngest son, and would ride and shoot and understand agriculture more or less, and without being necessarily a sporting parson, he took his day’s shooting or fishing sometimes ; had a knowledge and a sort of kinship with men of all classes, saints and sinners, who want a friend in trouble.

‘ Remember this—the village Benevolent Club dinner was never perfect unless the parson went and said grace, and more than often it was so at the cricket dinner too, and always so at the cricket supper, if—as was not unusual—the vicar gave a haunch of mutton or a lamb to be played for once a year ; i.e., the parson provided *that* much of the feast, and the losing side paid the extras. He just went in, and of course was asked to take the chair, which he never dreamt of doing, and which they never expected him to do, but they liked passing the compliment ; and he remarked : “ I’ve just come to say a grace for you, and am glad you have had a good match, and hope you’ll enjoy yourselves this evening, and *mind* to put the ‘ stopper on ’ in time ; ” and *then* there was a good laugh, and with that word in season, the parson said grace and went off, and they gave him a ringing cheer.

‘ You must know, parson, I am older than you, and I remember the Reform riots which spread into the country villages more or less, and the parsons, who knew and were beloved by their parishioners, had great power and influence for good. Now what I want to draw your attention to is this ; that a very little goes a long way, and it is not too late to draw my friends of the Green Lion Club to you. Mind, what I tell you is true ; it is not so long ago when you were walking across the cricket-green, when a match was going on, that one of the rough fellows made a shameful remark about you, and th at a man, who is your favourite

'aversion, because he once fought another man in a roped ring for 10*l.* and a barmaid,* punched his head on the spot. Yes, Mrs. Vicar, you may laugh, but it is true; and come now, parson, with your snake head, and broad shoulders and sturdy figure, weren't you a good one with the gloves at Balliol? Of course you won't say "yes"; but depend upon it, Mrs. Vicar, when he was twenty, if he had taken to the Prize Ring, and had appeared with his hair cut short and in fighting trim as a novice, every one would have backed him.' (Here let me come in as Chorus, and say that the vicar and Mrs. Vicar and your humble servant shrieked with laughing when I explained (what I believe), that the vicar's head would have driven any man's knuckles up). 'Now, if you will do what I ask it will make such a difference, and it is simply this: the next time there is a match, walk up to the tent and see how it is going, and say "Good morning," and that you hope they are enjoying themselves; you would be as welcome as flowers in May, and I tell you what they would say: "Now that vicar ain't *half* a bad sort," and that is just what I should like to hear them say of you—and they *would* say the truth. They are *your* enemies and mine who tell you that we let ourselves down by going to the cricket suppers two or three times in the year, and singing our songs at the Green Lion. You never knew perhaps, but it is no less true, that the gentlemen who joined us in this move took this cricket up on one condition, which was, that if any singer made a blackguard of himself, we would never bring another eleven down; and the ladies who at our request have come to the ladies' tent, will tell you that they never hear a rough word; in fact the people are their own police now, and the ladies' tent has had a good effect. Now look here, parson, I tell you when you missed a rare chance. If you remember when I brought down the Civil Service, and I told you they were mostly old University men, and men of good family, and that they were going to dine at two o'clock with our village eleven, and I asked you to come and say grace, and to introduce you to them, and at the last moment some one persuaded you *not* to. It was a great chance, mind, but it is too late. You see, parson, you were brought up amongst too good people, and you have only seen one side of life. I know and have studied roughs. As a young man my delight was to mix in large crowds, and to study the rough as a brother-man. I have known prizefighters, navvies, long-shore men by the Thames, men in night cellars, and what you call the scum of the earth; have smoked the friendly pipe with the coster, and discussed burglary as a science with one of the greatest burglars ever known in Newgate, and fishing with the late hangman, Mr. Calcraft—a good fisherman, naturalist, and florist,

* This is literally true. I had 'the office' but was afraid to go, because of 'Mrs. Grundy.' The winner pocketed the ten pounds and refused the lady. It was a *bonâ-fide* lovers' quarrel, and the lady was very respectable. The ten pounds were only the ransom of the 'knights' armour.'

‘ who hated his calling—without his having the remotest idea that I
‘ knew who he was. I have not gone as a missionary, but have
‘ sat down among them as fellow-men. I have seen the most brilliant
‘ jewels set in the roughest casket, and I have heard noble senti-
‘ ments expressed, and seen deeds of charity done worthy of the
‘ Good Samaritan, accompanied by language which would make
‘ your hair stand on end; and I will tell you a secret—you may
‘ attract them all to you, but all the preaching at them will not
‘ influence them the least, because the preaching is not preceded by
‘ the kind word in season in private. *That* is the antidote to the
‘ rough language.

‘ Now I want to get you on about these sports. You say that
‘ you hear the fellows use bad language playing quoits; and the
‘ very name of skittles is an abomination. Very true; because all
‘ sports were condemned by the Puritans, and driven into low beer-
‘ shops. You want all kind of amusements now, skittles—a manly
‘ game—promoted and publicly played on the green, the same as
‘ cricket, football, and parish organisation of all classes for all
‘ sports, and yourself as patron of all. We don’t want you to come;
‘ your friendly nod on passing by will do it. When I was a boy at
‘ school, the King of Second Masters, whose windows opened on to
‘ “Chamber Court,” sometimes heard “tall talk,” which was not
‘ intended for his ear, uttered in anger. How well I remember,
‘ days afterwards, in speaking on some school matters, he would in
‘ the kindest way remind the offender of what he had heard, and,
‘ prefacing his remarks with “Mind, I am speaking to you as your
‘ “friend and not as your master,” he would say a few touching
‘ words to him with his hand on the boy’s shoulder. And, Mr.
‘ Baily, I often feel that “hand on my shoulder,” as if he
‘ was with me *now* sometimes. You must remember when it
‘ was a tight-fit with you, about three or four parish matters,
‘ when those like myself, who were interested in cricket,
‘ got all the cricketers’ families, and all the people whom they
‘ could influence, to back you; and how the vestry had to be
‘ adjourned to the school-room, and all the ratepayers who, to adopt
‘ the low expression, “used” the parlour of the Green Lion, and
‘ their friends, came and swamped your foes. Let me talk to you
‘ like a man and a brother. They did that because you subscribed
‘ a guinea to the cricket. They all lament your apathy; but the
‘ guinea was a living proof. And see how injudicious some of you are,
‘ “rampaging” about the iniquity of races, just in the race time, when
‘ most of the congregation are going to them, or going to have
‘ parties to see the people return, and every soul in the parish hopes
‘ to turn a penny somehow or another. Why, the dissenting linen-
‘ draper’s shop is a blaze of green and blue veils. I agree with you
‘ entirely, that it would be no great loss to the parish if the Derby
‘ was abolished, as the crowd has now become very rough and dis-
‘ orderly, and a lot of our fellows get drunk and keep drunk—not
‘ our cricketers, mind you—but so they would if we had a Royal

‘ procession through the parish or any other public show or holiday.
‘ Nine-tenths of your audience who go, are going to see a good race
‘ or to enjoy a harmless pic-nic, and it is *not* the racing which is
‘ iniquitous: it is the contingent of London roughs who do the
‘ mischief.

‘ What I am driving at all along, parson, is this; all the parish
‘ want to put you at the head of all innocent enjoyments, but
‘ unfortunately there are a clique whom you allow to pull the
‘ strings for you; there always are a puritanical set whom you are
‘ afraid of offending, who neither care for art nor music, nor fun nor
‘ sports, and who are muffs, and want to spoil sport in others; who
‘ will not allow their sons to play cricket with “the vulgar fellows”
‘ in the parish; and I am very glad they do not, as they are muffs,
‘ and snobs into the bargain very often, and who would faint if they
‘ sat down with the blacksmith and carpenter at a cricket supper.
‘ Why, when the cricket was wholly in the hands of the public-
‘ houses, the Club-room windows used to be shut because the
‘ parishioners complained of ribald songs which could be heard on the
‘ green; but *now* they insist on the windows being opened that they
‘ may hear the songs, and often the audience on the green carry an
‘ *encore* against “the room.” They cannot understand that men of
‘ that class never take a liberty with gentlemen who mix with them
‘ occasionally; and depend upon this—when the struggle about
‘ the Church comes, which is not far off, the contingent brought
‘ in by those who support the amusements of the parish, whether
‘ in the cricket-ground, at village concerts, or anything else, will do
‘ you more good than all resolutions and speeches at public meetings,
‘ and religious agitation.

‘ You see, English people are not like foreigners, who have a
‘ wonderful knack of amusing themselves. Go to a garden in the
‘ suburbs of a foreign town on a Sunday afternoon—ah! I forgot;
‘ the idea horrifies you about Sunday; but please remember that
‘ foreigners keep their vigil on Saturday, and thus Sunday practically
‘ is over at twelve o’clock. On Sunday I said—well, I will add
‘ any *fête* day—and then you will see them playing cards for some
‘ wine of the value of a *sous* a glass, perhaps, at dominoes or nine-
‘ pins, and dancing to a band without any rudeness or vulgarity, or
‘ laughing at a punchinello or performing dogs; and you hear
‘ shouts of merry laughter; and the old people sit by, the old men
‘ smoking their pipes, and their old wives with them. Look at
‘ that country girl with her white cap and long ear-rings, dancing
‘ with the man in the blue blouse. My wigs! what monkey-capers
‘ he cuts! There is this difference with us: a modest girl does not
‘ dare stand up to dance in public in England without being insulted
‘ by the insufferable ‘Arrys, and so they fall to at kiss-in-the-ring,
‘ and I grant you that is not a very elevating pastime.

‘ You say that I want the continental Sunday in England *vice*
‘ your “Sabbath,” which I own is *very* sad, and which I improve in
‘ my own way in my garden which no one can see into, so I don’t

‘offend my neighbour. I must tell you straight off, we play lawn tennis after the early dinner, and the servants have perfect rest till 8 p.m. I believe in Sunday rest from labour; and I tell you the actors would not act seven days a week, and people don’t want theatres and music-halls open—the idea goes against the English grain. And I would *not* bring out my village eleven because it would make a crowd and annoy my neighbours, but I *do* subscribe to a Sunday Cricket Club of poor fellows who work all the week, and who get to an out-of-the-way place and play cricket; and their rules are threepence fine for any bad language, and a shilling for bringing beer or spirits out, as they are honestly fighting the question of “harmless amusement *v.* public-house,” and it is *their* battle captained and led by themselves without interference.

‘So, parson, do loosen the strings a little; don’t pass your little edicts against the gallery for joining in a chorus, if I sing a homely song with a tally-ho refrain at a penny reading. Don’t get up and say, “Silence, if you please.” Let them sing it if they like. The chorus may be noisy, but there is nothing immoral in a good “coal-box.” Don’t be hard on the club at the Green Lion, and don’t invite the police to interfere. The landlord of the Green Lion never had a word against his house, as you know; and if the cribbage is beyond the law, take my word for it there is no perdition in “one for his nob or two for his heels” (“eels,” as Mr. Bumble, the beadle, calls it); and if you saw Mr. Bumble at the critical points of “Hole and Hole,” at the bottom of the second row, which he calls “level chalks,” putting down his pipe and wiping his face with excitement, why, parson, you would burst out laughing. You don’t see it, parson, but I do, if I go in to speak to them about a cricket match. The misfortune is that the Green Lion Club cannot do what they would do if they were foreigners. Mind, I am not one of those who go abroad and abuse everything at home. Well, I say if they were foreigners you would see the club, in the summer, sitting outside on the green playing that game of cribbage boldly in the public gaze, and you would see the village *curé*, with his umbrella under his arm, looking over Mr. Bumble’s cards, as interested as Mr. Bumble at the trying ordeal of “level chalks” and first player. You would see the skittles openly played. What do you get now instead? The blackguard cocoa-nut men, whose language pollutes the air, and whom you *ought* to put the police upon. I will give you all in that “Society” have made cards and billiards and theatres (many of them), as now conducted, quicksands for evil, and that local racing has come to a blackguard pitch; but do take it from me that your parishioners who are fond of sport and music and manly recreations, want encouraging by *you*, and if you would get a thorough gentleman for curate, who is a man of earnest purpose and a muscular Christian, he would turn half the roughs in the place round his finger, and your church would not half hold the people. Your feelings prejudice you. You are not friendly to old Father

‘ Peter, the Roman Catholic priest ; he is an intimate friend of mine, a
 ‘ dear old man, a rare scholar, a good musician and florist. He has
 ‘ tried hard to convert me, and only the other night I told him if
 ‘ there had been another squeeze of potteen in the bottle, or a drop
 ‘ more hot water, he could have done it. He offered to put the
 ‘ kettle on again, but I preferred a return match and to begin *de novo*.
 ‘ So I was within a glass of punch of being a Roman Catholic, and
 ‘ of training an eleven of priests, as most certainly I should have done.
 ‘ Ah ! you say that you will give me as good a glass of mountain-
 ‘ dew as Father Peter, and I *may* have a pipe ; done along of you,
 ‘ parson, and—no, Mrs. Parson, I won’t keep him up late, and we
 ‘ will keep good hours, as my *friends at the Green Lion* do.”

F. G.

SCOTCH GROUSE AND OTHER GAME IN '81.

THIS—I am writing on the last day of the season—has been almost a red-letter grouse year, some big bags having been made on our Scotch moors, notably that of the Duke of Hamilton and friends on his Grace’s island of Arran. The party there killed over six thousand grouse (single birds), besides a very large quantity of other and very miscellaneous game. Many other plethoric bags might be recorded of season '81, as on some of the Scotch moors birds were really plentiful, and afforded fine sport so long as the parties most interested were pleased to enjoy it. But the fashions of sport, like other fashions, are changing : people on the average finish their time on the heather so as to be ready for the partridges ; by the first week of September, therefore, hundreds of men have re-crossed the border on their way south ; and before they have done with the partridges they commence to blaze away at the pheasants. From that cause two of the finest months of the year are lost to the general run of sportsmen, so far as heather shooting is concerned. The loss is theirs ; in the majority of seasons the Scottish moors are never more beautiful than in September and October, when Nature has arrayed heath and forest in the mellow garb of autumn. I shall, however, leave the descriptions of the changing seasons to the poets, who make such matters their stock-in-trade, taking our Scottish sports *seriatim*, and proceed with my own proper business, and first of all say a few words about that which is the bird of sport *par excellence*.

Grouse have been still more abundant than in some recent seasons, and although rumours of disease were prevalent during the summer time, I am in a position to state—my informant is a person who handles personally over three thousand brace every year—that there has been no disease. The dealer I refer to has seen no trace of it ; one or two inferior birds as to condition, when examined were found to have been wounded, which at once accounted for their poor appearance. It is to be hoped that next season will be as plentiful a season for these birds as that which has just terminated, and that we

shall have *no disease*. It is a fact that there are places in Scotland which have never had a visitation of the plague, which proves that there must be some cause for the disease in other places that ought to be discovered. It stands to reason, I think, that if the condition of the moors on which the disease breaks out could be assimilated to the condition of the moors on which no disease has ever yet appeared, something like a check might be given to the fell destroyer. And another thing, why not transfer some of the grouse which have never on any occasion been visited by the disease to other parts of the country, so as to mix and strengthen the various breeds on other moors? The healthy grouse alluded to are to be found in the island of Orkney, and I am told they are heavier and of finer flavour than the birds of the Scottish mainland.* Now, if in some degree, as has been stated by various writers on the subject, 'the disease' is attributable to 'in-breeding,' which is not at all an improbable theory, here is a mode of cure, or rather of prevention, which, to say the least of it, is worthy of being tried. It is not my disposition to be a prophet of evil, but we cannot, I fear, be far off an epidemic of the kind that before now has desolated the Scottish moors. This autumn we are having just the kind of weather which preceded former outbreaks. What I desire to inculcate on all interested in the subject is that, if we are so unfortunate as to suffer from an outbreak next season, the most should be made of it in the way of utilising its incidence for both cure and prevention. I remember vividly some of the previous visitations of the disease, and the various speculations to which they gave rise—these were the outbreaks of 1855, 1861, and 1867. These unfortunately taught us nothing. Everybody was so taken by surprise that they had no time to organise sustained inquiry, and opinions of the matter so concurred in thinking upon each occasion that, 'such a thing is not likely to occur again,' as to prevent any organisation for searching out the root of the evil and stamping out the disease the moment it shows itself. Taught by these former calamities, it is to be hoped that if there should next season be a recurrence of the plague, every one interested will be alert to observe and deduce. On some of the moors, when the trouble came to the birds they died off in dozens, and no three men could agree as to the cause; some ascribed

* The following is a note of the weights of grouse taken from a Game Registry kept in Rousay:—

1874	Heaviest grouse, 30 ounces.
1875	" " 29½ "
1876	" " 30 "
1877, Sept. 1st	" " 29½ "
1878, Aug. 27th	" " 30 "
1879, Sept. 26th	" " 29½ "
1880, Oct. 23rd	" " 29½ "
1881, Sept. 9th	" " 29½ "

The correspondent who has supplied these figures says, 'The reasons I adduce for the extra weight of grouse in Rousay are (1) that grouse disease has never been known; (2) the open winters compared with those of the mainland of Scotland; (3) the excellence of the moors.'

the illness to the food, some to the atmosphere, and some to the water; whilst not a few said the disease was caused by overstocking and 'in-breeding'; and, as usual, there were plenty of facts and lots of argument to support all sides of the controversy, but for all that, if the disease comes again, we shall apparently be as helpless as before.

Coming back, however, to a review of the past season, I shall not as I have said, give any list of the big bags, that having been done in the newspapers as the season progressed, so that all who are interested know already how very successful it was. From a commercial point of view, it may be stated that the cold season was much in favour of higher prices, the average figure obtained being about 4*d.* a brace better than some previous years. This is an important circumstance, as with the good times for trade which we are having, the rent of grouse moors and deer forests is on the rise. This season (1881) the lowest price which consignments touched in the chief London market was 3*s.* a brace for fairly good grouse, whilst the very highest figure realised for superlatively fine birds was 10*s.* each! And, as showing how uniformly good was the supply so far as quality was an element, it may be stated that a very fair proportion of them brought 15*s.* a brace in Leadenhall Market. These may be esteemed sordid details—the mere commercial element—in fact, by some green hands; but I know that all who have to pay for the expensive pastime of heather shooting will feel interested in these quotations and the lessons they teach.

During the first few days of the shooting season prices are not in the least reliable, in consequence of the enormous numbers of grouse which reach the market, causing a series of most provoking gluts, from which in reality nobody derives the slightest advantage. With the record of twenty years' sport before me, I should be well able to say something about prices, and also to note this fact, namely, that grouse-shooting will have to be prolonged if gentlemen desire to be in part recouped for their great outlay. Under the present system two-thirds of the grouse supply is in the market before the middle of September. Dealers in consequence (in Scotland, at any rate) are ceasing to contract. It never pays them unless there be plenty of steady shooting during the first half of September; if there is not, then they are sure to sustain a considerable loss. The contract price 'all round' used to be from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* a brace for fair ordinary birds; but with everybody shooting at once, the supply so far exceeds the demand that dealers are glad sometimes to sell overhead at a loss of from twelve to twenty per cent. The produce of the moors seems to become greater and greater as the years roll on. The enemies of the birds are so persistently killed off that the grouse have really now a fine time of it, having no foe to fear but man. Under such circumstances an immense breeding stock is usually left to multiply and replenish the heather, so that in years to come, if there should be no disease, the supply is likely from all appearances to be still greater. I have often thought that it would be a good plan if the gentlemen of a district would agree

among themselves as to days of sport. On moors where the birds are very backward, it might be arranged to postpone the opening of sport for a day or two, and some restriction ought really to be placed on the number of birds killed during the first ten days. If that be not done—what is there to prevent its being done?—grouse in the beginning of the season will probably prove altogether unsaleable.

Partridges in Scotland have been a little more plentiful this season than last, and shooting, of course, is still going on; but the partridge on this side the border, I fear, is a doomed bird. It is slowly but surely being, as I may say, exterminated. I have seen these fine birds so plentiful that they could be bought at a shilling each; but 'the reaping-machine is doing for them,' said a keeper to me the other day, 'and all that are left by the reaping-machine, sir, are killed by the long-net poachers, who find a ready market for the birds in London and some of the English towns.'

Everybody has heard of the extraordinary glut of pheasants which has been experienced this year, when people on some days have had the chance of buying fine birds at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* each! A Scottish landed proprietor, who had occasion to be in London at the end of November, wrote to a game-dealer of Glasgow, who had contracted for his pheasants at 3*s.* 6*d.* each, 'I don't know how you feel about this glut; but I am in clover here. I had a roast pheasant to supper the other night, and another to breakfast this morning; the lady at whose house I am staying bought them, the one for 1*s.* 10*d.*, the other for 2*s.* 2*d.*! You pay me, I think, 3*s.* 6*d.* a bird; these must be bad times for you, it is to be feared.' There has hitherto been a good deal of competition in Scotland to obtain pheasants; but from this time henceforth dealers will be less eager to buy these birds before they are shot, and in future will be more likely to wait till the 1st of October before they open their mouths on the subject of price. This year (the reader must keep in mind I am writing in December), at the beginning of October, pheasants in London brought about 4*s.* 3*d.* wholesale; but in less than a fortnight they fell to half-a-crown! And during November hundreds were sold at a shilling each! Fine birds, sent up by Scotch contractors, only realised 2*s.* each, and carriage had to be paid as well as commission on sales; so that in that aspect of the business pheasant contracting was throughout a loss. And now a word to the gentlemen who rear the birds and hold battues:—'Gentlemen, there are far too many pheasants being bred. I would advise you to restrict your numbers, otherwise there will be no sale for the birds you and your friends cannot eat. At present I know that each bird is costing you to rear fully three shillings, whilst during the battue season all that can be obtained for the birds over-head, is two shillings. If you continue rearing at the rate you are doing, your expenses will increase and your returns decrease. The demand for pheasant eggs is year by year becoming greater and the cost higher; whilst, if things continue as at present, pheasants will sell at a cheaper rate than domestic poultry.'

One of the most extraordinary facts of the day in connection with game is, that venison is going entirely out of fashion! Time was when to have a haunch on one's table was 'the thing,' to use a rather homely phrase; but now, venison has become, so to say, 'a drug in the market.' A well-known Scottish nobleman who possesses a herd of fallow deer, which he has been obliged, on the complaint of some of his farmers, to thin, had to sell them at quite a nominal price. Venison has decidedly been going back in value for these past three or four seasons. The deer just referred to were of the very finest quality—English 'spardled,' park-fed bucks excepted—and those in 'the know' might have had a fine haunch at about 7*d.* per lb. weight! Take note, I am alluding to venison that, ten or fifteen years ago, would in the season have brought from 3*s.* to 6*s.* per lb.! Scottish red deer, as a rule, are not in demand. When just killed and then immediately cooked the flesh is dry and hard; when kept for ten days or a fortnight, it is then not every person's food; eating it then becomes a matter of taste, for every palate is not educated to endure very 'high' meats. Of course there is a market for red deer in that greatest of all cities, London; Scotch venison can always be disposed of there—at a price. We have in Scotland been able to buy venison as follows: fallow deer at from 6*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., according to the cost; red deer at from 4*d.* to 1*s.* per lb.; roe deer has been a little cheaper. I can give a wrinkle about roe deer: the best part of it is 'the saddle'; treat it as mutton, so far as hanging it is concerned; in plain language, don't keep it till it 'stinks.' A gentleman who knows all the good things of the table better than most other men tells me that, for a snug little party, there is nothing so good of its kind as a saddle of roe deer. Let the cook just proceed with it as if it were a saddle of black-faced or Cheviot mutton; she can, to set it a-going, skewer it all round with good beef-suet.

Hoping these details are not of too 'sordid' a kind; thinking for myself, at any rate, that all interested cannot be too well-informed about the economy of our game supplies, I shall now, with the editor's permission, say a few words about the hares and rabbits.

During the passage of the Ground Game Bill through the House of Commons, country game-dealers were very much troubled in their minds about the 'ruin of their business,' more especially those who dealt in rabbits and hares, as they were afraid, from the terms of the Act, that both of these beasts would be speedily annihilated; their fears, however, were a little allayed when they perused the Bill as it was amended by the House of Lords. To give them all honour, the greatest opponents of the Act—the large Tory landholders of the country—were (as indeed they generally are when put upon their mettle) most generous, and gave their tenants at once all the privileges or rights which the Act of Parliament bestowed upon them, without waiting for the expiry of their leases; and it has to be said of nearly all the tenants—I am speaking of Scotland only—that very few of them interfered with the hares or rabbits, so long,

especially the latter, as they were kept under control by the game-keepers, as they understand they are enjoying a benefit under the Act which they never bargained for, and could not expect under their present lease. The actual effects of the recent legislation on the production of hares and rabbits cannot yet be realised. There is not the least doubt, I think, but that the former animal will diminish greatly in number, for proprietors will not keep men to watch at night to prevent poaching, when the benefit to be realised has to be shared with one who does not require to pay any of the expense incurred for keepers and watchers. This is not, I think, to be expected, for a gentleman in the course of the year pays a good sum of money for watching his game. A poacher might, of course, be prevented by watchers from carrying off on some evening his dozen or score of hares, but next day the tenant might go out and shoot them all in a few hours.

There is not the least doubt but that in Scotland the stock of saleable hares has diminished this season, but it is impossible yet to arrive at a fair judgment of the question, as last year (1880) was so severe that the breeding stock of both hares and rabbits was greatly diminished—so reduced, in truth, that an average number was not left, although keepers did not kill anything like their usual quantity. After a more than usually severe winter, a great mortality sets in among all animals immediately on the advent of good weather; they then eat so greedily of the abundant fresh food as to bring on some sort of disease of which hundreds of them will die—it is chiefly diarrhœa. Hares during late years have been numerous enough, because of being well, I may almost say, over-protected; in consequence the market every now and then has been glutted, and men who had made contracts being forced to make sales at some kind of price, nominal figures had to be entered in their sale-lists. The English markets have of course to be resorted to by the Scotch dealers, who on some occasions require to consign hundreds to their agents in Leadenhall Market, sometimes not getting within from 6*d.* to 1*s.* of what they paid for the animals. The carriage is charged against the sender, and a commission of five per cent. has to be paid on the sales. Gentlemen, as a rule, kill a large lot of their hares in November, which causes the gluts spoken of, and after that date the dealer only gets supplies in dribblets, so that often enough he is unable to recoup the losses on previous supplies. About Christmas-time there is a strong demand for hares, as then they are generally scarce, having been well shot down earlier in the season. Very little that is reliable can yet be said as to the effect of the Ground Game Bill on the supply of rabbits, as last season so thinned the stock that they have not yet recovered, but this year they are decidedly less plentiful, and as nearly all the farmers have now the right of shooting them, they are bound to be more kept down than formerly; but all in time, our farmers will learn to kill only at those seasons during which the price is highest. As has been indicated in the foregoing remarks, the poacher is likely to be

more than ever an important factor in the game supply of this country, and the poacher is a man who deserves no sympathy at the hands of even the most pronounced 'humanitarian': let him go and earn an honest living by the sweat of his brow! Who can sympathise with the wretch who lifts a bird off her eggs, or clubs a hare on its *form*? I am very much afraid that, in the course of another year or two, hares will be about double their present price. For the rabbit I have not so much fear; a few warrens on an extensive scale would help to keep up this great contributory to our national commissariat. I make no apology for offering these remarks to the readers of 'Baily's Magazine'; they are likely to prove more useful than if I had written a paper in praise of sport alone, and papers written in praise of sport do not afford much variety of story; but these economic aspects of the game question deserve our best attention.

ELLANGOWAN.

BREEDING HUNTERS.

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

DEAR BAILY,—You are ever the champion of hunting, and there are one or two problems in the unravelling of which you have the power to assist materially. I will illustrate one of them by telling you that last summer a friend of mine, a Colonel in the army, and a first-rate judge of horses, commissioned me to let him know what horses of four or three years old, suitable for hunters, were within my ken, promising to come down and inspect them, as he wanted to buy several. I went to work industriously, taking a radius of twenty miles by twelve broad in Shropshire, that has always been celebrated for breeding good hunters, but could only find six horses that answered this description at all. These I weeded down to three on personal inspection, and brought the Colonel down from London to see them. The first was big enough, but coachy, and had he not been out of a well-known huntsman's mare, I should have discarded him at once. As it was, not being out of the breaker's hands, he could not be properly tried. The second was a nice Leicestershire horse, but blemished badly on the fetlock, and not to be trusted as sound. The third was a nice little blood-like horse, very raw, and not up to the standard of weight; so that throughout the whole of this good horse-breeding district positively there was not a young horse to be purchased, for love or money, that answered the description of a sound 14 st. hunter. What is true of one district applies, unfortunately, with equal force to others, and the moral of my story is, dear Baily, 'Where are we to get our supply of hunters from? And can anything be done to encourage their breeding more than has yet been done?' You may answer, 'Get them in Ireland.' Yes, some of them, perhaps; but Ireland cannot fulfil the demands of English hunting men, or anything like it. Besides, the supply

‘ of Irish horses is greatly on the wane, and this is likely to be the case when the majority of well-to-do residents, the men who breed or encourage the breeding of horses, are leaving the country, or breaking up their establishments.’

Every year this dearth of good half-bred horses is becoming a more apparent fact. The cart colt now has taken the place of the nag colt on almost every farm that I know throughout an extensive district. He comes earlier to hand, is less trouble, and more profit to his breeder.

Through you I appeal to the hunting men of the United Kingdom, and implore them to unite in considering this question, and taking steps to solve it. Many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pounds a year are wasted, or nearly so, for prizes at the agricultural shows for hunters, because the competition has become professional. Certain people lay themselves out to buy good-looking horses, and feed them up to repletion. They are then boxed by train from one Show to another all over the country, and generally bring a good profit to their owners. They seldom or ever see a hunting field, and they drive the farmer and breeder out of the competition altogether, serving as a discouragement to him; because if he brings a horse to show in his natural state, he is at once turned out of the ring by judges accustomed to admire and give prizes to the fat made-up horses that please the eye of the general public. The farmer is disgusted, and sells, probably to one of these shrewd men, for a low figure, and in twelve months sees his horse transformed into a show-yard horse, with a price of 400*l.* or 500*l.* attached to him. These prizes, if they are to do any good, should be confined to breeders, and let them be given to two, three, or four years old, in fair proportions. This, however, will be but a partial remedy. The sire must be encouraged. It is almost too much to expect help from the Jockey Club. That august body has virtually abolished local racing, and given itself up to gate-money meetings. Farmers have little or no opportunity now of looking at a good racehorse in their county town. ‘Tis true they may see a hunt racehorse, and a pretty weedy brute they think him, although perhaps taught to jump gorse hurdles and cut-down trimmed fences, with ditches on the landing side; he has probably never been through a real day’s hunting in his life, and never will. If such horses as these are to be of any use, we must give our boys gin in their cradles, and make 10*st.* pigmies of them, and then there will be a chance for them to see hounds go occasionally, when the ground and the country suits their horses’ small feet and low action.

In almost every country in Europe the Government encourages horse-breeding in some form or other. We profess to do so by giving 4800 guineas annually to be run for, at weight for age, over a distance of not less than two miles. At the time these Queen’s Plates were instituted they were without doubt a great encouragement to local squires to keep good horses. We find the prestige of

certain horses and their owners in all parts of England handed down as local cup-winners before the introduction of railways brought Newmarket and the Land's End within a few hours of one another, and made professional Newmarket a certain competitor with, and victor over, the country squire. Besides which the system of racing has altered; handicaps are now the order of the day, and with them has come the downfall of Queen's Plates. No horse, it is well known, will now compete for such prizes with any hope of victory unless his excellence is so thoroughly exposed that his chance in handicaps has become practically *nil*. Witness the principal Queen's Plate winners of the past year—Petronel and Exeter, beautiful horses, both of them, but far beyond the present class of hunter sires, and their victories, with one or two notable exceptions, have been almost walks-over. No one, I believe, except a few clerks of courses, would regret the relegation of this public money to purposes more useful to the State than those that now employ it.

This idea has not the claim of novelty, although it has never received the attention which it deserves. Supplement this grant by a tax of 2*l.* a year on every racehorse, and 10*s.* upon every horse other than a draught-horse used for agricultural purposes, or that works for hire, the property of an innkeeper, and you will have a fund capable of doing an appreciable service in aid of horse-breeding throughout this country.

Let this fund be at the disposal of a board, something after the likeness of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, with a paid secretary, and an inspector who knows his business, and we should soon have a system of country horse-breeding little, if at all, inferior to that of France or Austria. To give a practical turn to my theories, I should like to see an influential deputation wait upon the Government, and impress upon it the importance of immediate legislation on this subject. There ought at least to be one willing ear in the Cabinet to such a deputation, that of a member and ex-steward of the Jockey Club, the Marquis of Hartington. The time, too, is appropriate; Parliament is about to meet, the annual taxation has not been adjusted, the agricultural interest is in urgent need of help, land is falling in value, horse-breeding, as well as racing, is becoming professional instead of national. America is surpassing us in this as in other things. Our glory in national sports is passing away from us. Our home-life, our landlord influence, our residential happiness is vitally being sapped by allowing things to remain as they are—ay, even to grow worse year by year, until before another decade is past we shall be like King Richard, and exclaim,

‘A horse, a horse!
My kingdom for a horse.’

BORDERER.

'WARNED OFF.'

BY ONE OF THEM.

My history, my painful history be it said, begins like Tristram Shandy's—in the egg. 'That boy,' said my mother, moving uneasily in her chair—'oh, dear!' 'Boy,' said my father crustily, looking over his newspaper, 'boy—girl you mean, my 'dear. I've made up my mind it is to be a girl, and it must.' I am not unfilial enough to be sorry I disappointed him, but, as the sexless *it*, I had no power in the matter. Had I turned out a girl—oh, dear! Still he never forgave me. He was a judge, and, like all judges, administered law under the mistaken idea that it was justice. He used to say that if he gave the British public the genuine article they would not have it, and, acting upon this idea, he sentenced innocent men to punishment or death almost mechanically, thinking of the roast mutton for dinner when he summed up and the decanting of the claret as he assumed the black cap. That he was my father, my own history so far has proved. There is no better proof of a pedigree than the performances of the progeny. I was entered for this Great Produce stakes very young. I do not know the day, never having had a birthday present in my life. But it was in the autumn, for my responsible author was on circuit at the time. They telegraphed my birth as an 'over-night 'arrival' to him. He received it just as he had started to 'sum up' in the great Maxwelltown murder case. He was a capital 'summer up,' they used to say, but he wintered down very badly that afternoon. 'Hang me, it's a colt,' he was heard to mutter, in the midst of a painful pause, as each juryman was straining his neck, thinking the telegram was an important piece of information. 'We shall have 'to make room for him.' Altering his whole tone, he went right against the evidence. The jury followed him, and, being like himself very hungry, gave in a verdict of guilty, the sentence was passed, the hangman did his duty, and made room for *me*. That I am gradually working my way to the gallows is evident to all my friends. Still, I have always been lucky in getting round a corner, and may manage so at the finish yet. I will not tell you of childhood's happy days, which the poets are perpetually raving about, as if there were not any unpleasant reminiscences connected with them. Poets, however, may not have been punished for their childish naughtiness in the same manner and on the same parts as I was. If they had they would no doubt have sung differently. Having played truant for many days—three days a week at least—there is no use of my talking of school-days. Rusticated at college, I was sent to sea. This remark betrays my nationality. I did not like greasing the masts and washing down the deck, however. I

found a rope very hard at one end if the captain happened to hold the other. I got tired of washing decks, &c., and finding that the music-hall business of dancing hornpipes to a good tune was the best of it, and could be done quite well ashore, gave it up. The captain told me to find another ship—in fact I was warned off. 'I would rather look after a whole fleet, crews and all, than be bothered keeping an eye on you,' was his parting remark.

What next? 'Brewing seems to me to be the only thing that is paying nowadays,' said the old man, always practical; 'half of the cases that come before me are caused by drink. Brewing pays; hang me, it *must* pay. He shall be a brewer.' My mother made a feeble objection, but he 'summed up' so forcibly that I was made a brewer. I liked the business well enough so far as the cellar duties were concerned; the brewing, so far as the mash-tub work went, however, was dreadful. 'You have a taking manner,' said my employer; 'I think you will do best in the cellar.' So he handed me the horn, with all the dignity of an old huntsman retiring after a long and faithful service. 'You will deal with all our customers, sample the stock, and do as good business as you can.' I did my duty as well as I could, drinking a horn of five-guinea ale there, our best October here, &c., to show there was no deception. It was pleasanter work than that at sea. One day, however, the governor said that there was a leakage somewhere, and we went to work to find it out. He found it out and warned *it* off.

Having discovered the winning art of card-playing, which any fool might do if he took the trouble to find it out, I made a tolerably good living for some time. I had a good companion too, one who could do the dot-and-dash system of telegraphy with his eyes, mouth, or nose in a manner which would have pleased the inventor. He was palsied on the Morse system, and could signal for trumps with two twitches of his little finger and the straightening of his thumb in a style which I never mistook, and show me his whole hand with the wriggles of his body while complaining of 'a draught somewhere.' Alas! he died. I never could find another partner who played so well. I found a substitute, but he was so clumsy that—well, without a word of explanation—I was *warned off*. A failure—a pronounced failure. I took to farming. Here commences my little story. It's a slow life—agriculture. Cattle Shows are dull. Competition for shorthorns in trying to out-bid each other is simply stupid. So after laying the land down in crop I resolved to have a shy at the Turf. The Hunters' Stake business is the thing. You can do a lot of things as a country gentleman or country farmer that you cannot do as a regular follower of the pastime. You can put your hand on your breast and say, 'Honour, madam, honour,' like a veritable Kemble, when you know all the time you are grasping an empty nest. Alas! my old dad used to say, "'Honesty is the best policy," my boy, when you find it.' 'Must be,' he said, 'must'; but he was a sceptic. "'Virtue is its own reward," he would say. 'Ah! just so; too little though, too little. Must be,

'must be indeed; the ladies—best judges—say so. Just so, just so.' And then in a fit of abstraction he would repeat the words '*nisi*, '*nisi*'—words, no doubt, impressed on his memory from a long habit of utterance. So I went to Dublin to buy a 'crack horse'—a first-rater—one that would drop from the clouds, as the racing reporters say—a regular shillelagh, with which I could 'floor the lot'; a bowie-knife with which I could 'skin the lamb,' whatever that means.

'Gaa—a,' shouted the groom who rushed him up and down. 'Ga—a, there!'

'There he goes! there he goes!—there he go-e-s!' shouted the auctioneer. 'Purfect shi-o-n, ev-eye-ry inch! Style, gentlemen; 'qualit-eye, gentlemen; actsh-i-on, gentlemen! Fit to carry a 'nobleman, every day, gentlemen; every day in the season. 'When the snow lies white upon the Wicklow hills, his hoofs are 'worth a thousand pounds!' I did not mind his blarney: I liked the beast. It had a bad countenance, but so have I myself; mutual sympathy. For 110 guineas I had knocked down to me the 'Gelding by Brother to Vagabond; dam, Sister to Sarah Jane, 'by Spavin.' I put him on board the boat to Holyhead that night, and in two days started work. I was a very indifferent horseman, and did not care to hunt him myself, knowing he could not jump over a sheep-drain, but my groom rode him with Colonel Zulu Boer Walker's hounds regularly for the purpose of qualifying him. After six weeks I resolved to enter him for an event which was down in the programme of a meeting in the next country; so I sent my lad over to the Colonel for a certificate of qualification. He gave it me. I will give it to the readers of 'Baily,' with all its imperfections and untruthfulness, telling him, however, that the Colonel had thrown up the pack in disgust:

'SIR,

'Your (blank blank) bay horse has killed two of my best 'hounds, and kicked a third almost to death; he is, therefore, 'according to their ideas of sport in this country, a regularly qualified 'hunter. Hoping this will be of use to you,

'I am, &c.

'ZULU BOER WALKER.'

As the lad handed the note to me, I could see a look of triumph in the eye of the 'Gelding by Brother to Vagabond; dam, Sister 'to Sarah Jane, by Spavin.' However, it served. It was rather humiliating to have to submit it to anybody, but the C.C.'s are fond of entries, and the certificate was enough. The time approached. Never having been in the saddle, I had to have racing clothes and colours made for me. I entrusted the village tailor with the work: he turned out a village triumph. Scarcely had the parcel containing them arrived—I had just, indeed, got the breeches on—when my housemaid announced a man with 'a Punch-and-Judy box.' He

was the local photographer, who wanted to do me in costume. So I fastened on my spurs; donned my jacket of white and gold; mounted a couple of chairs, flourished my whip, and got taken in the glorious attitude of winning. It was a marvellous picture, and made the fortune of the local artist. It is to be found in nearly every hamlet in Downshire. At last came the eventful day. The three first cross-country events passed off all right; it was a mixed meeting; and then came the Hunters' Stakes event. I saw the regular Gentlemen-riders—who were qualified under virtue of their being members of the Junior Carlton—scan me carefully as I got ready. One of the hangers-on—a boot-brushing, fawning jockey's valet, who wore an open loof, bottomless indeed so far as filling it with half-crowns was concerned—got my saddle and arranged the leads so that I should be near the weight. I was the first to fling myself in the scale, which I did without thinking that there was more than 7 st. 5 lbs., the weight of the rider of the winning three-year-old which had weighed in for the previous race, a scurry over the flat. Down I went flop; but I recovered myself and took a fresh seat.

'Gelding by brother to Vagabond,' said my attendant, 'eleven, seven.'

'Too fine,' said Tom Crawley, the clerk of the scales; 'give him another pound of cloth.'

Another pound of cloth did it, and I was passed. Out I went into the paddock; and there was Colonel Zulu Boer Walker and a party laughing at my horse. He was not a beauty, I admit. Lengthy, rakish, short in the back-rib, and his eyes refused to look at the same thing at once. He had, in fact, a countenance like an artist—one eye for the foreground and the other for the easel. He had a head like a churn, a back like a rope-walk; and his hind legs seemed to be continually saying, 'We have no connection with the fellows opposite.' He was, indeed, generally speaking, a rum lot, but we understood each other, and he liked *me*. As he walked round the ring I booked six fifties to one against him, and took four fifties immediately afterwards. I put the whole stackyard on in two bets. The bookmakers could not shout the pedigree; so they laid the 'Gelded Vagabond.'

'I'll bet against Brother to Vagabond,' shouted some! So I took him, and put on the whole of the live stock at six to one.

'Hundreds,' I said, but he never hesitated. 'To win?' he said again.

'To win,' I said, 'of course.' Then another man shouted, '6 to 1 the Gelded Vagabond first past the post.' So I took his 30 to 5. 'First past the post?' 'First past the post, of course,' said I, though I did not know what it meant. The saddling bell rang, and out we went. 'What distance is it?' I heard a man ask.

'Two miles over the flat,' was the reply. 'Ah! then, there goes a flat over two miles,' was the further remark. I waited for no more, but cantered past as soon as I could. At length the flag fell,

and I found myself in the front of the favourite on the one side, and the second favourite on the other. The son of the Brother to Vagabond ran, I must say, somewhat unkindly, yawning about like a ship in a seaway, and knocking everything to the right about at the corners. Indeed I was thrashing about like the boom of a cutter, with the main sheet gone, all the time amidst volleys of bad language.

'Get along wid your infernal thrashing maycheen,' said the rider of the favourite.

'Keep your infernal brute straight,' was the remark of another; but when a mile and a half had been covered I did not trouble them, as the gelding by Brother to Vagabond was sailing along home, lengths in front, an easy winner. Amidst cheers from the ring I passed the post, only to get a blow on the side from a piece of turf. I was in the act of jumping off to thrash the thrower, when an individual, who said he had backed me, clutched hold of my leg, and never let me go till we got to the weighing-room. The scales came down all right, and I was rejoicing, when the owner of the Irish favourite mentioned the horrible word 'objectshion.' 'An objection 'to the winner, on the ground of wrong description, was lodged 'by the owner of the second horse,' I heard a reporter dictate in a telegram. The stewards were called in, and the owner of the second horse, and, to my surprise, the auctioneer who sold me the animal.

'Well,' said the stewards.

'Well, my lords and gentlemen,' said the objector, 'this horse is 'not by Brother to Vagabond at all, he is by Irish Boy, out of 'Snipe Dust, and his name is Dick Turpin. Havin' bred him mesulf, 'I knows *that*, moreover, I run him at the Curragh many a time, 'and there's them here as will prove it.' I took the auctioneer as my witness, but the scoundrel had been engaged for the other side. Worst of all the man from whom I had taken the six fivers was brought in to state what was true—that I had backed the animal to win first past the post. The stewards, who had backed the second heavily, gave, as they thought, an impartial judgment. They said it was a glaring case of deception, sustained the objection, and recommended the jockey club to warn me off, which they did. It was cruel, indeed. That the horse is by Brother to Vagabond I have no doubt. A big newspaper writer, however, who had asked me to give the animal a name, insomuch as telegraphing a long description cost money, said, in broad Yorkshire accents, that 'he knoo it was Dick Turpin the first time 'he seed it.' This was enough.

It was hard, however, to be done in this manner. Had it been for over-development of biceps, for riding a fellow-horseman over the rails, for 'heaving the lead,' or any other simple offence; but for a wrong pedigree that you were not responsible for. Oh! it is hard, indeed. Having been 'warned off' everywhere, my next try will be under.

To oblige the many stewards of Great Newmarket Heath,
Who when not engaged in warning off are shoving underneath.

I have accepted the position, and made vices of necessity, as my song shows :

When I was a lad, and first went to school—
 Oh, cheery days, 'tis a long time now—
 They told me all about the golden rule
 Of learning young, and they show'd me how
 I might become a great judge some fine day,
 And on the woolsack sit by-and-by,
 If I wouldn't just take so much unto play,
 And to my lessons I myself would apply;
 But alas! no woolsacking child, in truth,
 My tricksome ways I wouldn't so doff;
 And now, alas, though still but a youth,
 They say I am one of the 'warned off.'

I never could pick up the rule of three,
 So thinking was I of number one.
 Yes, the rule of one was enough for me,
 And sometimes too it was overdone.
 A hunting soul, I was ne'er at a loss,
 And in going straight, without a crook,
 The Asses' Bridge I ne'er deigned for to cross,
 But flew it just like any other brook.
 A daring devil of a lad was I then
 As e'er that had stormed the Malakoff.
 I was just in the height of my wildness, when
 The rector, he said, I was 'warned off.'

To sea I next went—but a voyage short
 I found was quite enough and more for me;
 I'd the family falling, and stuck to port,
 For the gay sea-life I couldn't see.
 To a brewer next I was 'prentice made;
 All day in the cellars I carried the horn;
 I liked it well—'tis a very good trade,
 Sampling ale, night, noon, and morn.
 But the barrels leaked in some unknown way,
 And while having a drop I heard a cough;
 I looked up, and then heard the governor say,
 My lad, it is time you were 'warned off.'

For honest, cheerful work, I then
 Betook myself to the music halls;
 Companion fit for some gay young men,
 I showed them tricks with the billiard balls,
 The cards I cut, and the dice too I dashed,
 In the capturing-captivating way.
 Until found out, and my game was smashed,
 And my gay young men refused to pay.
 Fresh paths there and then I resolved to try,
 Not caring how the crowd might scoff;
 So unto Newmarket Heath did I hie,
 Alas! in the end to be 'warned off.'

There was none there like me could heave the lead—
 For that was a trick I had learned at sea;
 I could chuck a stone to the crowd instead
 Of taking it on in the race with me.
 At the finish I'd take it from a friend,
 And weigh in right—they never did know.

But one fine day it came all to an end,
 I got a knockdown and a final blow.
 A six-year old with a wrong pedigree
 I had entered down as 'just four off';
 And that was the end of the turf and of me,
 For there and then was I 'warned off.'

And when underneath the turf I am laid,
 I know what they all will cruelly say,—
 That nature's debt was all that he paid;
 And that I won't turn up at settling day.
 A simple slab my last bed will tell—
 Don't write upon it, just leave it alone;
 My name on paper it ne'er looked well,
 And I don't think 'twill look well on stone.
 Don't say at all that he e'er went the pace,
 But write down the simple epitaph,
 And make no allusions to that last race;
 The plain words write—'He was warned off.'

But Dick Turpin he is not, and I have dismissed two or three grooms for saying, 'Go over, Dick,' 'Come about, Dick,' in the stable. I miss racing, however, and I am going to a neighbour's farm to watch the sport from a field this afternoon. Here comes my man who has been getting the trap ready.

'Well, John!'

'Please, sir, Miss Minnie has cast a shoe, so I have put in Dick—'

'Dick what!!!'

'Beg your pardon, gelding by Brother to Vagabond; dam, Sister to Sarah Jane, by Spavin.'

'Just in time, John—you just escaped being *warned off*—'

SENTINEL.

HIBERNIA ANTI-VENATICA.

THE question which seems to be exercising many sensible minds at present in the Emerald Isle is, whether foxhunting (with all the kindred variations of the chase) is to be considered a moribund institution, doomed to speedy extinction, an anachronism, a relic of fallen feudalism, a *corvée* hateful to an emancipated population, to be stamped out like the rinderpest, and blotted out of the national memory? Or whether it has sufficient hold on the popular imagination and sentiment to maintain its existence amid the convulsions of a revolutionised society—sufficient energetic vitality to survive the attacks of an anarchical propaganda unscrupulous in statement and act, and to maintain its action and freedom till common sense and self-interest can reassert their sway over the inhabitants of the disturbed and distressful country?

If the former alternative be correct, and if foxhunting in Ireland be already doomed and its days numbered, the only course for the chronicler will be to collate all the materials for its history and to

compose a dignified epitaph on the departed glory and greatness—in the style of—

‘Fuit Ilion et ingens
Gloria Dardanidum.’

But if a more sanguine view be taken of the hunting horizon in Ireland, clouded as it is by particularly dark clouds, and if a keener vision than ordinary can discern a gleam of silver lining in the black and inky mass, we should not be too hasty in declaiming against such views as optimistic, and their holder as an enthusiast devoid of common sense. On the contrary, I think we should encourage him and treat him as the old Roman Senate did their consul or dictator who held up his head proudly after some tremendous catastrophe, and did not despair of the fortunes of the republic.

At the present moment, if public opinion could be truly gauged by some exact process, I think the holders of gloomy views and head-shakers over the decline and imminent fall of foxhunting in Ireland would be found in the ratio of 100 to 1; but for all that the representative of the infinitesimal minority might be as right as Galileo when he maintained his theories about the light and motion of our planetary system against the wisdom of church and state arrayed against him; at any rate the optimist has this in his favour, that though proscribed and banished in some places, the chase flourishes exceedingly in others, and shows no sign of diminishing or decay; while sportsmen who have not neglected their opportunities and have accepted gratefully the good things provided for them, may look back upon three months of exceedingly good sport, with horn and hound, in greenwood and russet glade, on the ling-covered nillside and the brook-fed vale; and the patient pursuer, who has been taught by the experience of many seasons not to calculate upon an unchequered career of sport even for a single fortnight, may take up his parable with Byron's hero, and say—

‘I die—but first I have possess’d,
And come what may I *have* been blest.’

One-third, to speak without mathematical precision, of the annual hunting cycle has been accomplished with very successful results, and that at any rate is something to be put, as Horace suggests, to the credit side of life's ledger.

For many years, so far as the preservation of game went, Ireland has, with partial exceptions, been a prey to anarchy and freebooting. Year after year proprietors, who had come into their inheritance with the idea of keeping up a good head of game upon it and enjoying the royalties and manorial rights with their friends and chosen companions, succumbed to what may be called the spirit of the times, and gave up the notion of preserving beyond the boundaries of their own park and demesne land, which they had less difficulty in maintaining inviolate. Snipe, woodcock, plover, wild ducks, widgeon, and teal, were migrants and cost nothing at all to the landowner; but in the nearest town he knew full well that there

was an open game market established, not for local supply, but to feed the English cities, to which they were exported in considerable quantities weekly, with such little rates in aid as hares, rabbits, and an occasional pheasant and partridge could supply. The average small-acred squire fought for a few years against the prevailing habit of indiscriminate poaching, regardless of times and periods; but generally, after a few seasons of ineffectual struggle against the popular forces arrayed against him, the *vis inertiae* of the neighbourhood and the active opposition of the interested, he succumbed to the unwritten law, and saw with regret the gradual extirpation of game from the country. In his own demesne, or park, he could count on a few partridges perhaps, some hares, rabbits, and woodcock in their season; and of the many pheasants he had turned out in earlier days, a score or two, who found that fixity of tenure is better than roaming about among the adjacent farms where traps and snares of all sorts awaited them, might be flushed in the woods and screens. But it was different with the fox, felon and ravager of hen-roosts as he was by habit and instinct; perhaps a fellow-feeling of sympathy in somewhat similar pursuits enlisted the popular vote on his side; but certain it is that the halo of romance was thrown round the red rover, and no Irish contemporary poet would have written as Sir Walter Scott did—

‘Who ever cared where, how, and when,
The felon fox was trapped and slain.’

But as poachers are by no means romantic or even superstitious, as a rule, possibly the fact of the dead fox being utterly unmarketable had something to do with the ambidextrous creature’s immunity from gun or gin. Possibly if a cross of the silver fox had been introduced into Ireland generations ago the case would have been different. Hence it may be said that while game has been steadily on the decrease in Ireland, foxes have increased amazingly; and it is probable that at no period during the past hundred years have there been so many foxes in what may be called the civilised and cultivated regions of Ireland as in this present Anno Domini 1881; nor is this surprising when we think of the great number of people who are pecuniarily interested in the maintenance of foxhood—shepherds, covert-keepers, besides the entire *clientèle* of hunting. Of course the fox had foes many and puissant; every housewife was a fox-hater, unless the M.F.H. descended upon her in a shower of gold, like Jupiter visiting Danaë’s bower. The sheep farmer was cold in his love when he heard of lambs being devoured, nor would he hearken to the story of wandering dogs, though it was probably the true version of his loss. But notwithstanding all these lets and hindrances the fox family has flourished in the land since the commencement of the century, and foxhunting survived the perils of the famine season and the social revolution which it occasioned. Perhaps the chase in Ireland reached its zenith during the past decade. Meath and Kildare hunting grounds, infinitely richer than any in

England in natural capabilities, and more especially in old grass land, the best medium for scent and the only enjoyable surface to ride over, had found in Mr. Trotter and Mr. W. Forbes two Masters who, to an overwhelming zeal for sport and a correct taste and knowledge of its requirements, added the leisure and means of carrying out their intentions and wishes; and it is but scanty praise to say that both these hunts had in matters of appointment and paraphernalia reached the highest standard afforded by the best exemplars in the shires; while in the south-east the Curraghmore hounds, supplemented by the Tipperary and Kilkenny packs, gave soldiers and civilians whose lines lay in that part of the island an amount of high-class and recurring sport that even the tenants of Weedon might envy. Nor were other good centres of sport wanting; Cork had about as many packs as Yorkshire, and a thousand times better country for their ministrations. Mr. Burton Persse infused his sporting spirit all through Galway and Clare, Lord Huntingdon and the Westmeath hounds took care of the midland shires. The Louth, the Carlow and Island, and the Wexford packs made the eastern coasts joyful with a cry of hounds; while hard riders found a delirious delight in following the emancipated stag to the music of the Ward Union, Limerick and County Down staghounds; and thirty or forty packs of harriers, public and private, filled up the vacuum for those who could not compass *La grande chasse* for want of leisure and opportunity.

In 1878 Ireland in all its available provinces was a great hunting federation, which attracted many from afar, and in which the spirit of the chase was pervasive and engrossing; among the rich plutocrats and patricians it was the pivot on which society turned—the magnet that drew pursuers from city and mart—that quickened the pulses of beauty, and gave brightness and animation to the dull decorum of country life. There was no rival to its throne, for pheasants in Ireland competed not with foxes—it was a common platform, where peer and peasant, patrician and plebeian, gentle and simple, all ‘pursued’ to the best of their ability, in friendliest rivalry, animated by a common purpose, and zealous for a single object—sport; it seemed ‘the missing link’ in the social chain that kept classes and creeds, politics and polemics, from permanent disunion—the crucible in which were fused a thousand heterogeneous elements, till the amalgam thus found appeared compact and solid. Alas for the retrospect! The Laureate tells us that—

‘Sorrow’s crown of sorrow ’s the remembering happier things.’

And it is a melancholy task to contrast ‘the now’ and ‘the then.’

With the preaching of the Parnell homilies a new *régime* commenced in Ireland. By the rights of man he meant only the rights of a class, and plunder was the pathway to the attainment of his aims, modified by interludes of murder and assassination. The history of the past two years will probably be sharply criticised by future writers of our national story, and the want of insight into

popular cravings will be an indictment against the redressers of imaginary wrongs, who created a crop of real ones, and chartered anarchy to repress alleged covetousness.

Of the outrages that made contemporary history read like a Bulgarian chronicle, we would not now speak. To quote the Laureate again, we may say, 'All the world wondered,' as well it might, at the spectacle of a nation that posed as a mendicant but a few months ago, like Niobe, all tears and supplication, turned into a lawless mob breathing forth into threatenings and wrath, intent upon pulling down and abolishing everything that savoured of England and the accursed Saxon. In the Jihad that was preached from pulpit and platform against the landlords of Ireland, crosier and mitre were used freely as symbols of strife. It was the old story of an organised and disciplined force attacking an undisciplined one. The victory was with the big battalions and the serried ranks, and, to make the victory more palpable and the triumph more complete, all the signs and tokens of the patrician order must be degraded and dragged through the mire, no matter at what sacrifice of national wealth and national prestige. Shooting and hunting were among the pleasant pastimes of the privileged class: they must be abolished. What signifies a million or two a year, when principle is at stake? Shall a scarlet-liveried aristocracy flout the germ of a nascent red republic? Two summers ago society was startled by hearing that Lord Headfort's 'entry' of pheasants, to the number of seven hundred, had been killed in a night; *now* the morning composure is hardly ruffled by the news that a pack of hounds has been stoned and beaten by a mob, and that a trident has been stuck into the arm of a *ci-devant* M.F.H.

The Dublin Horse Show of 1881, in August last, was a sort of hippic festa and a hunting Stock Exchange, and even there there were heard now and then mutterings of the coming storm. It was whispered that the Curraghmore Hunt was doomed; the Queen's County Corporation was pronounced *in articulo*; but little was said about the future of Meath and Kildare, and other great associations of sportsmen. So soon after the anniversary of the partridge St. Bartholomew, the 20th of September, cub-hunting, which had been going on for some weeks in Meath, commenced in many parts of Ireland, and one great and pleasant fact was elicited, namely, that whatever great and swelling menaces as to fox extinction had been uttered, no hand had been raised against them, for they seemed to abound in all directions. A very pleasant and active cubbing season it was to many packs, but great heat and dry ground were fatal foes to scent, and no extraordinarily brilliant runs marked its continuous course. In Meath more mornings were spent, and a greater extent of country traversed in cubbing, than elsewhere, and consequently the record of masks and faces was far larger in their kennels than in any others. On the 18th of October Mr. Trotter issued his cards of invitation for his premier representation, the *venue* being laid at Headfort as usual. A picturesque park and a glorious

day brought a great many to the trysting-place and Headfort. Bloomsbury and Balrath all proved good holders of smart foxes, who in three quick gallops beat the pack. Everything passed off as pleasantly as could be. The country folk were cordial to a degree, and there seemed to be a general wish to efface all traces of unpleasantness by studied courtesy in act and word. The next day (and the following one in the week's calendar) was at Bellinter, and such a storm swept over everything that hunting looked a problematical pastime. The first and second foxes were found, and soon lost. The third was moved from Ardsallagh sticks: he ran down wind, but failed to shake off his pursuers for full fifteen miles, as he worked along by Philipstown, Churchtown, the Boyerstown racecourse, the hill of Faughan, Allentown, Charlesfort, Martroy, and so on, till Headfort and an open sewer succoured him in his dire distress. It was an exemplary run, and a triumph for Mr. Trotter, who held the horn, as Goodall had disabled himself by a strain the day before. Since then the Meath minstrels have sung their sweet strains five days a week to large fields, and have had, on the whole, a most prosperous career, rarely coming to kennels without blood, and three or four runs, long or short, brilliantly fast or falteringly patient. Their last week was a series of successes.

In Kildare the executive postponed their meeting-day for a week, making it the second Tuesday in November: like all Kildare opening assemblages, it was welcomed by an immense and fashionable crowd. The day was fine; scent propitious; a fox was killed early, and a brace of sharp scurries from Punchestown and Eadestown sent all home delighted with the prospects of the season; for the hounds were not only a level even lot, but hunted like a pack, and the Hunt servants were evidently as smart in action as in appearance. The second day, in Kildare, nearer Dublin, was also a most unequivocal success, a good fox choosing a lovely line from Cullen's Wood into Johnstown Kennedy, *via* Pigeon Hill—country nearly good enough for a Grand National. In two or three weeks hunting opposition was only shown in a few places, but at last, when it took the phase of hound poisoning, Mr. Forbes declined to hunt the country any further till the tenant farmers signified their will in the matter. It is now matter of history that the gentry of Kildare did all, and more than they could be expected to do, in the matter of conciliation and concession; that their message of peace was spurned, and that Ichabod is the inscription on the newly erected county kennels of Kildare and the Grand Stand of Punchestown.

In Louth the personal popularity of Mr. de Salis Filgate has thrown an ægis over foxhunting, which has flourished much, storms and tempests notwithstanding. In Galway the institution never was more flourishing, or sport brighter, than now. The Carlow and Island have had good sport, but their area is restricted; and the same thing may be said of Westmeath. In Kilkenny a friendly compromise between farmers and foxhunters has led to most pleasant results. Tipperary, Wexford, and a large part of the Cork

population say *nolumus*, or *non possumus*; so do the Queen's County and Wexford farmers; but in Limerick foxhunting is still maintained, and so is stag-hunting; while the Ward Union hounds, after a moderate beginning, are showing large fields recruited from many sources, superb sport in their splendid country; last week's work being perhaps nearly as good as any in their annals.

Such is, I think, a tolerably fair statement of the prospects and position of hunting in Ireland at present. That in many places its existence is perilous and precarious, is undeniable; but those who can read the signs and tokens of the times do not despair of the reaction against such suicidal tyranny setting in soon and strongly. That a country whose tastes and interests and traditions are more or less bound up in the success of the chase within its borders, should be moved by a junta to overthrow such a valuable institution, seems incredible; and perhaps the restoration of the New-bridge Harriers, who were placed under the ban, is a healthy sign of improvement.

No record of the season would be faithful without some allusion to a very sad occurrence which clouded the brightness of Meath's early sport. I allude to poor Mr. Whitwell Butler's death in the hunting field from collision with a loose horse. His brother sportsmen and friends came in troops to his funeral at the Skreen Cemetery. Some one wrote this triplet for his headstone:—

'Here Butler rests, content to wait
His summons to the Golden Gate:
In sport and life his path was straight.'

Since penning these paragraphs the storm against hunting has increased, and its limits in Ireland have been considerably lessened.

THE STORM DRUM.

FOR many years past, at all seaports in the United Kingdom, a storm 'drum' is hoisted when the weather indications prophesy storms, and very useful the custom has been. Is it not wise in these days to look ahead a little, and consult the national barometer when all classes are on their trial, more or less, especially the great land-owners, and the tone of political stump-orators is tending towards communism? Let us look across the Irish Channel, and see what is going on there. It is a case of attempted communism, pure and simple. But just observe how blind madness is. The Irish peasants—who are *par excellence* the keenest sportsmen in the world—led on by wicked and heartless agitators, have 'Boycotted' hunting and field sports, as we heard not long since of their taking away guns and fishing-rods from sportsmen. Some five-and-thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Ireland, and paid my last visit there fifteen years since, and between those dates have been twice there for a long vacation. On each occasion I made long visits, sometimes being in

country-houses, sometimes in out-of-the-way wilds where I could wander north, south, east or west, fishing-rod in hand, free to go where I pleased, and welcome in the humblest cabin and in the most hospitable houses. I would not have minded sleeping by the way-side with any amount of money in my pocket as regards safety to life and property then; but if I went now, I should carry a revolver in each pocket for fear of accidents, as I should like to sell my life dear if I was set upon.

Then, again, Scotch farmers are already framing a Land Bill, and English legislators and farmers talk of it, and men who profess to be the farmers' friends have always set them against the squires, and have already carried a Hares and Rabbits Bill, and depend upon it they don't mean to stop; and the game laws will be on the *tapis* before long.

Now I speak with some little authority, as the hobby of my life is, and always has been, to get into the real rural districts such as those in which I was born, whenever I take a holiday; and until within the last twenty years, before the best of old governors who ever lived went to his rest, I and my children always had a home in the country whenever we chose to go there. Although I never shoot, there is no one fonder of game and country sports than I am, and nothing would please me more than to go out three or four times a week and find the game for any one who could knock it over. How many a time and oft have I smoked my pipe up amongst the boughs of big trees watching the different birds and animals, or on a bough overhanging a river watching the fish and water-birds, unseen, and studied their ways and habits! My shooting, I suppose, is like Lord Nelson's, who never was known to injure flick or feather, as he always opened fire directly the enemy appeared, regardless of distance, and was happy. Now about this shooting. I have lived where three large preserves joined, and I never heard a living creature say a word against the game. One of the preserves was in a walled park several miles round, seven or eight perhaps, of which my father was joint owner with a noble Earl—in other words, one of his churches stood in the middle of the park, which was more like a forest, as the fern was six feet high in places, and there were red deer there—and the vicar, by some old Enclosure Act, had the right at any time to claim two acres of land adjoining the church, in lieu whereof all vicars had accepted a fine of ten pounds a year from the tenant for life, and in joke he was called 'joint owner.' It was not a bad bargain, as, *plus* the ten pounds, the parson had almost unlimited game and venison. The parish was a mile away from the church, and no doubt had been removed very many years ago. Now, excepting in the enclosed park, I believe there was no breeding pheasants, and it was all natural wild game; *ergo*, there was no buying pheasants' eggs, which means creating a system of egg-stealing. I wonder if any one ever buys his own pheasants' eggs: if they do they will only be treated as the Bishop of Hereford was with his own trout. All old Wykehamists who are over their fifties must remember old Bob

Moody, a blear-eyed, gin-drinking old poacher at Winchester with a shaky voice, who had been a poacher in their fathers' days. 'Now, Bob, tell us about the Warden's trout.' (Bob, *loq.*) 'The Bishop of Hereford? well, sir, when he were Warden here—Warden Huntingford he were called—said to me one day, "Moody, I want "some fine trout for a friend, as big as those tame trout in my "stream which the ladies feed; but mind, they must be honestly "got." "My Lord," I said, "I wouldn't wrong your Lordship's "reverence, and I know a friend who would let me have some, "but it is a very long way off and I must ride part of the way." "Moody," his Lordship's reverence said, "I don't mind the "money, let me have the fish." And do you know, sir, when the "Bishop was in the chapel on the Sunday evening—God forgive "me!—and the porter was in the chapel too, I slipped through the "lodge and got into the Warden's garden, and lay up under the "laurel-trees by third chamber window, which you know well, sir, "till it was dark, with my best shoe net, and I took out four of the "finest trout you ever saw; and the next evening I took them to the "Warden, who gave half-a-crown apiece for them, for they were "over three pounds each, and four and sixpence for cart-hire to "fetch them; and I sold the Bishop. But "mum's the word!"'

In the district I was referring to, the poor people after a big shooting could have rabbits for twopence each, and the game was liberally distributed. I have been in four different counties this autumn, staying in places where there was a fairly good head of game, all shot over dogs, and there was no poaching, except an occasional wiring of a hare by some village sot, but there were no keepers, except one man who looked after the dogs and guns and kept an eye on the farms.* But I have also visited within a year or so haunts of my youth where a new state of things has sprung up. It was the old story of new men and old acres. 'All that splendid 'manor, &c., with two thousand acres of shooting, &c.,' had been sold, and practically the population with it. There was no doubt about the game being plentiful, and there was no doubt about its going in hampers to Leadenhall, but the place was turned inside out; every pathway through the woods stopped—most illegally, by-the-bye; notice against trespassers posted everywhere; all fishing prohibited; no tenant allowed to carry a gun—in fact, if the most ardent Manchester red-hot Radical wanted a good case against the game laws, here it was—but I will venture to say that a very large majority of the real sportsmen won't care a straw if the enormous preserves and battues become things of the past.

There are difficulties in the way of those who want to give up the monster preserves. Many of them inherited the property which

* The verdict as regards the game laws is the same everywhere, and the sportsmen all think that game will always exist when there is fair 'give and 'take' between owners and tenants, as there is no local public opinion *against* it, but quite the contrary as regards game and all sports; but excepting in private and enclosed parks game will be doomed if it is preserved as it is now in some places.

was always famous for game, and the keepers were born and bred there, and their fathers before them, and it cannot be done at once; but they can cut down the expenses, and give up sending the game to London, where the exhibition of partridges—of partridges the size of thrushes, and young pheasants no bigger than pigeons—is a disgrace; did sportsmen of the present day never hear such a remark as ‘Don’t fire; it’s a squeaker?’—and they can decrease the game to an enormous extent and go back to real sport. The immense increase of desperate poaching gangs is apparent to any one who reads the papers, and a constant war between keepers, watchers, and the scum of the large towns, is becoming a scandal, and H.M. judges might say a word in season.

The game laws are a nuisance when large proprietors are greedy and grasping. Not many weeks since I was at a place over a hundred miles from London, where there is a splendid river bounded on one side by a very large tract of open marsh, which by prescription is common, and every one has a right to shoot who takes a gun license; lots of young fellows went out of an evening, and sometimes brought home a duck or two. The fishing, too, was always preserved and let to an inn in the village, and tickets were procurable, and very good fishing it was. There was any amount of large pike, splendid perch, running to three pounds each, sometimes occasional trout and grayling. Salmon were excepted—the exception was hardly worth making, as salmon were very rare. Now comes the salmon question. The owner, who has sole right over the river itself, has claimed his right of netting salmon, cut all the weeds, destroyed all the reeds, sedges, and bushes and cover of the river-side, which looks like a clean weedless canal, in order to prevent a harbour for wildfowl where the public *may* go, as his own park adjoins, and he wants them there; and gradually he has destroyed all the sport of the young fellows in the neighbourhood, and he is hated and detested accordingly. The river is dragged and re-dragged for salmon only (?)—did a keeper ever put anything back which came to his net?—and the fishing is *nil*, and the shooting also.

People must live and let live, and the destroyer of this village shooting-ground has miles of fishing and shooting of all kinds of his own. Although I never shoot, as I said before, and shouldn’t care if I was told that I should never eat game again, though I like it well enough when it comes, but the country without the denizens of land and water would interest me no more than Kensington Gardens. I like to see pheasants and partridges, and rabbits and hares, and magpies and jays, and hawks and owls, and woodpigeons and squirrels, and kingfishers; and, above all, I like water-rats—the prettiest little animals to watch in the world—and even the stoats (which I don’t kill), and common snakes; but damn your vipers! I do like killing a viper, and cutting him into a hundred pieces, and calling him all the most hateful political names I know as I kill him. I have known all my above friends to exist together, and plenty of game too, when it was not driven into cover. I don’t care for all the keepers in the world; they have no business to keep

a whole parish for pheasants and partridges, and hares and rabbits alone, and to get all the paths stopped up. There is room for all in reason, and room for paths through the woods, as heretofore, as I believe the very shutting up all the woods is a great boon to the poachers, as they are sure not to meet any one except keepers or watchers; whereas if I was going through a wood and found a man lurking about off the path, no matter if it was in a strange country, I should take most particular notice of him, and report progress at the keeper's lodge—and so would any one of the villagers in most places. Depend upon it, in rural villages, absolute dependence in the goodwill of the inhabitants is the best mode of preserving. One of the lads of the village, a respectable shopkeeper's son, whom I met with a gun, was deploring the duck-shooting being spoilt by the cover being destroyed at the place I named above, and added, 'Not a man or boy in this place ever shoots at a heron, for they come from the park, but if only I catch a—— heron on this marsh, down he goes for the future; and I would not split on a poacher now if I saw one.' A feather shows which way the wind blows.

I don't mind a good honest, anti-game law man like Mr. George Smeed, the great brickmaker and contractor, a tremendous Radical, who commenced by hawking fish and fruit, and no little smuggling, and was never ashamed of it, and died a few months since, leaving a large fortune himself made. He was a great character, and popular with every one, for he was blunt, truthful, and honest as the day. He bought large quantities of land in the neighbourhood of his country place, and delighted in buying any where there was a good cover. 'Don't go in for that little wood, Mr. Smeed; it is one of Mr. Blank's preserves.' 'Mr. Blank can have it,' he would reply, 'if he bids most money; but if I get it now, out go the pheasants and hares, and in go the trees, and cherries and hops, corn and potatoes, which Kent was meant for.' And so it always was. But I can tell two grand traits in his character. He bought the Gore Court, near Sittingbourne; and in the park is one of the most beautiful natural cricket grounds in England; and the Gore Court Club is one of the best in Kent, and of that Club I was an original member in the year 1840—and I played there last year—*O, mihi præteritos*, &c. When he bought the property the Club, knowing he had a keen eye to business, asked him to allow them to rent the ground, which was opposite his drawing-room windows, during the summer. 'No, I won't,' was his reply. 'I'll give it ye, as long as you please;' and so he did, until his death, and an enormous boon it was. And when a new church was wanted, they came to him for a subscription. 'No, I won't,' he said. 'I don't much care about your Church of England people.' 'Well, give us a cheque for a hundred,' the parson asked, 'you are the largest landowner.' 'No,' he continued, 'I won't give you any money, but—I'll give 'ee the bricks.'

Now that is the kind of Englishman I like; but as to the ultra

Radical school, whose creed, by-the-bye, is that 'short weight and 'adulteration are only different modes of competition;' men steeped in vulgarity and ill-breeding, who are trying to set the farmer against the landowner, and use the game laws as a *fulcrum*, and talk about land laws, of which they know nothing, though beneath contempt as men, unfortunately they have great influence with the mob. And with regard to the game laws, if the great landowners in England will be wise in time, I believe game laws will live yet for many a long year; for it will be a sad day for England if they go, as the field sports are the only recompense to gentlemen who loyally live on their estates, and perform without fee or reward the thousand-and-one duties for the good of their counties, which no other people can do as well.

Why my fortune was so good this autumn I know not, but I was staying at a very hospitable vicarage, and the lady of the house apologised for being obliged to get me a bed at the manor farm, which was only just 'over the garden wall,' with Robinson Crusoe steps. Now, if aught can make a visit perfect, it is to find a companion over a pipe when the vicarage had gone to bed, one of the real, old-fashioned yeomen farmers, by his own fireside, in a farmhouse of at least three centuries old, with low roofs and massive beams, under which his family had been born and lived and died ever since the house was built, especially when the present tenant is one of the keenest sportsmen in England. He has broken everything but his neck in the hunting field, and there is no better man after winged or ground game, especially wildfowl, or fox or otter. He loyally preserves foxes, in witness whereof he lost forty galenas (which run about a spring which Mrs. Fox chooses for her accouchement) without a sigh; and his opinion is very valuable, and it is this, viz., if sportsmen will be content with a moderate head of game, the laws may go, but the game will survive the laws in rural districts. If foxes are too thick, he smokes them out with sulphur, and the vixen carries her young away elsewhere, as he must have some poultry of his own. Even his cats are bribed not to kill the young chicken, as at milking-time seven cats sit in a row outside the cow-house waiting for a large vessel of milk, which they have regularly at five o'clock; and small birds which are shot in the stack-yard are served out to the cats, one to each; and I expect there are greyheaded old mice about that farm bow-legged from plethora of fat, as the cats are sporting cats, and keener after the sparrows than the mice, except poor old 'bawling Bet,' a paralytic cat, who has lost her 'hind springs,' and wails most bitterly and unharmoniously over her present inability to climb a tree. It shall not be my fault, if there is a game law inquiry, if my excellent friend does not appear before a Committee and prove that foxes and game and farmers can all live, in spite of the twaddle of my friends of the black satin waistcoat and black cloth boot school, who cannot even speak the English of the land they live in, and who know about as much of farming and game as the man in the moon.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Cakes and Ale. Doings, Hunting and Theatrical.

A RIGHT pleasant month that with which the old year has just passed away, a month in which Town has looked as lively as if it was the season; when our friends in 'the midlands' and 'the shires' have had equally good times with the dwellers in Pall Mall and St. James's, though the sport might have been slightly different; when we have been tired of reading of big *battues* and the sight of a pheasant has made us shudder. By the way, dear friends, why not in place of that everlasting *roti* of game, substitute boiled pheasants? Do any of our 'Van' readers, we wonder, know how good boiled pheasants with celery sauce are? We trow not. It is an old-fashioned dish, it savours of old country houses where a *chef* is not retained on the establishment, it is an innovation on the orthodox roast and insipid bird, and sounds perhaps a trifle vulgar. But if you would only try it, dear readers—that is, if your cooks will allow you—you would, we feel sure, wish to present the Van Driver with some token of your gratitude and esteem.

But gastronomy comes among the last 'pars' of the 'Van'—will our respected friend, G. S., send us, by the way, some more of those wonderful dishes of his?—and here we are intruding the subject in its early stages. Probably it is because this is essentially the time of feasting and good cheer, when we feel we ought to live above the weather, and do our duty to our stomachs in that state of life and digestion into which we have been called. There is certainly every inducement for us to do so. Clubs and restaurants awake up from their autumnal torpor, and there is a reviving of *menus*, and a thorough overhauling of that lengthy list which our forefathers called 'the bill o' fare.' There is great preparation too at the beginning of the month for our country visitors, a class more especially *fruges consumen noti*, and for them do Spiers and Pond post alluring invitations at Criterion and Gaiety, and Bertram and Roberts seek to make yet more pleasing their pretty Aquarium restaurant. We believe, however, that the Horse Shoe and the Holborn, now that Evans's is no more, take the bulk of our Cattle Show friends. A few may be induced to bend shy steps towards 'Romano's,' but the 'Diner Parisian' of the Criterion is their highest West End effort. And about that same 'diner' something we should like to say, more in sorrow than in anger. Spiers and Pond, though the junior partner is no more the firm survives, have deserved so well of their country, have done and are doing so much for us Londoners as caterers to our needs, that it may seem ungracious to find fault with them, but briefly the 'Diner Parisian' has been for some little time not quite up to the S. & P. mark: There is a terrible sameness in the *menu*, more especially as to that *poulet au cresson* to which we feel inclined to bow as to an old, though *not* valued, friend. Sometimes he is a *dinde*, sometimes *oie*, but always *au cresson*, and with a family flavour pervading him under whatever name he figures. We have met him several times, by the way, at that very first-class establishment, The Bristol, where we had the privilege of paying ten shillings to renew our acquaintance with him, which was very pleasing, in addition to a *réchauffé* of fish, also an old friend, though at ten shillings we had expected—but we will forbear. Messrs. Spiers and Pond have therefore high authority for their everlasting bird, but still if they would take an old friend and pretty

constant customer's advice they would seek to substitute some other *roti* for it. Can we never have the *gigot* or the *rosbif*? Why are we always to be fed on poultry? And with this growl we quit the 'Diner Parisian' for the present.

But our gastronomic pen is on the go, and as racing is over, and our theatrical budget, seeing there are so few novelties, will be small, in the words of Dr. Blimber 'we will resume our studies.' As we have just referred to The Bristol, at which it is now the fashion to dine, simply we think because you cannot well do so under a guinea, we have nothing very much to say against the *cuisine*, bar the presence of that bird before mentioned. The dinner is excellently cooked as a rule, not quite up to the mark of Bignon's or the Café Anglais, but good enough. The great fault is there is so little of it. Dining there two or three weeks ago with some friends, and going to a theatre afterwards, we owned one to another before the last act, that we were hungry. It was a charming little woman who first raised a plaintive cry of distress, in which the chorus joined. Then there was a whisper of oysters from one of the *partie carrée*, and the concluding scene of 'Home' was, we fear, listened to with impatience. We remember feeling rather grateful, in one sense, to The Bristol as we sat at supper later on for allowing us after dining at 7.30 to be hungry about 10, as it had enabled us to enjoy such an agreeable termination to the evening; but on maturer consideration, which came with the next morning, we felt that it was wrong of 'M. Gaillard, late Chef du Café Anglais, Paris,' to treat us so, and for the extremely gentlemanly Directeur, or whoever he is, who marshalled us to our table, to allow him to do so. And after dinner at ten shillings and champagne at twelve and six, too, 'the pity of it, Horatio, the pity of it.'

We do not think the excellent table d'hôte at the Aquarium, provided by Bertram and Roberts, is appreciated as it ought to be. It does not pretend to be a 'Diner Parisian,' but it is very well cooked and remarkably well served. The *potage* is always good, the *entrées* well selected, and there is a choice of joints for those who want them. They have a capital manager—or rather had one, for the courteous and obliging M. Vodoz is, to our great regret, no longer there—and the waiters are well drilled. You may sit at table and be soothed by the distant strains of the Promenade Concerts, or lazily look down on the tank in which under the limelight Miss Beckwith moves in the water, and very well she does it, to voluptuous strains. There are other attractions at the Aquarium, too, our young friends tell us—we don't mean the Spotted Boy or the Greek Nobleman—which taken after dinner have a soothing effect, but of this our readers can judge for themselves. We have not dined lately at The Continental, but hear better accounts of it, as to its being more like what it was when it first opened its doors. The Grand Hotel fills as usual and does not deteriorate, a great point. Their management and service are all that can be desired. And other places there are we should like to talk about while our hand is in, but for fear our *gourmandise* may take up too much room in the 'Van,' we will refrain. The *carte du vin* is a tempting theme from which both amusement and instruction may be gleaned, but we must for the present put it away from us. On a future day it will perhaps return.

We are not much given to the shooting of pigeons; Hurlingham, except on a meet of the Four-in-Hand or the C.C., sees us rarely, and we never were at Shepherd's Bush, nor do we want to go there. But we heard so much of the great match between Dr. Carver and the gentleman who is known in society generally, and at the Beefsteak Club in particular, as 'Archie' Wortley, that our interest was roused, and we determined to see

it. Looking on at pigeon-shooting, unless the shooters are very crack shots, we have found, on the rare occasions we have been spectators, wearisome in the extreme. But this affair promised to be something very much out of the common. The Doctor, since his arrival in this country, has gone on challenging and being challenged; he has made every one who had met him, whether at glass balls or blue rocks, 'take a back seat'; he had won all his matches however close they were, leaving an impression on the minds of the spectators that he could have 'left' his opponents whenever he had been so minded. In racing parlance, he always seemed 'to have a bit up his sleeve.' He has had severe critics who have called in question the worth of his tall scores, he has had partizans who believed in his whipping shooting creation, and we suppose these opinions will remain pretty much the same now that the big fight between Mr. Stuart Wortley and himself has resulted as it has. The match was, as all the world knows, brought off at what is termed 'The Union Club Grounds, Hendon,' and so ignorant, we regret to say, were we that when the special from St. Pancras, chartered by Captain Wombwell, who superintended the business arrangements, and very well he superintended them, pulled up at the Welsh Harp, we in company with two or three other *ignorami* requested to be taken on to Hendon, and it was only the sight of Captain Aubrey Patton and Mr. Yardley tucking up their trousers preparatory to a walk through the mud that induced us to quit the train. The Welsh Harp is more associated in our minds with skating on the lake, mulled claret, and a family omnibus from Town capable of holding twenty with agreeable squeezing, so that we refused to believe in 'The Union Club' until Mr. Yardley kindly piloted our infant steps, chiefly over planks that had been thoughtfully laid down, to the scene of action. It was not an imposing scene, for which the weather was principally responsible. The Club grounds are on the borders of the lake, but the shooters turn their backs on that broad expanse, and though everything had been done by Captain Wombwell in the way of marquees, &c., to provide shelter, the outlook was depressing. The inlook, that of the principal marquee where there was a *buffet*, also a stove, was more inspiring, and the sight of 'Robin Hood,' attended by his umbrella, and partaking of refreshment, made us feel at home. The two heroes of the hour also were there, the American shorn both of his locks and his sombrero, and looking we thought ill, while the slight figure and youthful face of his opponent scarcely betrayed to the stranger the stuff that was within. There was a sprinkling of more or less celebrities. Lord Londesborough, with that rather bored look which he seems to wear on most occasions save on his coach-box; Mr. John Delacour, intent on doing the right thing, i.e., lay odds on the American; Mr. 'Freddy' Hobson, who brought down an amiable contingent with him to shed light on our gloom; Colonel L. Wellesley, Captain 'L.' Candy, Major Whittingstall, and other ornaments of the shooting world with whom we were not acquainted.

We do not propose to—in fact we cannot—go into details, and tell how this blue rock was 'grassed' and how another 'put up a zero,' which is Welsh Harp for not getting killed outright. It was an exciting match from the beginning, and the sensation came early—the Doctor failing to kill his first five birds. This was very surprising, but still it did not daunt the confidence of his backers, at least to any considerable extent, though that it cost the American the victory we have little doubt. He never afterwards, though he made up his lost ground, and despite his splendid break of thirty-two, was able to get clear of Mr. Wortley; and as the afternoon wore on the latter still held the lead, the excitement culminating on the ninety-fifth round, when

Carver by a kill got up to him—up to but not away from him. This great match resulted in a tie, an unsatisfactory issue of course, but still there was a splendid exhibition of shooting on both sides, and Mr. Stuart Wortley may be congratulated on the grand fight he made against such a doughty champion. Dr. Carver's shooting we have seen once or twice before, and very wonderful it sometimes is, but Mr. Wortley struck us as by far the bolder shot of the two. He made some fine kills when he got birds worthy of his aim, which, sooth to say, was not too often. The birds appeared to us as being far from what they should have been, considering what the match was and the interest it excited. There is some talk of the two opponents meeting again later in the season, but nothing as yet has been definitively agreed upon.

December is generally, in the racing world, the month of statistics, of reckoning up gains and losses, and giving to winning owners, winning jockeys, and winning horses their due. It is rather dry work, seeing we are neither a wealthy owner nor a popular jockey. No doubt we should find the figures much more interesting if we were. To find that Mr. Stirling Crawford is credited with close upon 18,000*l.*, though we are glad the veteran sportsman has had such a good return, the more that his stable has been generally thought 'unlucky' this year, is not particularly interesting, nor is the fact that Mr. Lorillard brackets him interesting either. What does strike us is the large sum of money that owners with even moderate luck win on the Turf. Now, for instance, we have heard so persistently of the Manton stable's ill-luck, that to find its principal supporter has won 18,000*l.* is rather surprising. Thebais, we suppose, was the great money-taker in that case. Then we should not have thought that Lord Falmouth had had a particularly good year, but still he has taken 14,000*l.*, and Lord Rosebery and Sir John Astley exceed this total by a couple of thousand each. And yet some one said in our hearing towards the end of November, 'what a bad year the Mate had had'—and yet 16,000*l.* is not an unsatisfactory haul. We do not see the other side of the ledger—the forfeits, nor the little pocket ledger which Sir John, in common with all noble sportsmen, carries—the bets. Lord Falmouth, happy man, has no pocket ledger; nor do we believe one of the Turf's most recent acquisitions, the Duke of Portland, carries one. Count de Lagrange, too, 'bets to nought,' as they say in the North, and yet it has been whispered that that clever French nobleman makes the game pay. It is sad, by the way, to think that so good a sportsman as Mr. Gretton has only won 1700*l.* or thereabout, but then, on the Turf especially, virtue is its own reward.

And talking of rewards, that eminent sportsman Mr. Theodore Walton—called, we see, by the admiring press of his native country 'the most national character we now possess'—has found a more substantial prize than virtue offers, if it be true what he says, that he has taken nearly 100,000*l.* back to the States from this country. Our good cousins are prone to exaggeration we know, and without wishing to doubt Mr. Theodore Walton's word, we should place the total at a lower figure. That he has taken a big sum out of the English ring is a certainty, and the amount is only material to Mr. Theodore Walton, and the bookmakers whom he patronised. It was not always thus with him, it appears, from what the American papers have divulged of his career. From pitch-and-toss to politics he has tried his hand at various industries, until he became 'the most national character' he now is. Politics seem to have been a failure (probably from unforeseen circumstances Mr. Walton did not espouse the right, i.e., the paying side), but at pitch-and-toss his countrymen say he was unrivalled. Slightly to alter Mr. Pope—

'He called the numbers, and the numbers came.'

It was his success at this simple and innocent game that inspired Mr. Walton with the idea of crossing 'the pond,' and seeing what he could do with the Britishers. How he fared is a matter of history. Very acute—the native sharpness of his countrymen, perhaps, having acquired a keener edge at the pitch-and-toss grindstone—not burdened with many scruples, and determined to get knowledge at any cost and by any means, he has gained not only the substantial reward of many thousands, but, if we may believe that somewhat curious institution, the press of the United States, the admiration of his countrymen, and become 'the most national character they now possess.' But that is precisely what we do *not* believe. We have a much higher opinion of the American people.

The Belvoir had a good run of one hour and forty-five minutes on Friday, December 2nd, when they met at Newton Toll Bar from Bugg's Gorse, when the following were some who saw it: Colonel and the Misses Willson, Major Longstaffe, Captain Thorold, Mr. Cross, Mons. Couturier, Mr. Caswell, Mr. Hornsby, Mr. Roberts, Miss Heathcote, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who came to grief over a big watercourse which took a deal of doing. It was a very good run of one hour and ten minutes to Aswarby Thorns, and then thirty-five minutes afterwards to Silk Willoughby, where Gillard had to stop the hounds as it was then dark. On Monday, December 5th, they had a first-rate day from the Three Queens, when there was a fair field, and all who came were pleased to see the Duke once more on horseback, amongst whom were—Lord Cloncurry from Melton, Sir Hugh Cholmley, Mr. and Mrs. Wigram, Captain Tennant, Captain Thorold, Mr. and Miss Hornsby of Honnington Hall, Rev. T. and Miss Heathcote from Lenton, Mr. A. Cross, Mr. John E. Welby, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Pinder, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Spafford, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Downing; Messrs. Boyall, Bellamy, Beckett, Brown, Bedford, and Brewster—all busy-bees with the Belvoir. Gillard first drew Tipping's Gorse, and the hounds had not long been in it before the Duke blew them away on to a rare good fox, hounds settling to work at once, and the Duke himself going for a time in his old form, quite oblivious of the doctor's orders; on they went, with a burning scent, through Cooper's Plantation, into Croxton Park, through Bescaby Oaks, over the Coston Brook, past Sproxton, where a fresh fox jumped up, and they had a brace before them; up to this point they had been going just forty-eight minutes without a check; then they went again over the brook not far from Coston village, through Sproxton Thorns, nearly back to Bescaby Oaks, where he was headed; but Gillard soon got them again on the line, and they went away past Sproxton Church, where they hunted beautifully, down to Buckminster, over the Park, leaving the village on the left; here the hounds fairly raced away, and the field in consequence began to get exceedingly select, as not more than about a dozen were really with them; here they turned again as if to Sproxton Thorns once more, but went on into Coston covert, where Gillard, holding his hounds round it, hit him off again and ran down by Wymondham. Unfortunately here he was again headed and turned, and hounds had to get their heads down on the plough and use their noses, as the scent was now not so good; they worked on well to Woodwell Head, and ran close up to the very corner of the covert, but did not go in, leaving it on the right, bore away towards Gunby Gorse, where, being headed, ran through Thistleton village, where the field was now reduced to a party of eight or nine, and on to Barrow village, past Cottesmore Gorse by the village, where, being turned by some men gathering turnips, ran slowly on nearly to Greetham; and glad were those who were left that they had come to slow hunting, as they had been now running over

three hours and a half. Leaving Greetham on the right, they went on nearly to Market Overton, where they marked him to ground in a swallow-hole after three hours and fifty-five minutes. Amongst those up at the end were Lord Cloncurry, Mr. C. Thorold, Mons. Couturier, Sir Hugh Cholmley, Mr. Wigram, Mr. Richard Hornsby, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Gillard, and Arthur Wilson the second whip. It was a wonderful day's sport, and well worthy of record in 'Baily,' because many provincials are fully under the impression that hounds in the shires rarely run for more than short spirts, or at the most for five-and-twenty minutes. The first part of the run was racing, then as the scent seemed to die away a little it got slower, and many fell out altogether at Buckminster. The hounds were three miles from their kennels when they started and had all twenty miles to go home, and this shows their stamina and condition. They had also another very good day on Wednesday, the 7th, when they met at Piper Hole, and found in Old Hills as soon as Gillard put the hounds in covert. The fox was viewed away by the second whip, and they came to the holloa like lightning; then ran straight to Holwell through Scalford old gorse as if for Melton Spinnies, but being headed at the railway came back towards Clawson Thorns into Old Hills, a nice run of thirty-five minutes; then they forced him through down to the railway, where they came to slow hunting, and went on to Thorpe Arnold, where they lost. After this they found again in Melton Spinnies, ran hard for a quarter of an hour towards Thorpe, shortly after which the hounds divided, one lot going towards the Gorse and the other towards Waltham Rectory, but Gillard soon got them together again and made a forward cast for Waltham Thorns, thinking his hunted fox had gone there; but he got close away with a fox from Freeby Wood, and rattled him on through Brettenby Spinny, by Freeby village, over the brook up to Saxby, crossed the Melton road, up to Wymondham Roughs, down to Garthorpe, where the pace got warmer; on past Stonesby Ashes, by Coston village, over the Coston brook, and raced on to Woodwell Head, when unfortunately a fresh fox jumped up in the middle of a field, and at him they went, and ran him up to Market Overton, but as it was getting dark Gillard thought it was useless to persevere with a fresh fox. This was called a jolly day. Nobody went better than Gillard, but those who were to the front were Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Cloncurry, Hon. Captain Molyneux, Captain Tennant, Captain Boyce, Captain Smith, Mr. Horace Flower, Mr. G. D. Pochin, Mr. J. E. Welby, and Colonel Gosling. In addition to those who were out on the other days were Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, Hon. Alan and Mrs. Pennington from Dalby Hall, Mr. F. Sloane Stanley, Mr. Younger, and the Sporting Butcher of Melton.

The Duke, we hear, has decided to give up the Lincolnshire side, and to hunt his own country three days a week.

On Friday, December 2nd, Lord Radnor's hounds met at Cowesfield House. Dale first drew Meanwood blank, although it was said, as it very often is, that a fox had been seen there early in the morning; but, they found in Gatmore, but could not run a yard, and the fox was said to have gone to ground in a rabbit-hole, although they did not mark him. Then they drew several small coverts down to Sherfield all blank, but at two o'clock they found a brace in a small wood near Sherfield Church. Dale got well away with one and ran him by Plaitford into the bog, where he turned to the right through the open fields past Landford House, into and straight through the Earldoms without dwelling, and still keeping the open ran by Bushey over Cowesfield Common into the covert on the right of the Salisbury road, where they got up to him, and after two rings killed him handsomely,

after a good run of one hour and thirty-five minutes. The country was very heavy, and there was a lot of nasty big banks. It was a fine run, and amongst those who saw the end were Mr. G. E. Meyrick the Master of the New Forest and his whip out for a holiday, Captain Eden, Miss Dalgetty of Lockerley, the Messrs. Jeffrey, one or two farmers, and jolly evergreen John Dale and his son Jack.

The Southdown had a good day on Monday, November 28th, when they met at Offham. After chopping a fox in a bit of rape near the racecourse, they found another in Bunker's Hill plantation, and after thirty-five minutes pulled him down in the open close to the house. While the field were being refreshed by Sir George Shiffner, another was viewed in the Coombe plantation, which ran along the side of the hill for two miles, then sunk into the vale and ran over the best piece of grass they have in the country to Hayward's Heath Asylum, a nine-mile point, and came back two miles, and they ran into him in the Nunnery grounds after a first-rate hunting run of two hours. Amongst those who were up at the finish were Mr. C. Brand the present Master, Mr. R. Streatfield the late one, Mr. Champion of Danny, Major Luxford, Captain Buckle, Mr. S. Leigh, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Powell, Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Keene, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. Maule, Mr. F. Mowatt, Champion, and his whips. On Wednesday, December 7th, they met at the Cross-in-Hand, but there was not a large field, as the country is very rough. They found a good wild fox in Tillsmore Forest, and as soon as Champion was in covert, he was away, and they ran him due west for about four miles; then they bore to the right and ran a twelve-mile point into Eridge Park, where he finally went to ground in the West Kent country, after two hours and twenty minutes. At the end were Mr. Brand, Mr. Streatfield, Sir James Duke, Lady Brassey, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Sampson, and the hunt servants.

Few packs of hounds in the kingdom have more pride of antiquity than the 'Meynell'; their kennel stud-book dates as far back as 1814-15, and they have had fewer changes of masters than perhaps any other. During the latter part of last century, George, second Lord Vernon, hunted from Sudbury Hall, a country extending over a great part of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire; and Sam Lawley hunted the hounds. On Lord Vernon's retirement, the celebrated Squire Osbaldeston took the country, and hunted it for several seasons. At this time, 1814, Mr. Meynell-Ingram, of Hoarcross Hall, was hunting a pack of harriers, and at the request of many gentlemen in the country he turned these harriers into foxhounds, recruiting his kennel from some of the old original blood of the famous Meynell, his ancestor, fitly called the father of foxhunting, who hunted the 'Quorn,' with Jack Raven as huntsman. Mr. Meynell appointed old Tom Leedham huntsman; he was succeeded by his son Joe; he died early, and was succeeded by his next brother, the present Tom Leedham, who continued to hunt the country, with Jack and Charles as whips, until 1871, when he was succeeded by the present huntsman, Charles. The Meynells continued to hunt the country entirely at their own expense, when, unhappily, the death of the old Squire (Hugo Charles) in 1869, too quickly followed by his son (Hugo Francis) in 1871, left the country without a 'Meynell' to continue the mastership. The hounds having been most generously left to the country by Mr. Meynell, they were hunted in 1871-2 by a committee; and in 1872-3 Lord Waterpark and Mr. Clowes undertook a joint mastership; this continued for six seasons, when Lord Waterpark assumed entire command. Before proceeding with the presentation, a few

runs in this country in the old time may not be unwelcome to the readers of 'Baily.'

In 1818 a fox was found at Foston, which ran through Sudbury Park, across the Dove, right across the Weaver hills, and was killed at Wootton Park; Sir Henry Every of that day much distinguished himself in this run.

Another extraordinary run, some thirty years ago, was from Gresley Wood to Scalpelcliff Hill, by Brizlincote to Bretby, Foremark, past Ingleby, by Repton Newton, across the Trent by Bladon; there were but three or four in at the death at Wetmoor, amongst them were Mr. Bass (the veteran M.P. for Derby), Mr. Robert Peel, and the present old Tom Leedham; the two former tossed up for the brush. But the most extraordinary run of all occurred about the year 1840, when a fox was found at Gorstey Leys, running by Melbourne Coppy to Breedon-Cloud, through the Aspinalls to Bardon Hill (the Quorn country); from here he went to the left by Mark-field Mill on to Gruby Pool, from here he pointed for Bradgate Park, and was picked up dead by Mr. Bass and given to the hounds; this was a seventeen mile point, and said to be twenty-five as hounds ran.

Well, so much for the old times. Now we come to the presentation at Sudbury Hall on Dec. 20 to Lord Waterpark. An enormous field were present, of which we can name but a few; in addition to Lord and Lady Vernon we noticed Lord and Lady Harrington, Lord and Lady Parker, Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord Waterpark, Sir Wm. Fitzherbert, Sir John Hardy, Sir M. Blaki-ton, Mr. Chandos Pole (the present Master), Mr. S. W. Clowes, Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P., and Mrs. Bass, the Hon. Mrs. H. Bass, Miss Thornewill, Mr. and Mrs. C. Allsopp, Miss Beckett Denison, Messrs. Bird, B. H. Buxton, Boden, G. H. Allsopp, A. O. Worthington, &c. Sir W. Fitzherbert made the presentation (which consisted of 550*l.* worth of handsome old English silver plate) and in the course of his remarks alluded to his being the oldest member of the hunt, and the pleasure he had in doing honour to one who had done his best to show the country sport. Lord Waterpark made an excellent speech in reply, modestly saying that he took very little credit to himself, as the country had found him hounds, kennels, money, and foxes, and all he had to do was to find horses and servants, and in the latter respect he had been most fortunate in having such a conscientious good servant as Charles Leedham. Lord Waterpark further alluded to the invaluable services of that fine sportsman, Mr. Clowes, who had given him most useful advice and assistance at the first start of his mastership; he in conclusion alluded to the great kindness of the members of the hunt, and returned his heartfelt thanks to them and to Mr. G. H. Allsopp, through whose instrumentality the idea was first conceived and carried out.

Lord Vernon, in acknowledging the vote of thanks which was given him for his hospitality, expressed a hope that Mr. Chandos-Pole would hunt the country for many a long year; and so ended a most successful gathering.

The following is from a Yorkshire correspondent:—'I have been staying here (Harewood) for hunting for the last fortnight and been in luck. Capital sport with the Bramham and York. Mr. Lane Fox's face and cheery whoo-hoop on Monday was a treat to see and hear, when they rolled over their first fox near Goldsborough, after a rattling gallop in the middle of a grass field, on the banks of the Nidd, and not a soul able to get over the river to them, so we had to watch them devouring him, brush and all, a favourite bitch swimming back with the mask and gently allowing it to be taken from her by the first whip on landing, quite a study for a picture.

'Our second run was thirteen miles (I measured it on the map), with another kill in the open. The big drains are all full, the country deep, and the grief untold. I speak feelingly, with a bunged-up face and black eye from Tuesday at the Colton drain in the Ainsty country. They do ride here: no craning or finking, all genuine business, and plenty of room to fall.'

In Ireland matters appear to be going from bad to worse. Hounds have been poisoned in more than one place. Hunting has been entirely stopped in Kildare, and all the hunt horses were brought over to England to be sold. It is hard lines on many hunt servants to be thrown out of occupation.

In conclusion, let us say just one word to those real sportsmen to whom Fortune has given a long purse and the means of doing good at this festive season of the year to their fellow-creatures, on behalf of an old huntsman, nearly eighty years of age, whose present state of poverty is most lamentable, and that through no fault whatever of his own. We allude to poor old Will Cox, now residing at 24, Lifford Street, Putney, S.W. Cox hunted General Wyndham's hounds for many years, and although there cannot be many of the old Sladlands party left, yet we hope that this may meet their eyes. On leaving Sussex, Cox hunted the H.H., and then the Vine, for eight seasons, when Sir Richard Rycroft was Master, after which he went to Lord Doneraile to hunt the Duhallow, and came back into Hampshire to hunt the Hambledon, when Lord Poulett was Master, in 1861. Let us therefore hope that some of his old employers, or those kind sportsmen in Sussex or Hampshire who remember him, while sitting by their warm firesides, enjoying the good things of this life, may send a trifle to the poor old man who once contributed to their sport. This case is guaranteed as being genuine by the Hon. and Rev. Robert Henley, Vicar of Putney; by Major Bethune, of Burton Overy, near Leicester; and by Mr. W. N. Heysham, auditor of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, 40, Brompton Road, S.W.

The Sportsman's Exhibition to be held at the Agricultural Hall, London, on February 9th to 18th, 1882, is likely to be a very interesting affair. The list of patrons is a most influential one, comprising as it does most of the leading sportsmen of the day, and every branch of sport is fully represented. There are about thirty M.F.H.'s amongst the patrons, while the Turf, the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, shooting, cricket, coursing, yachting, boating, fishing, tennis, racquets, lawn-tennis, athletics, billiards, and all other classes of sport are patronised by noblemen and gentlemen whose names are familiar to all lovers of British sports and pastimes. An exhibition similar to the one now under our notice was held at Cleves, North Germany, last summer, and was a great success. It need scarcely be mentioned that this exhibition will be most useful, as well as interesting, as purchasers will have the opportunity of inspecting and comparing all the different exhibits, which will doubtless include the most recent improvements and patents under the various branches. Exhibitors too will have the opportunity of bringing under the notice of the general sporting public every requisite that is necessary to the acquisition of sport. A large number of entries have already been received from Scotland and Ireland, as well as England. We will further notice the matter in our February number.

Captain M. E. Haworth, the author of 'The Silver Greyhound,' comes before us again with some light and agreeable experiences on the subject of coaching, which he calls 'Road Scrapings.' We certainly think the title an unpretending one, as compared with the merits of the book, which contains some very useful hints about 'putting teams together; and we are pleased to observe that the author so strongly recommends the summering of hunters in

light harness work, in preference to the usually adopted plan of turning out to grass, or the consignment to loose boxes or show-yards. It will be a bad day for the horse-dealers of England when the hunting public recognises the fact that a horse stands the best chance of lasting many seasons when he is kept in working condition during the summer, and is not given time for going amiss. Captain Haworth's experiences of four-in-hand date from the time when, at school, he used to harness four white mice to his Lexicon, so that, *parvis componere magna*, he ought by this time to be a master of his subject. Perhaps the most interesting episode which he records is the story of 'Old Lal,' a cripple who used in the old coaching days to harness three foxhounds to a little carriage, in which he proved a match for the best teams on the road. Still more curious is the history of his death; but we will not describe this, as we should be spoiling, by anticipation, the pleasure of the readers of Captain Haworth's book, which is published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, in the Strand.

With the departing year comes the little green Pocket Companion that 'Judex' compiles to guide the steps of us poor racing men in the way we should go. Ably and conscientiously does the writer work out the two-year-old form, and the conclusion he arrives at anent the Derby gives us peculiar satisfaction, because it happens to be our own. It may be that that does not go for much, but still we are glad to have 'Judex' on our side. He has something to say about the Waterloo Cup that may be worth following, and his remarks on the Spring Handicaps deserve perusal. The little book is compiled with the writer's usual care, and we trust both he and his subscribers will profit thereby.

December generally sees little of novelty in the theatrical way until quite the close of the month, when tinsel and glitter, leg and limelight, are supreme, and at the big theatres 'motley's the only wear.' We forestall most of our pleasures nowadays. We eat asparagus at Christmas, green peas in February, strawberries appear about April, and salmon and cucumber are perennial. Christmas cards are upon us in November, so are, alas! Christmas annuals; and we always expect to be asked for Christmas-boxes six weeks before the future season begins. But we do not think a manager has ever been bold enough to bring out a pantomime before Boxing-night—at least we do not remember one doing so. We have a recollection of some adventurous gentleman who essayed a pantomime at midsummer, and brought great grief on himself in consequence; but, as a rule, though burlesques sometimes intrude themselves in the beginning of December, the pantomime is the firstborn of Father Christmas. So, by the time these pages are in our readers' hands, some of them will perhaps have seen the glories of Little Boy Blue, Robinson Crusoe, and other old friends. We are precluded, by our early going to press, from noticing any of these productions this month, but we hope to do so in the next 'Van.' Meanwhile, there has been the welcome return of the Haymarket company to their own house, which has had a dreary time of it since Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft left for the Engadine in the autumn. We do not care to recall the failures of which it was the scene—and, indeed, they were forgotten when we welcomed our old friends again. It is at a higher game than any they have been yet accustomed to that the management in the production of 'Plot and Passion' is attempting to fly. That the company have not quite succeeded in their efforts, is due more, we think, to the piece selected than to the representation. Twenty years ago—or is it a longer period?—we thought 'Plot and Passion' a wonderfully interesting drama; but now we find it artificial, the sentiment strained, the language high-flown—in one phrase, the play is old-fashioned.

We really believe it is a good play still; it is we who have changed. The wily Fouché, the villainous Desmarests, the impetuous De Neuville, however clever their representatives, do not interest as of yore. We doubt that if poor Emery could revisit the scene and play Fouché, he could galvanise, what is now considered by the younger generation, the dry bones of Tom Taylor's play. And yet Mr. Bancroft's Fouché is very good. The stiffness of first representation has worn off, and the actor is more at home in his part. Mr. Arthur Cecil's Desmarests is excellent, and the Marie de Fontanges of Miss Ada Cavendish was, we thought, especially in the last act, very fine. Perhaps the next equally rendered part was the Henri De Neuville of Mr. Conway. He was graceful, gallant and fiery—just, in fact, what we conceive the author meant him to be. Mr. Conway seems to make a fresh departure in his profession every time we see him. The play is, of course, admirably mounted, and the costumes as perfect as Mr. Lewis Wingfield could make them.

'A Lesson,' founded upon the 'Lolotte' of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, gives Mrs. Bancroft the opportunity of recalling reminiscences of the days when Marie Wilton was the most charming burlesque actress the present generation have known. Mr. Burnand has, we believe (we never saw 'Lolotte'), had a difficult task in the adaptation of the little comedy to the requirements of that severe school of morals, which we know is our English boast and pride. From all we hear of the disreputable 'Lolotte,' he must be congratulated on having done something positively marvellous, because he has given us a really charming little play with sparkling and witty dialogue, and leaving no feeling in the minds of the audience that anything had been omitted or kept back, a feeling not unfamiliar to the most dense understanding in certain other adaptations we wot of. Mrs. Bancroft, as we have just said, recalls her younger days—the days, or rather nights, of 'The Maid' and the Magpie, and 'Queen Elizabeth.' She has become since then the most charming of comedians, but the old fire of burlesque has not been quite extinguished by that higher path she has taken—and playgoers with good memories will reap much pleasure, as young members of the profession may perhaps reap some profit, by taking heed to the 'Lesson' that Mrs. Bancroft gives them.

What shall we say about 'The Black Crook,' the new fairy opera, as it is called, at the Alhambra, that we have not said about a dozen of its predecessors? Founded on 'La Biche au Bois,' though departing, if our memory serves, very much from the original lines, newly arranged and rewritten by Mr. Henry Paulton, who has exhibited great self-denial in giving himself but very few plums out of the rather inferior pudding he has dished up, the new spectacle is evidently just what an Alhambra audience want, and one that will bring much grist to that mill. The music, selected by Mr. Frederick Clay and M. Jacobi, is derived from many sources, and is sufficiently lively, without leaving much impression; but of course the ballets, of which there are three, form the chief attraction. It would be cruel, and not quite correct, to say that we had seen them before, and yet one Alhambra ballet only exceeds another in glory because it happens to be the last, the foundation of each and all being pretty much the same. Some happier combination of colour than usual, half-a-dozen new faces among the leading *coryphées*, some extra twirls of the short skirts of *Mdles*. Pattypan and Pettitoes, and the thing is done. Brown says to Pawkins, 'Best ballet I have ever seen.' The word goes forth—a sort of fiery cross—through the clubs. Golden youth and impecunious, mid-age and hoary, hasten to take stalls. Lady Golightly and Mrs. Fitze-Fulke hear of it, and parties

are made up for a dinner at the Bachelors' or the Orleans, with the Alhambra to follow. By the way, the enterprising proprietors have raised the stalls to ten shillings, but of course this is immaterial. We feel inclined to say with Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, when that gentleman was purchasing some silk handkerchiefs, 'Haven't you got any dearer?' Really half a sovereign is, when one comes to think of it, such a bagatelle that we almost wonder the enterprising have not doubled it. By the look of the stalls the night we witnessed 'The Black Crook,' we feel sure they would have had no cause to repent.

As we were much amused with 'Engaged' when it appeared at the Haymarket two or three years ago, so are we even more so by its revival at the Court. It gains so much by the presence of Mr. Byron in Cheviot Hill, the part originally played by the late George Honey, that the representation is now, we think, as perfect as can be given. Mr. Honey made Cheviot Hill a farcical character, but missed, we think, the solemn humour and cynicism of it. This Mr. Byron grasps, his dry, slow manner and delivery being perfectly suited to the part. Miss Marion Terry, as the heroine, shows no improvement, for the simple reason that improvement was impossible. On the first night 'Engaged' was acted at the Haymarket that lady had fully caught hold of the true meaning of Mr. Gilbert's work, and acted then, as now, with that imperturbable composure and gravity so essential to the whole. Some people have said lately that 'Engaged' is not cynical, but simply a piece of eccentricity, and one lady, with a wonderful dulness of conception, pronounced it, in our hearing, 'vulgar!' Her remark reminded us of the unfortunates who never could laugh at 'Dundreary.' Both she and they must have been similarly constituted. That Mr. Gilbert meant 'Engaged' as a picture of the most intense selfishness, we think there cannot be a doubt. Eccentricity is a very feeble expression of its meaning. Every word and action of each character imply rampant selfishness, or they mean nothing at all. By the art of the dramatist the selfishness is made not repellent, but most amusing. It is a pungent satire, but we laugh while it bites.

Very fantastic, very amusing, and at the same time somewhat puzzling, will probably be the verdict of the large majority who have seen, or will go to see, 'Foggerty's Fairy' at the Criterion. We expect quaint quips and conceits from Mr. Gilbert, a mixing of the real and ideal, bordering on extravagance, but never passing the boundary-line. The new play possesses sparkling dialogue, and is full of wit and humour, but there is no doubt that it perplexes the most attentive auditor. We felt we should much like to have 'a book of the words,' and then, perhaps, after a second visit to the theatre, we should be able to grasp the full significance of 'Foggerty's Fairy.' The hero invites the aid of a fairy to get him out of a scrape that threatens to make shipwreck of his happiness. This the fairy does, but loads her welcome aid with such curious conditions that Foggerty finds himself little benefited, and in a more perplexing situation than before—a feeling largely shared by the audience. Foggerty has a new existence, he discovers; he meets people as friends whom he does not know, and is claimed as the future husband of a woman he never saw. He believes he must have, at one time or another, committed some horrible atrocity; he is hemmed in with difficulties, and barely escapes being confined as a lunatic. In his desperation he summons the fairy again, who at first threatens to be implacable, but eventually consents to restore things to their former condition, and generally sets matters straight for poor Foggerty.

It was with immense relief to the audience that this consummation was

reached. The scene, by the way, where the change was effected, is a very clever piece of stage mechanism, and deservedly elicited much applause. The acting was on the whole very good. Few actors but Mr. Wyndham could have succeeded with a rôle like that of the hero. He has all the requisite dash and flow of spirits necessary for such a part, and its perplexities were admirably rendered. Mrs. John Wood was hardly suited with a part that could show her inimitable talents effectively, but Miss Rorke, as the heroine, was very good. So also was Miss Rose Saker, as the fairy, who, by the way, is called Rebecca, and is a very wonderful mixture of the mundane and the spiritual indeed. One of the most amusing Gilbertian hits is when the fairy acknowledges a liking for dry sherry, and excuses her departure by the necessity she is under of appearing in the ballet. There are other quaint sayings; indeed, the dialogue brims over with conceits, but this struck us as very whimsical.

In estimating its merits, the general opinion will be that 'Foggerty's Fairy' is hardly up to the high mark Mr. Gilbert has taught us to expect from his work. He has needlessly clogged the action of the piece with perplexing conditions which bewilder instead of amusing us. If we seek to compare it with that brilliant satire 'The Palace of Truth,' or with the later 'Engaged,' or 'Patience,' it is not to the advantage of the new play. As we have hinted above, we should fancy 'Foggerty's Fairy' was a good play for the fireside. We remember being much more amused by reading 'Patience' than by seeing it — all-roundly acted as it was. It may be that, after reading Mr. Gilbert's latest production, and seeing it again once or twice, we shall be able to assign it a higher place among his works than we can at present do.

'A Modern Faust,' 'A Modern Cynic,' under such or some similar titles, will Mr. Herman Merivale reproduce the old story of temptation and sin at the Globe Theatre early this year. A modern Mephistopheles in Mr. Hermann Vezin, and a modern Marguerite in Mrs. Wybrow Robertson, will be attractions worth seeing. Marguerite is to be, we hear, what is vulgarly called 'a grass widow,' with a husband somewhere in the colonies; what Mephistopheles will be we know not. It is a curious idea, but of course there is much scope for the talents of a writer like Mr. Herman Merivale. We confess to being interested in the result.

And to turn a moment from the cynicism of one author and the frivolity of another, to the sad realities of life, what is the lesson that the Vienna calamity should teach us? We all know, even the managers who parade their numerous exits, and boast that their particular house could be emptied 'in two minutes,' that fully half-a-dozen of our London theatres are unsafe, and that in the event of fire or panic life would be sacrificed as it was at the Ring. Theatres have been allowed to be built which the authorities of no other European capital would have tolerated. One is really and truly in a cellar from which there is no egress, at least for the occupants of boxes and stalls, save a long staircase, on which they would, supposing such a fire as the one in Vienna, be burnt, suffocated, or trampled to death. By a grim irony the rich and well-born would be the victims here, for the gallery is, we believe, on a level with the street, or, at all events, much easier of access than the stalls and dress circle. Another house is approached by underground passages, barely admitting two people to walk abreast, and where the effects of sudden fright is something too awful to contemplate. Another, and one of the latest additions to the list, is surrounded by a network of narrow streets, or narrow lanes, where there is not room for vehicles to pass,

and where the internal arrangements are of a very faulty description. How came these houses to be built, and how came they to be licensed? In all of them there are, or there are said to be, additional exits; but when are they used, and what guarantee have the public that they would be available at need? One of the most dangerous theatres in London has additional exits, wide doors opening outwards into a street; but when last we saw them they were locked and bolted, and they had a dusty look, as if they had not been opened for years. A very sensible suggestion was that made somewhere lately in the daily press, that these extra exits should be opened two or three times a week—or, indeed, why not every night?—so that the public and the officials of the theatres should become familiarised with them. Has this been done, and if not, why not?

Meanwhile the Lord Chamberlain issues a mild exhortation to London managers, the gist of which is that he hopes they will use oil lamps and be 'very careful.' That is all he has to say; to do he has nothing. And yet he, or the officials in his department, are well aware of the truth of what we have just said, that there are several theatres under his jurisdiction frightfully unsafe, and only escape the fate of the Ring by accident. In Paris the police of that happy city would close them. The Lord Chamberlain has the power of revoking a licence, we presume, until some more effectual means of exit than managers at present employ are made use of. Why is not this done?

'Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

Quite wrong, Mr. Pope, quite wrong, we assure you. You were a little behind the age—at least our age—when you wrote that. 'Merit' has been knocked out, and 'charms' have come to the front, and they take a very short price about them. An extremely well-known lady, whose late *début* on the stage has been chronicled by many pens with very divergent opinions, has been engaged at the Haymarket at a salary, so it is stated, only won by her sisters in the profession, after years of painful toil. The lady in question is, according to the unbiassed judgment of those best qualified to give the opinion, a fair amateur, but, as yet, nothing more. Into what she may ripen it is impossible to say, but her engagement is significant. Merit is passed over, and 'charms' have taken the prize which the former, may be, has waited for in vain so long.

In our October number, in a notice of a 'Book on Rabbits,' we say that the Mitcham Farm was a swamp of four or five acres; the manager, Major Storey, has kindly called upon us, and shown us the lease of the property, in which it is clearly laid down that the farm exceeds in extent twenty-six acres, mostly good meadow land; and the manager assures us that the other observations about the farm are equally unreliable; we therefore withdraw the paper, as far as we can do so, and express our great regret at having published it.

And now 'A Happy New Year' to all 'Baily' readers. May their loves and their 'leaves' be pleasant and frequent, their debts and their duns small and amiable. Soon we shall meet between the flags and along the rails, and the covert-side will be changed for 'the enclosure.' In each and all of our recreations may the times be good—if not, may we bear Fortune's buffets as calmly as we take her smiles. *Au revoir.*

BAILY'S

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF COL. D. C. R. CARRICK-BUCHANAN, C.B.

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1882.

DIARY FOR FEBRUARY, 1882.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	Partridge and Pheasant Shooting ends.
2	TH	South Wilts and Vale of Avon Coursing Meeting.
3	F	
4	S	
5	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
6	M	[Meeting.
7	TU	Four Oaks Park Steeplechases. Burton-on-Trent Coursing
8	W	Half Quarter Day.
9	TH	Sussex Club Coursing Meeting.
10	F	Kempton Park Races and Steeplechases.
11	S	Sale of Partridges and Pheasants ends.
12	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.
13	M	
14	TU	
15	W	Waterloo Cup Coursing Meeting.
16	TH	
17	F	
18	S	
19	S	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
20	M	Kempton Park Coursing Meeting. [Meeting.
21	TU	Sandown Park Steeplechases. North of England Club Coursing
22	W	Ash Wednesday. South of England Club, Ashdown Coursing Meeting.
23	TH	
24	F	
25	S	
26	S	FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.
27	M	
28	TU	Worcester Spring Steeplechases. Plumpton Coursing Meeting.

* * Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.



Wm. L. L. L.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

COLONEL D. C. R. CARRICK-BUCHANAN, C.B.

THE distinguished family of Buchanan of that ilk has many branches north of the Tweed, and as far back as the latter end of the 14th century we find the name in Scotch annals, where hard blows were given and received in those tumultuous days. The subject of our present sketch is a descendant of a family long settled in Lanark and Renfrewshire, and is the son and successor of Robert Carrick-Buchanan of Drumpellier, by his marriage with Miss Hoare, daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Harriet Hoare, and granddaughter of the Marquess of Thomond. Born in 1825, Mr. Buchanan was educated at Trinity, Cambridge, and after the usual course there was gazetted to the Scots Greys, with which regiment he served in Ireland and other places until 1849, when, on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Lefroy (daughter of Viscount Lorton), he quitted the service, and devoted himself to a country life and the duties that property and position entail on their holders.

Colonel Buchanan is a sportsman in the full and best meaning of the term. Fond of all field sports, he has been for thirty-three years Master of the Lanark and Renfrewshire Fox Hounds—the country a wild one, but with good scent and no lack of foxes. Such a tenure of office speaks well for the Master and the Hunt over which he presides. Colonel Buchanan, too, is a good example of the old saying about good masters making good servants. John Harrison was his huntsman for thirteen years, and John Squires terminated his twelve years of service by his unfortunate death in the hunting field. Philip Bishop was four years with him, and now his present huntsman is Tom Morgan from the Badsworth.

When the 2nd W. Lanarkshire Militia (now Cameronians, (Scottish Rifles) was first raised in 1854, Colonel Carrick-Buchanan was appointed Lt.-Col. Commandant, and last year was made a C.B., with other colonels of militia, for long service and general efficiency of the regiment under his command. He did a little racing when in the Scots Greys, and rode his own horses, which were trained by the late Denny Wynne, and he does a good deal as a staunch lover and supporter of cricket in his own country.

"TO THE FUND."

"The little rift within the lute."

ABOVE the dying strains of that "solemn music" which played out the racing season of 1881, and above the flourish of trumpets heralding the advent of its successor, still afar off, have been heard the pæons of congratulation poured forth by certain chanters of the praises of the Turf upon the rich prizes, increasing yearly in number and munificence, offered by its administrators to their clients, the owners of horses. The hundreds added in former days have now swelled to thousands, and from the readiness with which such portentous sums are forthcoming, it is plausibly argued that never were times so prosperous as in this golden age of racing, never were there such chances offered, to all with pluck enough to register their colours, not only of clearing the inevitable "x's" attendant upon the cultivation of their hobby, but even of making the game a paying one. We are willing to admit that monetary endowments of contests, old-fashioned no less than of modern foundation, have more than kept pace with the requirements of a go-ahead age, and that there is less, apparently, of that "racing for each other's money," which has long been cause of complaint among those who contributed to the stake; and we do not for a moment dispute the right of "energetic clerks of courses," "enterprising lessees," and munificent officials generally to blazon forth on their programmes the sum-total provided from "the fund" towards rendering the card a strong one, competitors plentiful, and the entry full to overflowing. Racing, as all of us who have only so much as dabbled in its shallowest outside waters know too well, is an expensive and costly amusement which cannot be carried on without something tangible in the shape of a good round sum of money being dangled before the eyes of competitors; and as the expenses of training have increased in a similar ratio with other necessities and luxuries of life during the last two decades, it was only reasonable that the amounts to be run for should assume larger and more tempting proportions. We see, we appreciate, we admit, the necessities of the case, and no praise can be too high for those who have done their utmost to attract and to reward the successes of high-class horses through liberal disbursements of added money, by which means alone the patronage of their owners can be insured, as well as the attendance of the public in numbers sufficient to pay the piper for his tune. The abnormal, and, in our opinion, hurtful and unnecessary multiplication of meetings all over the country means nothing less, of course, than extra expenses in the way of travelling, jockeys' and attendants' fees, and subscriptions to stakes on the part of owners; and so long as solid inducements held out to defray at least the winner's share of these are legitimately got together, not a word could be advanced against the practice of aiming at success by a lavish system of honours and rewards. We have taken the

liberty of using the word "legitimately" in a qualified sense, not meaning to convey the veriest shade of an insinuation that "the fund" is permitted to be swelled by any means contrary to the law of the land, but only that it should represent exclusively public money, derived from subscriptions of those entering horses, entrance fees from stands, rings and enclosures, and the various recognised payments which go to make up the receipts of those licensed to undertake the administration of race meetings, whether companies, partnerships, or individuals. The public will, however, perhaps be surprised to learn that though in some places, such as Ascot and Epsom, for instance, the good old rule prevails of demanding no payment whatever in addition to the subscription to stakes, in others, and some of these very high and exalted places, the custom obtains of demanding, over and beyond the advertised stake and its forfeit (or minor forfeit), an entrance fee "to the fund," thus gravely increasing the liability of those already heavily burdened with other demands, and, moreover, putting altogether a false complexion upon the amount of money specially assumed to be added to each particular stake. That this custom does not universally prevail must be attributed to a desire, at least on the part of some among our racing caterers, to treat their customers liberally, and if they cannot afford to make such "bold advertisements" of the amount of added money as others of the same calling, those entering horses at such meetings cannot, at any rate, complain of having provided a portion of the "dower," for the total amount of which less scrupulous *entrepreneurs* reap overweening and undeserved credit. It is vastly easy to be liberal with other people's money, but when an extra and entirely separate demand is made from owners of horses as an addition to "the fund," that sum, whatever its amount, cannot surely be described as "added money," and from it a deduction must be made of the entrance fees paid at the same time as subscription to stakes to the proper official. We are not alleging for a moment that the means taken for procuring these extraneous contributions are otherwise than fair and above-board, appearing as they do in the preliminary advertisements of the events for which entries are solicited; and we should be sorry to be understood as calling in question the perfect right of the Jockey Club, and other managers of meetings elsewhere than at Newmarket, to levy this contribution, itself an innovation upon the practice of former years, and, as it appears to us, the thin end of a wedge which, if driven home, seems likely to cause a grave danger to the best interests of racing, if it does not threaten the prosperity of the Turf itself. It has been truthfully argued that racing can never be the poor man's pastime, and no one would wish to see it engaged in as a mere money-grubbing concern; but the question naturally arises, can it be entirely and exclusively supported by those to whom its cost is a mere fleabite from their princely incomes, and is there not a very large class of followers of the sport likely to be affected by the further pursuit of such a policy as we have ventured to deprecate? Doubtless, racing is the sport of kings, but then, on the other hand, one of its chief charms, if not exag-

gerated and abused, is the passport tacitly granted to all her Majesty's subjects of participating therein, whether as prominent actors or passive spectators; and would it therefore be sound policy to cut the ground from under the feet of many of these by a wanton abuse of power and the stretching of a dangerous prerogative? We hardly think this will be the general opinion, but it is because we fancy we already perceive signs of discontent among men who may be said to form, if not quite the backbone, at any rate the muscles and sinews of our national pastime, that we have taken upon ourselves to stigmatise a blot in our racing system we would gladly see with one consent obliterated, and the same old order of things prevailing everywhere. It is a pleasing fiction, no doubt—we will not call it sailing under false pretences—that of proclaiming to the world your munificence and liberality to those who keep horses in training, when the resources of these are privately drawn upon to make up the amounts so ostentatiously paraded; and thus we arrive again at the old and well-ventilated grievance of "racing for our own money," when the cash is abstracted from one pocket with the remote possibility of its being repaid into the other, and thus its almoners profit not only in lucre, but also in credit, if at least we may form a judgment from all we see going on around us. The Jockey Club, which found it a hard matter to find the sinews of war not so many years since, are now adding house to house, and field to field in all directions, the result, we are entitled to presume, of falling in with modern notions on the subject of conducting their racing business; which would fairly have horrified such spirits of the old school as Lords Glasgow and Exeter, and others of the strictly stiff and conservative type. Racing officials elsewhere, like Jeshurun, have waxed fat, and live at home in ease and plenty, perchance contemplating further playful and profitable measures in the direction of mulcting the hapless owner of other unconsidered trifles; therefore it is high time, unless we wish to see racing confined to a very select coterie indeed, in enclosures to be profaned by no feet save those of the privileged, to enter our protest against measures which, for all we know, may be pushed still further in process of time. That they are not universal is to be attributed to a lingering willingness and desire to keep to the beaten track, which measures in self-defence may speedily cause to disappear; and when things come to this pass it will be too late for any mitigation of the evil which threatens every year to assume more formidable proportions. Then there will be at hand the ever-ready excuse that "they all do it," and so things will slide from bad to worse, leaving the evil to work its own remedy, necessarily a long and tedious process, during which the Turf is likely to lose reputation and *caste* more and more, until the time predicted by its assailants arrives of final disruption, if not of disestablishment. We repeat, that we impute bad faith to none of the parties concerned in levying what we are bound to designate—in the mildest possible terms—an unwise and impolitic tax; only we are desirous of speaking out one word of warning in season, and while there is yet an opportunity left for retirement from the

unfortunate position recently taken up. By way of illustrating our argument, and of furnishing instances in point, we may cite the notorious fact, that whereas among the long array of races which close in January the Ascot entries fairly held their own, a manifest decline is shown elsewhere, more especially at Newmarket, where entrances "to the fund" have increased in a somewhat alarming ratio. Comparing the entries for the Newmarket Handicap with those of last year, we find that under the altered conditions substituting an entrance fee of 5 sovs. instead of the 3 sovs. demanded last year, nominations have dropped from forty-seven to thirty-six, though the so-called "added money" is increased from 250*l.* to 300*l.*; and similarly the International Handicap of 400*l.* at the Craven Meeting, with an entrance fee of 2 sovs. in 1881, secured an entry of fifty horses against only thirty-one in 1882, when by a curious irony of fate the entrance fee was increased to 5 sovs., and the bonus of the previous year decreased by one-half. Again in the old-established Criterion Stakes an entrance fee is charged of 4*l.* "to the fund," and the stake having closed with forty-five subscribers, it is obvious that the added money, ostensibly reckoned at 200*l.*, amounts in reality only to a tenth of that sum, supposing it to be furnished from the everlasting "fund," which seems to be capable of swallowing up all creation. Doubtless owners pay up such requisitions calmly and cheerfully and with their eyes open, getting used, like the eels, to skinning, but this consideration quite fails to affect our arguments, which briefly amount to this contention, that the innovation is unfair to owners of horses desirous of exercising some economy in an expensive luxury, but who are deemed fair prey for the myriad harpies perpetually on the alert to fleece them, among which we should be sorry to be obliged to reckon the influential and aristocratic cliques and bland officials who may be tempted shortly to raise still higher a perfectly arbitrary scale of charges, and to apply their system of levying black mail in other directions. It is because we perceive a tendency in certain quarters to increase the demands made upon owners of horses "to the fund," that we have deemed it expedient to enter our protest against the principle no less than the practice of a comparative innovation upon the old *régime* under which racing has flourished and prospered so long. To whom we are indebted for so brilliant an idea, so supremely happy a thought, we cannot at this moment call to mind, but the imaginations of those who rule the racing roast in England are fertile and active beyond measure, while on the other hand those who in reality provide the material for sport are patient and long-suffering as the scriptural beast of burden which only "spoke his feelings" when castigated beyond all bearing by an unreasoning master. Still, there must come a time when the back of the camel is broken by the imposition of the last straw, and it is surely better for the cry of the oppressed to go up now, than for such to suffer silence, to shut their eyes and open their purses, and see what will be the next move in the little game of—well, appropriation. Meanwhile, the solemn warning conveyed by the falling off of entries nearly all round for the approach-

ing season should not be neglected, and it would reflect nothing but credit and honour upon the advanced guard of the army of confiscation if they quietly and quickly abandoned the positions taken up by them, not as untenable *vi et armis*, but as indefensible against the force of public opinion arrayed against them. Graceful concessions are invariably preferable to retreats unwillingly made with a bad grace; and we heartily recommend the former course of action to those who, having "tried on" the garment of spoliation, find it ill-fitting as well as unbecoming, and therefore resolve incontinently to cast it aside.

AMPHION.

JOHN WARDE, ESQ.

"And if they'd be ruled, or deign to be schooled,
They might yet take some hints from John Warde and his hounds."

YEARS have rolled away since we last saw the genial countenance, and heard the cheery voice of the fine old English gentleman whose name appears at the head of this paper. We had been taught to look up to him as the first sportsman of the age, whose opinions upon all hunting matters were entitled to the highest possible respect. The kind old man was always ready to impart his knowledge of the Arcana of the Chase to a youngster desirous of learning, and it is entirely our own fault that more of his wise precepts have not been treasured in our mind. For five and forty years he had been keeping hounds in the best countries—Bedfordshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, and the New Forest—yet neither his increasing age and weight, nor the loss of the greater part of his pack by kennel madness, had in the least diminished his ardour for the chase, when he wrote the following letter to a friend:

"LYNDHURST, Jan. 24, 1814.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The length of time I have had your letter unanswered will, I fear, make you think me negligent of your correspondence, which I assure you is not the case for I value it above all others. The reason is that I was going into Cambridge-shire, with an idea of Hunting that Country, and took Susanna* with me as far as Sir Nathl. Dukinfeilds, from whence we did intend to have proposed ourselves to you for a day in my way, but were prevented by the snow. I look forward with *great pleasure* to your and Lady G.'s convenience of receiving us, and our being able to accept your kindness some future time. You speak of the misfortune in my Kennel: I began the season with 58 couple

* The Squire's wife, the Hon. Mrs. Warde. Her private fortune was in her own power, which enabled her to perform many kind and considerate actions. At one time, owing to the badness of the times, Mr. Warde was talking of giving up his hounds, but Mrs. Warde strongly urged him not to do so. Shortly afterwards the Squire, upon going to his bankers, found the sum of 1000*l.* placed to his credit by "A Friend to Fox-hunting." That friend was Mrs. Warde.

PERFECT, they are now reduced to 19, but I hope it is now over—I think it a judgment on me, and bless God it is not more severe, as neither self or servants have been bit. Never mind your weight, Continue to follow the little Dogs, it will not only keep you in Health, but afford you *some* entertainment: I am *two* stone heavier and see a great deal of sport, but our weight is differently situated, yours in your pocket, where I am so very light. I am an *old fool*, and at this moment a Candidate for part of the late Lord Vernon's country; speak a good word for me to Lord Talbot, but it is *under the rose*, till I hear from Lord Gray. Susanna, who is well, begs her kind Love to you and Lady G., and I to assure you the pleasure I have in subscribing myself yours most truly

“JOHN WARDE.”

The negotiations with respect to Lord Vernon's country, alluded to in the above letter, having fallen through, Mr. Warde accepted the mastership of the Craven country, which he continued to hunt for eleven seasons, making his fifty-sixth year as a master of fox-hounds. Mr. Warde bred his hounds for nose; there was no Peterborough hound show in his day. A well-known huntsman of the present time was complaining of the want of nose in his hounds. “Well, but George, you get all the prizes at the shows,” said a friend. “That's just it; it's the prizes that beat me,” was his answer. When, to please their masters, huntsmen have to breed for necks, shoulders, legs, and feet, the noses are too often neglected. Now Mr. Warde used to like throaty hounds, and he said that “by getting rid of the throat, the nose goes along with it.” Many a master would not keep a hound with “John Warde's neckcloth,” although they are almost invariably the best nosed ones.

Contemporary sportsmen might, and did, differ as to the merits of Mr. Warde's hounds. Sir Charles Knightley called them “heavy and slow,” whilst Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith declared them to be “the best pack of hounds that he ever rode by the side of.” There was one point, however, upon which they were all agreed, that they could hunt a low scent in an extraordinary manner, so much so as to make it very difficult for any fox to shake them off. On a bad scenting day they would keep on the line for hours, and frequently hunt up to their fox at last and account for him. Readers of ‘Baily’ must not imagine that because these hounds hunted so patiently they could not chase, for, when the scent served them, it would puzzle even the lightest weights to keep with them. One great characteristic of Mr. Warde's hounds was their steadiness from riot, and this result was arrived at by quiet means in the course of their cub-hunting, of which they had more than a usual share.* Jem Butler, who whipped in to Bob Forfeit for many seasons, and afterwards succeeded him as Mr. Warde's huntsman, used to say, “As long as the old hounds are steady, I can make the young ones so without flogging.” When the regular season commenced there was

* John Dale, huntsman to the Earl of Radnor, breaks his young hounds upon the same system, and with the like success.

no noisy rating, for the hounds would hunt a cold scent through any number of hares jumping up under their very noses, and never look at one of them. In the thickest woodlands they might safely be cheered, for every tongue was a fox, and, in the words of their master, "A good cheering halloo shoves 'em well together." But Mr. Warde's great principle was that, when once his hounds were on the line of a fox, never to get their heads up, for he was of opinion that, after being lifted, they never hunted a scent so well afterwards; and moreover, that they would hunt through ground on which they would be quite unable to pick up the line again, if once taken off. There was, therefore, not that constant tooting of the horn by the huntsman, and putting on of the hounds by the whips, that we see so frequently. In one respect these hounds enjoyed an immense advantage over present packs: the field that hunted with them was smaller in number, and was composed of persons who understood more about hunting, so that the hounds were allowed plenty of room to work, and were not driven over the line.

Mr. Warde was most averse to having his hounds taken to a halloo, because, even if it was right, it caused the hounds to get their heads up, and he believed that nine times out of ten they would get to the point the quickest if left to themselves, and that it might be a fresh fox or a boy crow-keeping.

When his hounds came to a check they were not instantly taken hold of by the huntsman, and driven as if they were a flock of sheep by the whippers-in, but were allowed a certain time to try to recover the scent for themselves before they were cast.

This may sound very slow to young ears, and possibly Mr. Warde carried his system to an extreme, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in whatever country he hunted he invariably showed extraordinary sport. Even in that wretched scenting country, The Craven, his hounds averaged killing their forty brace of foxes each season. A few records of their sport are still left to us. In Nimrod's letters to 'The Sporting Magazine' we find that "when Mr. Warde was in Oxfordshire, his pack afforded a very remarkable day's sport. They found their fox at Ardley Thorns, near Bicester, and killed him beyond Chipping Norton, after having gone through no less than thirty-two parishes in the run. The hounds and horses remained at Chapel House for the night, where rather a ludicrous occurrence took place. Mr. Warde gave orders that a messenger should be dispatched to Chipping Norton for some bread for the hounds, but just as he was on the point of setting off, Bob Forfeit, who then hunted them, came to inform him there was no need of bread, as one of the Oxford gentlemen's horses was dead, and another would die before he was got cold." But the most extraordinary run with Mr. Warde's hounds occurred on February 3, 1802, during his Mastership of the Pytchley. They found a fox at Marston Wood, between Welford and Market Harborough, and killed him at Tilton-on-the-Hill, a point-blank distance of eighteen miles over the finest part of Leicestershire, without touching a

covert and without a check. Out of a numerous field at starting, the only people up at the finish were General Sir Harry Warde, brother of the Squire, a fine horseman, and second only to the Squire as a sportsman; Sir Andrew Barnard, with Bob Forfeit, the huntsman, and Jem Butler, the first whipper-in. The hounds slept that night in the kennels at Bowden Inn, where Lord Sefton, who then hunted the Quorn country, kept his hounds. Nimrod records another great day with these hounds on the 30th of December of the following year: "Found at Winnick Warren, in Northamptonshire, and killed him when attempting to reach the earths at Thorncomb, in Leicestershire, after a run of one hour and three-quarters, which was declared by Lord Spencer to be the quickest run, *for the time*, ever seen in Northamptonshire."

One more instance and we have done. About the year 1820, in that less favoured country, The Craven, Mr. Warde's hounds found a fox, with only half a brush, at a small covert called Watermans, between Hampstead Marshall and Woodhay. After about forty minutes at best pace, they reached the bottom of the Coombe hills, over which they completely ran away from the field, and took their fox straight through the great Facombe woods, running from north to south, and over Netherton bottom, but checked on the hill beyond owing to getting on the stale line of another fox. In the meantime Will Neverd, who then hunted Mr. Warde's hounds, and about a dozen more, came up. Neverd hit off the line of his hunted fox, with a fair scent which kept continually improving. The fox still went on in a southerly direction, never afterwards touching a covert, or seeming to know where he was, and was run from scent to view and pulled down in the open near Tanglely Clumps. When he was taken in hand he had the same half brush which had been observed at Waterman's two hours and a half before, proving that he was the same fox, and not a fresh fox which had got up somewhere in the long line of country they had gone through.

Do you suppose that Mr. Warde's practice of persevering with a fox would be pleasing to a field of the present day? Not at all. They would ride over and press the hounds, especially down a road or lane; they would cut them off, time after time, on a bad scenting day; they would foil the ground and break the line of scent; and they would abuse the huntsman and hounds as being dead slow. So many, who make hunting their pursuit, never give the hounds a thought. At a check, when silence is the most essential, they are bragging at the top of their voice of the big places they have jumped. What they like is to race for a few fields, and at the first difficulty give it up, and go and find another fox. There are a few Masters that we could name, who are able to cope with ignorant fields and squirting riders, but too many think to grapple with the difficulty by making what they call "a flying pack." The remedy is worse than the disease. The hounds that give horses the most to do are those that do not overrun the scent.

CONCERNING MONACO.

"WELL, did you break the bank?"

"Alas! no; I got pretty nearly broke myself."

"Exactly what I expected."

I am recording here a question and answer which details the brief history of a trip to the recent pigeon-shooting at Nice, and "an experience" of Monte Carlo that was anything but what was hoped for by the experimentalist.

The subject of gambling has always had a great fascination for me, Mr. Editor. I made my *début* as a gambler, and took my first lesson, some thirty-five years ago at Greenwich Fair, when I was a mere lad. Like a great number of gamblers when they first begin business, I made a little money at the start, and have continued at the game ever since, gambling every now and again in some way or other, either on the racecourse, backing my fancy, or on the Stock Exchange, "bulling" or "bearing," as the case might be. Strange to say, I have not yet been ruined at the game, and have only once "lost my all" and required to begin again at the beginning. One of my very best commercial *specs* was the buying of two thousand "Merry and Cunningham, Limited," when the stock was at a low figure just previous to the firm resuming possession. On that little transaction I cleared a comfortable sum, which paid all I had lost a few years previously on the great Scottish ironmaster's (Merry) Derby favourite, McGregor, which, as I dare say all the readers of this Magazine will remember, started with odds on it, but failed to credit its owner with that year's blue ribband of the Turf. As to my *début* at "the temple of fortune" in Greenwich, I noticed that one or two of the persons staking at a table where only coppers were played for, always won. I followed suite and won also. I soon discovered the reason: the table was off the level, so that the pendulum or indicator always in the end, or at least ten times out of twelve, halted at one spot, and on that spot I put down my coppers. Those who placed their money there were, as I very speedily discovered, friends of the proprietors—"decoy ducks," employed to incite the lookers-on to business. About once in every half-hour the site of the table was changed, so as to put people off the scent, but I watched the moves of a man with a broken nose who was present, evidently having "the office"—he was probably a worn-out pugilist—and whatever he did I did, the result being that I left the fair with seventeen sixpences, nine shillings, one half-crown, and about three hundred pence, wrapped up in a newspaper and then tied into my handkerchief—a capital day's work, as I then thought, and nothing that I ever afterwards achieved either at Spa or Homburg, in the gambling line, pleased me so much as that heavy load of coppers!

"Concerning Monaco," I wish to say a few words regarding the association which has been organised to put down the gambling

tables of that *petite* principality, I do not set myself up as an advocate of gambling of any kind, whether it be gambling on the Turf, on the Stock Exchange, in the produce market, or in the Clubs which are open to society, and in which there is at all times and seasons a perfect immensity of card-playing of all kinds. Nor is it my mission to denounce the pastime: I should be playing the part of "Satan rebuking sin," if I were setting up as a moralist in that direction, seeing that I have always done a little something in that way myself; and it is a case of "Satan rebuking sin," with a vengeance, for Englishmen to set themselves up to put down the gambling tables of Monaco! It would be better for them if they would remove the beam out of their own eye, before they attempt to pluck the mote from the optics of their neighbours. Yet there exists in London an active branch of the "International Association for the Suppression of the Gaming Tables at Monte Carlo," and of which, in a pamphlet I have, the Lord Mayor of London and Benjamin Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London, are among the patrons. I believe, if the truth were known about this "Association," it would be found that it is the result of a deep-laid plan devised by the "opposition benches," in other words, by persons interested in the prosperity of Nice and Mentone. Although there is no "establishment" in either of these places, there is abundance of gambling in the clubs, to which almost any person may obtain admission if he has plenty of money. It is a clever move, doubtless, of its kind, this which is just being made against Monte Carlo and its varied attractions in the way of sport as well as gambling. Once succeed in putting down "the establishment" and its tables, and Monaco would then be on a par, in one respect, with Nice and Mentone. I say in one respect; in plain language, it would be far behind both of these places in gambling, for at present I believe the private play carried on at Nice is really staggering in its magnitude, so a friend tells me who should know something about it, having purchased his knowledge pretty dearly. It is well that it should be known that some clever people are "using" not a few of our easily-excited English philanthropists in the manner just indicated: it will ultimately become apparent that the men who are holding the strings that work the puppets are only interested in the persons who lose their money at Monte Carlo, because they do not lose it in Nice or Mentone. What care they about the *morale* of the matter? Nothing at all! Gamble in "the establishment," and you are a sinner to be cared for and rescued from wrongdoing; play cards and lose heavily in the Clubs of Nice or some other one of the health resorts of the "Sunny South," and no one will care to say a word about it; by your doing so you promote the prosperity of the place and the people!

As a student of men and manners, as exhibited in Clubs and on the Turf, I have always been of opinion that those who frequent such places in the way of business, know very well how to take care of themselves, and, as a rule, do not require to be looked after

by the good people who delight to poke their nose into other people's affairs. Now and then, perhaps, a young man "goes to the bad" by gambling pure and simple, and no wonder, considering the examples set him in this country, where commerce is from morning to night, and from January to December, one great game of speculation, our Stock Exchanges being the greatest gambling marts in the world. Nothing amuses me more than to find the gambler always painted as an innocent person who has been led astray by the wolves of the gambling arena. The thimblers who used at one time to infest the picturesque environs of Edinburgh were hunted down by the authorities, because they tried to get people's money; but no one, so far as I recollect, ever suggested that plenty of the so-called "victims" had but one idea, and that was to obtain the money of the thimblers. It is the same all over, and therefore I have no sympathy for the men who go to get wool, and instead are made to supply that fleecy commodity themselves. It is not the first time a man on the Turf has resolved to break the ring, and ended by being broken himself.

Most people of the period know something about Monaco (or Monte Carlo). It has been described by some enthusiasts as "a paradise of a place," and Mr. Polson, in a pamphlet* on the subject, tells us that one person, while ascending the broad sloping terraced walk from the railway station at Monte Carlo to the Casino, exclaimed that he felt as if he were going to heaven; it has been usual enough hitherto to describe these gambling establishments as "hells." The first grand one I ever saw was kept by Crockford in St. James's Street; the proprietor, I was then told, had been a fishmonger originally, who by a happy fluke had won a large stake one day on a Derby outsider, and then set up as a racing man, finally ending as the proprietor of the finest gambling club ever known in the great metropolis. At Homburg "the establishment" was a really princely place, but the Casino at Monaco is equally charming as a lounge of the most agreeable kind. It has doubtless been visited by many of the readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' while making their tour of the Riviera. The salons of Monte Carlo are frequented by persons from all parts of the world; one never knows whom he may encounter; probably, of all persons in the world, his clergyman, on leave of absence because of bad health! The nationalities represented at the gaming table include, in the course of a season, all the natives of the earth, and especially Russians, who are keen gamblers; they never tire, in fact, of courting the favours of fortune, and some of them have been known to obtain them in no stinted measure. Never a season passes at Monaco without a visit from a score of canny Scotchmen, as one of the croupiers once told me; they sit and look on a long time at the game, and then they begin with great caution, ultimately lending themselves to the fascinations of play with enthusiasm, not a few of them carrying away with them a pocketful of bank-notes as a souvenir of their visit. Three Scots of my acquaintance went on a visit once to Baden-Baden. They

* 'Monaco and its Gaming Tables.' By John Polson.

began to play, cautiously at first, and then, as they kept winning, with more and more vigour ; and, after a series of runs in favour of their play, they were all three instinctively seized as with terror, jumped up from the tables, rushed to their hotel, paid their bills, and hurried to the train.

"I am just real glad we had the common sense to rise when we did," said the leader. "I felt if I had waited another turn that I would have lost all I had." "And so did I," exclaimed each of the other two ; "I hope nobody at home will hear of what we have been doing." "Let them hear or no," said the first speaker, "I don't know a man in all Glasgow that wouldn't do the same if he was sure of winning what we've won, close upon two thousand among us. It's a good day's work, I think." "And so do I," exclaimed the chorus. "But, mercy on us, if the minister only knew of this day's work, eh lads, it would be a dreadful thing, wouldn't it ?" But the minister never would know ; the Scotch are famed for keeping their own counsel. And for the matter of that, so are some other peoples.

There are not a few men now living who have crippled their resources by their excessive love of play, and consequent reckless expenditure at the gaming tables, but none have been told of the fact, that circumstance has been kept from view as a profound secret. Many stories have from time to time been told of fortunes lost at the awful gaming tables, and of homes which had been broken up in consequence. Nor are there awanting tales of triumph as well. There have been fortunate as well as unfortunate players—the bank *has* been broken, and oftener than once, by the perseverance of some lucky punter. I heard recently of a player who enjoyed a rare chance of making a fortune through a dream of roulette. He had come to see the pigeon matches, and generally to have a look about him and take stock of the place, not intending to gamble, or, if he did so, only to a very small amount. On the first occasion of his visit to the tables he contented himself with playing the part of an observer, and simply took stock of all that was to be seen. He was not in the least excited by what he saw, he took no supper, smoked a quiet pipe, and was in bed twenty minutes before twelve o'clock. He had evidently fallen asleep at once, and at three o'clock began the dream. "Listen," said a voice that seemed to address him ; "listen to the hour, it is striking three ; there the last stroke has been struck, now look at that procession, it will begin to-morrow exactly at three ;" and there passed before him twelve priests, each bearing a banner on which was inscribed a number alternately in black and red ink ; following the priests came two little girls, bearing a waving sheet of some fabric, on which was printed : "You have seen your fortune ; go and seek it !" The gentleman to whom this vision appeared has an excellent memory, and was able to recollect all the figures, as well as their colours ; as a matter of fact he was so impressed with the vision that he rose from his bed immediately when he awoke, just after three o'clock had struck, and marked them

down in his note-book, making a cross at the black figures. He had breakfasted and gone into the grounds of the Casino before ever he thought of connecting his dream with the roulette table. Just about three it began dimly to dawn upon him that his dream might be realised; he looked his watch, it wanted six minutes of three; he glanced at his note-book, yes, there was no mistake, there were the figures: 19, 17, 36, 13, 29, &c. He walked into the salon, it was not so crowded as he expected, so that he obtained good standing ground behind those who had the good fortune to be seated; he waited till the hour of three had just passed. "*Faites vos jeux*," called out the croupier; away round went the roulette wheel on its voyage of luck, and at the same moment down went two Napoleons on No. 19. The dreamer anxiously watched the career of wheel and ball; soon the speed of both began to slacken, click went the ball all unexpectedly into a little cell, out it came again for another round, and again the ball found refuge in a cell, where this time it remained; it was No. 19! The dreamer was amazed, he had won! there was no other money on that number, and the croupier quickly put down the stake, which was as quickly appropriated. The astonished player again tried his fortune, this time doubling his stake; again the ball fell into the proper cell, and again the fortunate dreamer bagged his money—but why continue the story? each of the numbers which had been revealed in the vision held in turn the little ball, and the dreamer might have greatly enriched himself had he been endowed with the necessary pluck; but, strange to say, the highest stake he could bring himself to risk was five Napoleons.

I only wish, Mr. Editor, that I could have such a chance, I should go the whole maximum and no mistake.

Being a narrative of a dream, I dare say many persons will think the foregoing story a pure invention, but I have every reason to believe it true. Here is, however, a nice little story, which is certainly true; it is translated from the French for the first time, I believe, and is given in the pamphlet to which I have already referred.

A young couple on their honeymoon trip arrived at Monte Carlo. The young husband had come with the intention of risking 3000 francs at play. He gained a little, then lost and lost, till there remained on hand only 160 of the 3000 francs. He takes a fresh start on the red, a series of fourteen turns up; he keeps playing on all the time, and gains 112,000 francs. He changes to black, and a series of black turns up, and he goes on gaining. All counted he has on hand 260,000 francs. His young wife, who was standing behind him, tries to stop him. He will not listen to her. Then the change comes. He is playing the maxima of 12,000 francs. He loses three times. That is 36,000 francs gone. The young wife cannot think how to stop him and get him away from the table, at which he sits fascinated. At length she feigns illness, but he does not see it. He is the only one of the players who is playing every stake, and therefore he has become so terribly absorbed in his play as not to be conscious of what is doing around him.

He has at length dropped 60,000 francs, having put down a maxima five consecutive times.

"Monsieur," says one of the other players to him, "is that lady over there your wife? She is ill—perhaps dying."

He looks about him like one in the manner of a reverie, and still continues to play.

At length he seems to remember himself, he starts up, gathers his notes together, and follows his adorable little wife to the hotel where they have carried her. There, in her chamber, where her husband has arrived, she falls once more into a delicious little syncope. The husband now becomes alarmed and attends to his wife. Every one leaves the room.

He had put on the commode a travelling bag, in which he had put his bank notes, amounting to 210,000 francs. Instantly the little wife jumps up, seizes the bag, opens the commode, puts the bag in it, locks it, and puts the key in her pocket. Then she rings the bell, asks for her bill, puts up her boxes, and settles the account. The husband comprehends all. In less than an hour they are on their journey with all their gain.

That is a good story; but I do not understand why the bag is placed *in* the "commode;" surely it was not left there? Many more stories could no doubt be collected equally interesting, because if there is one place more than another where exciting adventures are likely to be encountered, it is at a gaming table. There are visitors to be found at Monte Carlo who return again and again in search of fortune, with varying success. These will be pointed out to new visitors as "celebrities." One gentleman will be shown as the monsieur who began, once upon a time, with only five francs, and did not leave the table till he was able to carry away with him 260,000 francs! Another will be pointed to as having, in the course of five seasons, lost two millions (francs). A third gentleman, a year or two ago, was known as "the red-man." He never played on black, but always on red; if there was a run of *noir*, he waited till *rouge* turned up, and at once began to follow that colour. He lived in sumptuous style at the Hôtel de Paris, and, it is said, made a great deal of money by sticking to the red, which upon one occasion turned up thirteen times consecutively. On one day it is stated that this gentleman enjoyed seven runs on the red, ranging from four to eleven consecutive turns. How far this statement may be true I cannot say; I only retail the gossip as it goes round. Reverting again to the pages of Mr. Polson's pamphlet, that gentleman mentions that he has seen the red turn up six times in succession, and that he saw a tall, grey-haired English gentleman put a thousand francs on the colour each time; he lost, of course, on the seventh hazard of the die, but he had made a pretty considerable sum before he lost that thousand. He played again for the behoof of a friend, and with the same good fortune. A well-known sporting duke, it is said, cleared 10,000/.

at one sitting, but lost the whole amount in the evening at a club at Nice.

A great deal has been said of late years about "systems," but I know of no system that has ultimately proved successful. The bank has a certain and safe percentage in its favour, and no matter how fabulously large may be the winnings of some individual gamblers, the bank makes an immense profit in the course of the year. No player can make sure of gaining in the end, but the bank can do so. Although the intervals are uncertain, the average will be attained at last. All kinds of "systems" have been tried, but the bank still holds its place. No one can forecast into which den of the roulette the little ball will enter, or whether red or black will turn up at the next play of cards.

There are some people at Monaco who, for a proper "consideration," make it their business to guess the results, and they endeavour to instruct novices in the art of getting a fortune at a blow. They teach the doctrine that it is best to wait for a series; if, for instance, red has turned up five or six times, the turn of black must be at hand; rush then upon black, and try and get a run of good luck. It is said that at some roulette tables the "gates" can be controlled, and that the ball is sure to enter a cell of the colour on which the least money has been staked. So far as I know, no foul play of any kind has ever been charged against the establishment at Monte Carlo; but a story is told of a person who once tampered with the tables. It is as follows:—"A player concealed himself one night in the *salon*, and after the place had been locked up, tampered with the dens of one of the roulettes. With a pair of pincers he bends the thin brass partitions between each den, so as to widen the ingress to red and narrow it to black. He then finds his way out by one of the windows, and next day prepares to reap the reward of his ingenuity. He takes his station at the roulette he had prepared, and plays and wins. He does not always play on the red—that would excite suspicion—but he plays so often, and red wins so often, that the croupier begins to wonder, and his sharp eye detects the fraud, and instantly he comprehends the situation. With great presence of mind he conceals his suspicion, and allows the play to go on, and the guilty player makes a large pile of winnings. At night the croupier gets the partitions of the dens bent the other way, and waits the issue. On the morrow the player comes up radiant, and plays and loses. He is not sharp enough to comprehend the situation until he has lost the most of what he had gained the day before."

There is of course a "Calendar of Horrors" pertaining to the gambling saloons of Monte Carlo, but I do not believe all that is stated as to the frequency of the "suicides" which occur through gambling. Every now and then, however, the public are led to suppose that something awful has again occurred at Monaco, just as in the olden times people were led to believe that two or three cases of suicide always occurred immediately after the Derby. A local

newspaper, *La Colonie Etrangère*, recently gave a catalogue of the suicidal horrors referred to. It begins by stating that five ruined players destroyed themselves at the very beginning of the season!

The following extract will show the number of cases. I make no comment upon it:—

“An Englishman allows a train to run over his neck; a Russian blows his brains out; many commit suicide by drowning; a young Russian fires a couple of bullets into his chest; a Pole shot himself in the stomach in the middle of the gaming saloons in Monte Carlo; a well-dressed stranger shot himself in the *Hôtel des Empereurs* at Nice; a merchant poisoned himself at the *Hôtel de la Gare* at Cannes; an Austrian of a distinguished family at Vienna blew out his brains in a shed of the *Segurane*, Nice; a lawyer threw himself from the top of the rock *Rauba-Capeu* into the sea at Nice; a German officer shot himself in the ear; a Hollander poisoned himself with laudanum, and another Dutch nobleman put an end to his life with his pigeon-match gun in the garden of his villa at Monaco; a widow, fifty-five, poisoned herself with laudanum at the *Hôtel des deux Mondes* at Nice—she had sold her last jewel to endeavour to recover her losses at Monaco; a German shot himself twice in the chest on a seat a few steps from the Casino; and an Englishman hung himself on a fig-tree on the *St. Pons* road. A gentleman shot himself before the *Café de Paris*, close to the Casino; and again a young Russian shot himself close to the Casino. A merchant of Bordeaux blew out his brains in an apartment he occupied at the *Restaurant de Tours*. During a month's stay at Nice he went daily to Monaco. He left on the table the following, written with a pencil on a piece of paper—‘Preferring death to dishonour and shame.’”

The following is a true story:—A London merchant, who had lost so very heavily by various speculations in the produce market as to be on the very verge of ruin, resolved to make a last effort to recoup his losses. Taking with him a sum of one thousand pounds, he started for Baden-Baden to try his fortune at the roulette table. He did so, but, after a little blink of success, he “lost his all,” and committed suicide by hanging himself. As a matter of course, his death was set down to the gaming table!

The chapter of suicides is not without an occasional shade of relief. Some clever rogues have before now outwitted the authorities. They throw themselves down in some retired parts of the ground, feigning to be dead! An inspector comes round, feels the pockets of the supposed suicide; there is, of course, not a sixpence in them, they are empty. The case is plain; the man has staked his all on the roulette table, and lost it. His pockets are straight-way, for the credit of the establishment, filled with a miscellaneous sum of money, and the inspector walks away. So soon as he is out of sight, the corpse looks up, feels his pockets, counts over his donation, and, following the example of the inspector, walks away also!

So much for Monte Carlo, to which, and the “doctrine of chances,” I will, with the editor's permission, return.

FORTUNATUS.

WINTER COACHING.

MY DEAR BAILY,—The “Cellars,” at 5 P.M. on a December afternoon, can scarcely be expected to present the same cheerful (coaching) aspect as in June at 7 P.M. Yet there have been this winter certain signs of vitality to be welcomed, and besides the ever-running old Times, that retakes the St. Albans, *vice* the Windsor road, this winter we have had Captain Hargreaves for a few weeks to the “Oatlands.” Just before he ceased running, Mr. Bouverie, a “coming” whip under the skilful guidance of the “sage” Fownes, put the “Epsom” on the road, and, giving it but a short trial (for the roads were truly abominable), took up the road that Captain Hargreaves had vacated.

The day before Christmas Day the old Times picked me up in Baker Street, and as the whip for that stage, Mr. Rudston Falconer, drew up, I mentally exclaimed, *Bon sang ne ment jamais*. He is a nephew of Mr. Rudston Read. Greasy were the roads, and horses little sharpened had their work cut out; but they are handled carefully, and despite steam-rollers and railway works, we speed merrily away for Finchley. A good, useful all-round team, with a clinking chestnut at near wheel, takes us on to Barnet, a tricycle gentleman vainly endeavouring to keep a lead, and as we ascend the incline past the station, we are not sorry to find the road authorities are putting down gravel. Mr. Secker, good and true, is taking us along this stage, and we pull up for a minute at the Red Lion, where some like ginger brandy, some sloe gin, *de gustibus*, &c. This Red Lion is worthy of a passing archæological (postboy) note. It was here that the landlord reformed the practice, up to that time prevalent, of giving gratis to postboys their meal or supper. Knowing, I suppose, that for that first stage out of town they were not ill feed'd, he insisted on largesse, and mulcted them one shilling for their supper. Others throughout England followed our host's example, and henceforth the Red Lion was not blessed by the postboy fraternity. Leaving Barnet, you enter on the true Holyhead Road (Telford's Road), and cut across the old narrow winding road, which up to that time had been used by the North-Western Mails, some three or four times before reaching St. Albans. Metaphorically, our horses' hoofs tread the dust of the empires in coaching annals, swayed by Horne, Sherman, Chaplin, Nelson, and others. To-day James Selby is king over a diminished territory, but how well he sees to the executive!

At South Mimms, Major Dixon takes the ribbons, and with some minutes to the bad and a stoppage to leave a Christmas parcel, he has his work cut out to be punctual, which of course he is to the second. This pen is never given to flattery, but with the Major and Mr. Secker on the coach, Selby might, if he were not such a “sprightly” one, get inside and go to sleep. We had a wonderfully fine chestnut near-wheeler this stage, that had carried a lady with the Queen's—all blood and quality.

The old cook, who had been twenty-five years at the George Hotel, has gone; but the new one fairly represented her past achievements in the way of soup, and the sirloin was simply perfection. It is a brief hour and a half when the Major has told you some good stories, but Selby blows the horn, and we must "wag" on homewards.

Major Dixon takes the same team out, and the roads have given a little, so there is good time on this stage. To Finchley we lose a minute or two, owing, probably, to having too much time allowed us at Barnet for the ginger brandy, and between Finchley and London the conditions of the road about St. John's Wood might excuse another minute or two. Yet Mr. Secker, wheeling cleverly round those nasty turns at Kent Terrace, due to the railway works, brings us fairly up to time at Hatchett's. The Major is just telling me the story of Harry Warde's wild gallop with the Falmouth Mail down Union Street, Plymouth, and their arrival at the steam ferry, where six feet of water separated the shore from the floating bridge, the jump of the leaders, the spring of the wheelers, no pole cracked in the futchells, but the mail coach safe on the barge, and half an hour saved! when—why, yes! it is Harry Warde's own genial face which welcomes us as we descend.

Of the manner in which this coach is horsed it is unnecessary to speak. I have said Selby is king of a smaller territory than that over which great coach proprietors in days past held sway, and may he always have a good Court of men interested in the road about him!

He also hores Mr. Bouverie's Oatlands Park Telegraph, where we meet some old favourites. Sir Henry's old grey and a roan form a grand pair of leaders out of London, and the near brown does not shirk his work. They change at Kingston Bottom, where the Messrs. Goodwin are unceasingly hospitable.

On the next stage there is a skewbald (wheeler) and chestnut near leader. The latter frets a bit, and his companion, a brown, is in one steady canter all the way. Captain Ramsay took us over this stage that lovely 4th of January, when I had the luck to travel with him, and good time he kept. It is a wonder the road has not been taken up continuously, for decidedly it is one of the best out of London, and should yield good pleasure-traffic returns. "Get at the public purse," I have always said, "if you wish to see the road flourish." It cannot ever depend on amateurs with long purses. To Fulham you have easy travelling, and across Putney Heath on to Wimbledon Common you begin to smell the country, whilst Kingston Hill is after all no great affair, and the ordinary brake meets all requirements. Passing over the old bridge at Kingston, you have a fine bit of ground for springing them, and you pull up for cherry brandy and pleasant smiling young ladies at the King's Head, where clearly the "sage" Fownes is a favourite.

Hence the coach is open to take two courses after crossing Hampton Bridge, one road, and the longest, being very good and

sound ; the other, by which we returned, passing near the race-course, and very heavy going.

Those who sneer at the road should remember that by it alone are the Americans and Australians brought into direct contact with the historical monuments of the old and well-loved fatherland. Here you pass through Walton, with its ivy-covered church, and the spot where the other day they buried the poor policeman who was murdered for doing his duty. If you enter the church, you will notice some sculptures by Roubillac, and so decided is the character of the sculptor's work, that your mind will wander away to Strasbourg Cathedral, where Marshal Saxe, the son of Carlyle's Auguste, the physically strong, has a monument to his memory by the same artist. And Marshal Saxe was grandsire to Georges Sand, the woman who wrote the best and purest French of this, perhaps of any, period. So, you see, Roubillac and his sculptures bring us in thought quite down to this fourth quarter of the present century. But turn we once more into God's acre close by and read there the cleverest, saddest epitaph e'er written by one man of genius (Lockhart) over the grave of another—poor Maginn !

“ Here early to bed lies kind William Maginn !
 Who with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
 Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
 Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin,
 So his portion soon spent, like the poor ‘ Heir of Lynn,’
 He turned author ere yet there was beard to his chin,
 And whoever was out or whoever was in,
 For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
 Who took prose and rhyme with a promising grin :
 ‘ Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,’
 But to save from starvation stirred never a pin !
 Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin
 (Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin),
 But at last he was beat and he took to the bin,
 To the Dr. alike if ‘twere claret or gin,
 Which led swiftly to jail with consumption therein.
 It was much, when the bones rattled loose in his skin,
 That they let him die here out of Babylon's din !
 Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin,
 Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn !”

We pull up at what appears a gentleman's pretty residence (Sir Digby Wyatt's work), ycleped the Oatlands Park Hotel, exact to a minute, and partake of a good luncheon, have a look at the hare farm and the grotto, and the graves of dogs and monkeys, and, better than all, at the lovely landscape that bright January day away towards Shepperton, whilst attentive German waiters on our return bring to the cosy billiard-room whisky that has no fusel oil in it.

As we trot back under the care of Captain Ramsay, Fownes gives us notes of his wisdom. “ A coach don't die of a tramway the first day,” I noted among other things he said. Talking of the seat of a coachman, he said, “ Yes, you have to drive with your feet as well as your hands.”

The principle on which Selby horses his coaches is a perfectly sound one. He goes in for short stages, and keeps his horses in condition. He got some fine experience on the Tunbridge Wells line, where one season for a short time they tried a long stage from Green Street, *vid* Bromley, to a change near the Crystal Palace—and well knocked up the horses were over that eleven miles; so they went back to Lewisham and the Old Kent trams by preference. I do not say that the pace on any of these coaches is quite what I should like to see it, but it is good enough to necessitate a careful study of horses' condition, and none of those who have tried long stages have had reason to be joyful. They tell me that the Brighton and Portsmouth last summer were hard put to it to get stabling at reasonable intervals, and that, consequently, there was a loss of flesh. Coach proprietors should remember that they begin with 25 cwt. for the empty coach, there or thereabouts, and if they get loads such as the Windsor and Virginia Water had last summer, it means another 20 cwt. or more; and if $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons is not equal to the weight of your heavy coaches of old, with their luggage and parcels, these did little better than $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. Taking the old mail coaches, with their bags and seven passengers, I doubt if they ran up to much more than 2 tons, but then the whole tendency, at the moment they were eclipsed by the railway, was to reduce the stages, as Selby has done most judiciously in the roads he works.

I confess I hope that Mr. Bouverie will pass from the Oatlands Park to the longer and more serious coaching route, the Tunbridge Wells. It has been vacant much too long, and since it ceased to be occupied, Pawley, who horsed a stage of it, has joined the majority. I learn, however, that the Crown at Sevenoaks is still carried on with that oldfashioned attention to its guests, which distinguished it from the suburban-restaurant-grand-and-comfortless hotels which are left to us within a measurable distance of the metropolis.

If Mr. Bouverie takes so skilful and favourite a man as Fownes to look after his passengers, and Selby does the horsing, the public will be pretty sure to repay him with their patronage.

Of the past season, I may observe that the Brighton Age (Fownes and Thorowgood) ran late, but I know not with what financial success. I have often thought that an arrangement might be made by which we should have a daily Brighton coach. I do not mean from London. What I should do would be to start from Brighton at 8.45 A.M., and run to Red Hill, catching trains to land passengers in the City or West End by 1 P.M. The return journey might be made about 3 P.M., giving time for City men who have finished their business to catch it after lunch, and get a breeze on the road, than which there is nothing more health-inspiring. I throw the suggestion out for those seeking a paying road, for pay I fancy it would. Passengers would miss that very purely suburban bit of scenery between Croydon and Vauxhall, with its odious trams; and the choice of five London railway-stations from Red Hill makes it a capital point of departure or arrival. Above all, it would be a daily

coach either way, a matter which, in the interests of the road, is of some importance, as it would keep up people's daily attention to the fact of the best means of locomotion being at their disposal for a trip to London-super-Mare.

In speaking of Fownes and Selby, I have borrowed the adjectives that poor Joe Radcliff applied to them, in a paper he once wrote on the St. Albans coach. "The sage Fownes and the sprightly Selby," wrote poor Joe, and often he repeated the phrase to the writer with some pleasure, as happily typifying them.

NIMSHIVICH.

THE FATE OF FOX-HUNTING IN IRELAND.

FOX-HUNTING, the proximate cause of falls innumerable, has had a wonderful fall itself in its fairest province, namely, in Ireland. Whether the contact with the earth will, after the fashion of the Antæus myth, prove a source of new life and fresh vigour, remains a problem for the future. At present we have to contemplate the more unpleasant side of the picture, the mixing up of riders and horses—heads and hoofs—the struggle to rise and the final extrication ; but whether the medal will have a pleasant obverse turn is hard to forecast at this moment. Storms in the temperate zone rarely burst forth like cyclones and tornadoes without ample warning, and the drum signal of impending elemental wrath was hoisted long ere the ban of the Boycotting Brigade was put upon the several packs of hounds whose active life of pursuit has been either wholly arrested or restricted to a wretchedly small area.

"Nunquam imprudentibus imber
Obfuit."

was the precept of the builder of the Hexametrical Heroics of Husbandry, and it is as applicable to Ireland as to the Milanese, to the pastimes of princes, peers, peasants, and proletarians, as to the field operations of the latter. It may be worth our while to note down cursorily some of the causes which have led to the fall of fox-hunting in Ireland, and to estimate the chances of its revival, general or partial.

Whether we care to acknowledge the fact or not, a great revolution is just now shaking the social foundations of the Green Isle ; at present we are only on the verge of the precipitous decline, and what with brakes and the feebleness of the initial impulse, a general catastrophe has not yet absolutely begun, and those who are already gravitating towards the chasm hardly feel the movement, just as Monsieur Jourdain, in the great comedian creation, ignored the fact that he had rattled prose since his childhood.

For many years the power of the landlords of Ireland has been on the wane, and as their existence was somewhat of a standing menace to the democratic chiefs who have recently risen to place and power,

it was felt to be a matter of paramount State necessity to clip their wings so effectually that further soarings and swoopings would be impossible in the nature of things. Since the introduction of the Ballot, a vote represents each man's political importance. As voters, the landlord and his tenant are precisely on a par, and as the latter, from their numerical superiority, represent power, that power must be placed in competent hands, to be wielded for the general welfare. Hence the extraordinary efforts made to conciliate the Irish voters by the distribution of bonuses taken from the landlords' estates—the introduction of chaos into the social and political world of Ireland—and the final necessity of coercive curbs to repress the anarchy which the prospect of plunder and the visions of supremacy had strewn abroad through the length and breadth of the land. It has passed into a proverb that poverty introduces its votaries to strange bedfellows. Political alliances may be said to have a somewhat similar tendency, and it was reserved for the year 1881 to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a landed aristocracy being completely shorn of all political power, murdered, and plundered, while renegade Americans stumped the country, vilifying a class of whom they knew next to nothing, and inciting their debtors to treat them with discourtesy as well as dishonesty.

The history of Ireland during the past two years is the tale of the suppression of the landlords by legal sanction and exotic obloquy! American ranters who dared not promulgate the hideous doctrines that they avowed here in the realms of Uncle Sam, openly advocated their despoilment and abolition *per fas aut nefas*, and protested loudly and blatantly against the external symbols of respect, which custom and habit had made general, being paid to them. Small wonder, then, if a sport which originated among the aristocracy of the land, and which, though broad and tolerant as the British Constitution itself, had always a most patrician savour about it, should be looked upon with suspicion, which all too soon turned to aversion.

The propagandists from America, though for the most part sons of the soil who had probably left their native land for their mutual welfare, began by instilling into the farmer the most exaggerated notions of his own dignity and importance in the social system, and taught him that hat-touching and such other tokens of civility and respect were degrading and debasing. Gradually lead for landlords became the slogan of the hour, till after a few prominent and obnoxious patricians had been improved off the face of the earth, which according to these patriots they encumbered with their pernicious presence, it was felt more prudent and politic to starve them out rather than slay them. The process would be more effectual, and would create less scandal.

Under these circumstances the sport of kings began to totter to its foundations, and those who could read the handwriting on the wall saw plainly that the extinction of the chase, either temporarily or permanently, was a mere question of time. The personal popularity of the Master, or the more prominent members of the Association,

had nothing whatever to do with the fiat that had gone forth, and if opportunities for attacking the club or corporation were wanting, they must be created. Thus in less civilised counties open recourse was had to violence and the arms which the *genius loci* suggested, be they stones or shillelaghs. The Waterford mob led the van of attack, and stoned the Curraghmore hounds as they were going to draw a covert, wounding some hounds in the fray. Lord Waterford bowed to the popular verdict, and retired at once from the unequal contest, for

“A fair fight that can hardly be
When you're the kicker, I but the kickee.”

And so the county lost the benefits of a hunting establishment conducted in princely style, which was a very mine of wealth to the surrounding country.

Tipperary, the Queen's Co., Wexford, the Ormond, and King's Co. hunt followed suit at different periods. The Carlow and Island hounds hunted away, in a subdued fashion and restricted area, for some time; but the members felt that for the present, at any rate, the farce was played out, and so the curtain dropped for the season, and a general exodus of Carlow sportsmen took place, some going to Tarporely, others choosing quarters further north.

We come now to Kildare, a first-class hunt club, where the chase was carried on as well as in any part of the world, and where Mr. Forbes, the M.F.H., was devoted to the work he had undertaken, and for carrying out which, according to his own experienced views, he had the amplest means. Unfortunately, Naas, the hunting capital of the county, is also a great prison centre, and in its Bastille many suspects “languished”—to adopt the popular jargon. It was a case of

“*Mantua vix miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.*”

The sigh of the suspects was weighed against the cry of the hounds, and the powers that be in Ireland decided that, unless the members of the hunt used every effort to attain the opening of the prison doors and to gain an amnesty for general intimidators and intimidation, hunting should be stopped. Kildare and its leaders had ample warning of what the proffer of conciliatory measures to the irreconcilables would lead to; but they determined to try palaver and protocols. They instantly made speeches, they conceded beyond the point where concession should have been deemed impossible, and, like Girondists, they failed; but, unlike these misguided but worthy men, they lost, not their *heads* but their *hunting*. The hunt horses were sold off at Rugby, fetching very high prices, and the Master chose his hunting base of operations at Croft, in Yorkshire or its borders.

Galway survived the anti-hunting wave for a long time, owing greatly to Mr. Burton Peepes's personal popularity and discretion, but at last the blow fell; his hounds were mobbed and, though the members secured in the evening a glorious run from Coolarne coverts

to a point near Athenry, they too accepted their kismet and broke up for the season. In Kilkenny, Captain Hartopp is supported by a very strong section of the county, and he goes on with success, too, hoping for the reaction that some say is bound to come ere long. In Louth Mr. Filgate has shown very good sport, and has met with no opposition so far; and in Meath, Mr. Trotter, who had the good sense and tact to go round the county himself early and debate all vexed questions with the opposition chiefs, has had not only a season wonderful for its sport, but for the cordial welcome which has been accorded to him everywhere. At the same time, even in royal Meath, the old feeling of security and matter-of-courseness of the chase is somewhat wanting this year, though the popularity of hounds and staff seems unbounded. Within the last week or ten days their sport has been simply superb. In their upper country last week they had a run from Boltown, one of Mr. Battersby's coverts, which extended over twenty miles and lasted more than three hours, its termination being on the shores of Virginia Lake, where a beaten fox found a haven of refuge among some boulders impenetrable to spade or pickaxe; while in their lower lands, last Tuesday, they had a gallop from Rowanstown Gorse, which must rank among the highest hound triumphs of the year; for, though a few couple of hounds separated half-way—getting on to a fresh fox—the main body hunted theirs steadily on through Hollywood-rath and Ballymacarney, till they rolled him over in a field close to the Ashbourne Road, after something like ten miles over continuous grass, and most of it fast. The Westmeath hounds are still hunting, in a limited district, and so are a few packs in the county Cork.

The Ward-Union hounds, too, have been showing glorious sport ever since the first fortnight, when their stags ran short or took to the roads; and their Culmullen chase, last Wednesday week sixty-five minutes in all, ranks amongst the most perfect performances of the season, though by no means one of the longest. So beaten were high-class horses by the pace and big jumping, though the line was grass from beginning to end, that one or two of the best men in the kingdom to hounds had either to stop altogether or finish on foot.

Mr. Gubbins's staghounds in Limerick, too, are showing fine sport, and finding much favour with the multitude.

Such is a hurried *précis* of the state of the chase in Ireland at present; and it is not easy to vaticinate as to the future of sport in this perturbed and distracted country. It seems hard for any club or association to say "*vale*" to a sport in which they have been so successful, while the gorses are all fresh and vigorous, and the wide woodlands here and there still hold such stout stub-bred foxes. But for all these means and appliances hunting requires—and more and more each year—a reservoir of ready money, without which it cannot make way or hold its own. Damages must be paid for liberally, and even sometimes lavishly. Fowl depredations cannot be assessed too cautiously or in a niggardly spirit, and the prospect of a plethoric exchequer becomes dimmer each year. Many magnates who draw

thousands a year from the island grudge a ten-pound note to support the county pack, while professing themselves, "at home," full of venatic ardour and enterprise; and if the Land Act cuts off the spending margin from many a landlord's income, how can he aid in supporting hounds? Between the *unable*, and the *unwilling*, and the indifferent, fox-hunting seems doomed in the poorer parts of Ireland, at any rate on its old liberal scale. In a few first-rate counties, such as Meath and Kildare, where strangers subscribe largely to the hounds, the financial prospect seems more assured, and the *clôture* of the chase less probable. At this moment there can be no doubt whatever that a most influential section of the community are entirely in its favour, but they are forced to conceal, or even disavow, their opinions, owing to the prevailing terrorism.

ON THE WELSH BORDER.

If all England were like Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, or Ireland all akin to Meath and Kildare, what spoilt children we should become in the matter of hunting! Fortunately it is otherwise; and hence it is that the fonder a man is of true sport in the hunting line, the surer he is, sooner or later, to settle down to it in his own district, and enjoy the rough and the smooth of it without pining for big pastures and perfectly negotiable fences everywhere.

In no district in the United Kingdom is hunting more keenly enjoyed than in the border country between England and Wales, just where the mountains and hills of Wales dip down into the plains, and the smaller streams take the proportions of rivers, and their valleys widen out into dales and rich agricultural holdings. Beginning in the north, we have Sir Watkin Wynne, with a territory reaching from within a few miles of Chester on the north to within a few miles of Shrewsbury on the south. To sing the glory of Wynnstay and its pack, would be to repeat an oft-told tale in 'Baily.' To the south of Shrewsbury, the Shropshire just touch on the Welsh hills of Montgomeryshire at Wallop, and the Stretton hills at Leebotwood, and all their stoutest foxes south of the Severn put their heads south or west, if they wish to gain such havens of refuge as the Stiperstone or the Longmynd.

South of Church Stretton we come upon a famous local pack—the United—that takes a big slice out of South Shropshire and part of Montgomeryshire into its keeping. It is essentially a farmers' pack, established half a century or more ago, and made celebrated by the mastership of Mr. Luther, one of the finest specimens of the old yeoman farmer that any district could produce. Here, for the first time, we have the Welsh blood in the hounds as well as in the country. Luther had the chance of some of the fine-framed bitches from Wynnstay, and he crossed them with the wiry, narrow, low-scenting, varmint-looking hounds that then hunted the upper part

of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire, belonging to "old Gittoes," who kept them much as a ratcatcher would his terriers, and gained their livelihood and his own by the blood-money he extracted on his bringing the masks and brushes to the neighbouring farmers. Luther stuck to the smooth-haired puppies, and bred for nose and speed with wonderful success. His great notion was to have a few couples of racing hounds, which when the fox was found cut out the work, and then he brought up about five couples of old slower hounds to help at a difficulty in a road, or at some critical check, if he got there in time (for he rode seventeen stone, and had horses by The Steamer that looked like dray-horses), and thus he nearly always managed to kill the strong foxes that he had to cope with. The Earl of Powis owns an immense tract of country, through which the United pack hunts, but does little to encourage them beyond, for him, the small subscription of 20*l.* a year, and leave to draw the covers under certain restrictions as to shooting. For all this, the United pack, under its present able mastership of John Harris of Pentrenant, seldom has a blank day, and the green coats and white breeches are always in the ascendant, because chiefly worn by the farmers, who will have foxes in spite of keepers and game preservers. The United and the Sinnington are own brothers—birds of a feather entirely. The present southern boundary of the United is the river Teme, but the Ludlow hounds own a piece of country here, indented, as it were, into the United, which abuts on the Welsh hills, and comprises a small piece of Radnorshire.

A beautiful pack on the flags are the Ludlow; originally with a deal of Belvoir blood in their veins, and more recently the Wynnstay and Shropshire, with a touch of Croome and Poltimore strains, have been introduced. With a history not much longer than the United, the Ludlow began with Squire Adams of Ludlow, and Dansey of Easton; then came Stubbs of Whetmore; and latterly they have been brought to their greatest efficiency by W. H. Sitwell, of Ferney Hall, and Charles Wicksted, of Shakenhurst, the present Master. The hounds are a pack that any country might be proud of. They disport themselves in a district which can always make a pack of hounds go: plenty of good-fellowship; few backbiters; money, and to spare in case of need; foxes, as a rule, *ad libitum*; a first-rate Master in Wicksted, who hunts them himself, and a large country: and yet there have been complaints of the falling off of sport of late; to be attributed, I think, to two or three causes. First, the hounds are too high-bred for their country. They do not stoop to a cold scent, and lack the perseverance and self-reliance of the Welsh-crossed ones, which is essential in a country where it is impossible for a huntsman to be always, or even often, with them; where chains of woodlands abound, and limestone causes a catchy scent. Another, is the want of a few more gorse covers, such as Munslow, Clungunford, Orleton, Bucknell, Sutton, Ferney and Elton, which were the glory of old days, and have never been replaced. The enlargement of the woods adjoining, Mary Knoll and Elton, by

plantations of larch, which have created a perfect forest extending up to Gatley, and full of outlying deer that have escaped from the old Hay Park, and become wild and unapproachable.

Their best country lies between Ludlow and Tenbury and the famous Clee Hill, where Charley Wicksted's musical cheer rings merrily once a week. The run of the season has been from Henley Hall spinnies, close to Ludlow, when they raced towards Bitterley, then back to the right to Caynham and the Serpent, over the awkward Letwyche brook to Stoke, and back to Caynham, and lost him. The death-roll is not so heavy as usual, and the stock of foxes is a trifle short. The chief landed proprietors are Lords Windsor and Boyne, Sir William Curtis, Bart., Sir Charles Rouse Boughton, Bart., Mr. Boughton Knight, Mr. W. H. Sitwell, Mr. John Rocke, Mr. Dacre Harley, Mr. Charles Rogers, Mr. E. V. Wheeler, Mr. Wood of Culmington, Mr. Wood of Henley, Mr. Alcroft, Mr. T. Dunne, Mr. E. O. Partridge, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Salwey, and Mr. Lloyd Roberts.

South of the Teme at Knighton we come to the Radnorshire and West Hereford country, extending southwards to the Wye (about twenty miles) and to the Black Mountains of Breconshire beyond it, and to within six miles of Leominster and nine of Hereford on its eastern boundary. On the west the high range of Radnor Forest forms a natural boundary. The pack was got together on the death of old Luther about twenty years ago on much the same lines that the United had been started. In fact it was Luther's coming into Radnorshire every alternate fortnight, and showing grand sport there, that first fired the Radnorshire squires with an ambition to have a pack of their own. It was a curious combination of blood that conduced to their being put into working order. A few hounds bred from a bitch drafted from the Badminton kennel, by a true-bred Welsh hound owned by the late Francis Evelyn of Corton; two couple of little Hursley bitches; the like number from the Rufford; five couple from the Vale of Ayrton, in Cardiganshire, with a strong dash of the bloodhound about them; two couple from "Jack the Rat," an old Radnorshire farmer, the remnant of Gittoes's blood, from which Luther had successfully started, and a few draft hounds from the Ludlow, made up the twenty couple with which Captain Beavan of Presteign started the pack, with Rice Jones as his huntsman. Careful crossing and first-rate kennel management has brought the pack to its present state of wonderful efficiency. They owe their success chiefly to one stud hound, old "Brewer," a first cross between Badminton and the Welsh hound, whose sons and grandsons have done equally well, and been used in Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, especially in the latter county, where they are thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Capel Williams.

Confined at first to Radnorshire, it was only by degrees that the hounds obtained a footing in West Herefordshire, where game-preserving held a strong sway, and where the Herefordshire never went, because it was far from the kennels, and foxes were conspicuous by

their absence. It was not till Colonel R. H. Price took the hounds, and the kennels were placed at Lyonshall, in West Herefordshire, that this, their best country, could be fairly said to have been regularly hunted. A sportsman of the truest type, the Colonel has steadily won over the owners of covers to the good cause, until it has become as established a part of the country as Radnorshire, and shows excellent sport.

A fine scenting country is the lower part of Radnorshire—dry sound land and ferny hills, with covers nearly all oak coppices, and very little undergrowth, so that foxes dare not dwell in them. Sir Richard Green Price's property has some favourite gorse covers on it, and foxes are scrupulously preserved. Weyman's gorse nearly always affords a good run, while this season Knighton gorse has done excellent service, and Willey has been the starting-point of one of the runs of the season right away into West Herefordshire, with a kill in the open near Burton Court. West Herefordshire is a marked contrast to Radnorshire. The hills roll away gradually into an almost level country, strongly fenced, and with a fair proportion of grass. The covers are small, with thick undergrowth, and game abounds. Puggy nevertheless finds a home there with few exceptions, and has to seek safety in Ladylift on the east, or the Radnor hills on the west, if hard pressed in his lowland home. Perhaps Cwmma moors and Sarnesfield coppice are its best covers; while Tin Hill, Newport, Lynhales, and Bredwardine Hill are favourite places for foxes. This season Cwmma moors, close to Eardisley, the property of Mrs. Perry Herrick, has been the scene of some splendid gallops, notably on the 18th of November, when steering an unerring course due west we found ourselves at last flying over wild grouse hills, and were eventually landed in the Edw valley, within six miles of Builth, and quite twenty as the crow flies from the find. Tired horses had to be left here and there, and many and various were the tales of grief that were told by the homeless ones on that ever-memorable occasion. It has been a notable season throughout with the R. and W. H., and their good runs would make a long story. Colonel Price hunts them himself, and his system is to let them hunt their fox themselves, and they do it to perfection, packing beautifully, throwing themselves forward, and then swinging round in their self-made casts that seldom fail to hit off the line. He is a fine horseman, and is nearly always there to cheer his beauties, and help them if need be; and to see him get over the stiff places on the old grey mare is a treat, which every good sportsman appreciates. He spends nothing on show, and makes a small subscription go further than any other master of hounds of our acquaintance. To say that he is popular with all classes, especially the farmers, is to give but a poor idea of his idolisation as a sportsman after fifteen years of mastership.

The country is very well stocked with foxes, and a blank day scarcely occurs once in a couple of seasons. The hounds are particularly good in their backs and loins, short on the leg, and with plenty of music, carrying a wonderful head. The chief landowners

are Lord Ormathwaite, Sir George Cornewall, Bart., Sir Gilbert Lewis, Bart., Sir Richard Green Price, Bart., M.P., Sir Harford Brydges, Bart., Sir John Walsham, Bart., Sir John Coke, K.C.B., Mr. R. Baskerville Mynors, Mr. S. Robinson, Mr. E. Bacon, Major Cox, Major Worswick, Major D. Peploe, Mr. F. Evelyn, Mr. W. King King, Mr. E. H. Greenly, Mrs. Perry Herrick, Mr. Reavely, Mr. Weyman, Mr. Evans, Mr. Taylor, lessee of Newport, Mr. Tomkyns Dew, Mr. Walter Broadwood, the Rev. H. Blissett, and the Rev. Jas. Davies. Against scarcely one of these can a black mark be put, although pheasants do prevail, and stand number one in several covers—notably Garnstone, Letton, and Newport. South of West Hereford come the South Hereford, and beyond them two far-famed packs—the Monmouthshire and the Llangibby—which bring us to the Bristol Channel.

I have already trespassed on your space unduly, and I trust you will give me a few pages next month to touch on these two Monmouthshire packs, which justly have established a reputation to which I shall fail probably to do justice.

BORDERER.

P.S.—I am as bad as a lady, for I cannot resist a postscript. After a gala week in South Shropshire, the Ludlow had their favourite fixture—Whitbatch Lodge, on Saturday, the 21st inst. Sir Charles Boughton's covers, for, I regret to say, not the first time this season, were blank, and Henley spinnies to-day failed to afford a large field any fun. When nearing Hope Gutter, however, hope was no longer deferred. Our fox proved a splendid old traveller, and, hardly touching the Stanton Lacy covers, took us merrily by Whichcot and Sutton Hill to Baldwin's coppice, where he made a point as if for the Titterstone, then turning to the left skirted Peaton Rough, and, leaving the Wynnetts and Abdon on his left, put his head straight for the Brown Clee Hill. Going right over it to the Burwarton covers, he found no refuge even here, as, with a racing scent, he had to seek the open once more, and was handsomely rolled over in the middle of a field not far from the Three Horse Shoes, in an hour and a quarter. It was a glorious run of about eleven miles to those who love a straight fox, and could make light of two or three awkward dingles and some cramped places, with a stiff hill at the finish. Curiously enough, the hound that most distinguished herself was a bitch that came from the Gogerddan in Cardiganshire, a strain of blood that I had supposed the worthy Master of the Ludlow to be guiltless of. Another triumph for Welsh blood! If I might venture on a prediction, it shall be that at no distant day this blood will find its way further over the Border than of yore.

THE TEIGN.

SALMON- and trout-fishing are at an end. Pike, roach, and dace are said to be in high season for those who care to see them on their table, or like to expose themselves to cold and biting wintry winds in the hope of capturing, to us, these most worthless of all fishes. More seasonable sports are now in full force. Saddle and gun have taken place of fly-rod and line.

Partridge-shooting in most places may be said to be over. Birds in this county have not been so plentiful as was at first supposed, and all through the season as wild as hawks. During the October month some really good days' sport have been had from out the double hedgerows and coppices. This year, over and above well stocked with wild pheasants, many of the larger coverts have been "shot." Not long since over six hundred tame pheasants were killed in a few hours within a short distance from whence we are now writing. The luncheon, too, far exceeded anything yet given : hot and savoury dishes, the contents of which were washed down by claret-cup and other tempting beverages. An hour given to this luxurious repast, "the sportsmen" (?) started off, fresh and well satisfied, again to renew the slaughter of what may be called "domestic poultry," and have their breechloaders handed to them as fast as they could be discharged ; all this with, to themselves, far less exertion and more ease than would be the leading out of some fair lady to join in the giddy waltz or more sober quadrille.

The weather up to the present time has been fairly favourable for all outdoor amusements.

The Haldon foxhounds have had a few very good runs. Foxes in places are said to be plentiful. The Hare and Rabbit Bill is no longer discussed, and a much better understanding seems to exist between landlord and tenant, and happier faces may be seen round about the homesteads ; but we are wandering far away from our subject, it being intended to treat of rivers, brooks, and streamlets, and the surrounding counties through which they flow.

In taking leave of Devonshire a few more words may be added as to the sport with rod and line during the past season, which is reported to have been one of the worst for some years. Trout have been far from plentiful, few, if any, good baskets having been made. Salmon, taken by rod and line, very few, and only in the two weirs, Salmon Pool and Cowley Bridge ; and those few, it is said, not by the fairest of means. Fishermen say, and sometimes do, funny things. An amusing story was told us when on a fishing tour the year before last in Yorkshire, *asserted to be true*, and again repeated to us lately, with the same assertion as to the truth of it. A gentleman meeting at a dinner in one of the London clubs some friends who had just returned from a very successful fishing tour in Ireland, was so charmed with the sport they described that he determined to try his luck in the same country. Upon his

friends' recommendation he proceeded the next morning to the celebrated Mr. Farlow, who, they said, would supply him with all things necessary for the equipment of a salmon-fisher. So off he went straight away to the Strand. Many pounds were expended on salmon-rods, lines, a reel, and a gaff—not forgetting salmon-flies in all their gaudy variety. Then off he sped to another shop for wading-stockings, fishing-jacket, and boots at two guineas the pair: he had now all a fisherman could possibly require. The happy day arrives at last, and we find him safely landed in the "Green Isle," where Tyro (it is thus we will call him) proceeded at once to Dublin, where all inquiries being made as to rivers and other matters, he locates himself at one of the best hotels, passing the next day in this pleasant and very agreeable city. A fifty-mile journey the following morning found him on one of the best rivers in the country, swarming (so they told him) with salmon and white trout. He finds he has to pay a guinea a day for permission to fish; added to which, half the fish taken to be handed over to the proprietor; and another pound for a salmon license. He takes a ticket for a week, and the seven guineas readily paid down.

After a hasty breakfast Tyro sets to work in right earnest, full of hope and certain of success; but, alas, as usual, "Hope told a flattering tale." The first day, eight hours, hard at it—caught *nil*. Second day, ditto; third day, a small white trout, hooked foul. The fourth day again *nil*, and so on till the end of the week. Disgusted with his want of success, doubtless attributing it to the bad state of the water, easterly winds, fish not on the feed, and a hundred other excuses for an empty basket.

So the next morning he sent for his hotel bill, paid it, and started off for another part of the country where a friend lived, who had invited him to pass a few weeks, his friend at the same time stating he was no fisherman himself, and knew but little about the matter, beyond the fact that there was a splendid river within half-an-hour's walk, said to be full of salmon and white trout, where, he believed, he might fish unmolested; adding, he had often heard of people fishing there killing their five and six large fish a day. This, he said, was all he knew; adding that a man and car should be ready for him at any hour the next morning to convey him to the river. A cosy bachelor dinner, whisky toddy in perfection, '47 port, and brown sherry of the very best, with all the comforts a man in easy circumstances could offer, were placed before him. Full of hope and well satisfied with his quarters, our friend retired to bed at an early hour, to dream of gigantic salmon hooked, gaffed, and landed! By ten o'clock the next morning Tyro was hard at work. A fine, warm August day it turned out, but he met with no better success, still attributing his bad luck to other causes than the right one, but still determined to persevere. The following day found him again beside the river, in the same hopeful state of mind. He had not long put his rod together and begun fishing, when he observed at a little

distance a man and boy dragging the river with what in Devonshire is called a trammel-net. On making his way up to them he found they were pulling to land a very large salmon! Admiring its silvery beauty, he asked if they would sell it, and for how much! The man replied he rented part of the river, and it was all one to him who bought his fish; that he had two shillings a pound for salmon, and that the fish in the net weighed full twenty pounds, or even more; he might have it for two guineas. The bargain was struck, but on these conditions. Tyro stating he *had only taken small salmon since he had been in Ireland*, as he wanted to see how so large a fish would pull, "*just for the fun of the thing*;" so the fish must be hooked, he said, on to his line, and cast back into the river. All this was done, and the money paid down—Paddy, no doubt, well pleased with his bargain, having got nearly double the value of the fish. The salmon, still fresh and lively, having been but a few minutes out of water, when turned back to his native element dashed off at full speed. Tyro, as it will have been observed, knew but little of fishing, and still less how to manage a heavy fish, let run out seventy yards of line, and there being no knot at the end, away it went through the rings of the rod like wildfire. All was lost—fish, line, fly, gone for ever! But here, alas, the disasters of the day were not all over. Tyro, in despair, was about to put up his rod, having no other line to begin anew with, and no doubt pondering over in his mind what he should tell his friend when he got home as to the misfortunes of the day, when a respectable-looking man, dressed as a keeper, came up to him, and civilly touching his hat, asked if he had permission to fish. Upon his saying he had not, as he believed it to be a free and open river, he was then asked if he had a salmon license. He said "yes," producing the one he had obtained the week before. The man, upon inspecting it, replied, "it is of no use here," as salmon licences in most cases were only available for the particular river for which they were granted. He (the keeper) then went on to say he was sorry to interrupt his sport, but he had *positive* orders from his master, Sir ———, to prevent all persons, no matter who they might be, from fishing; that the salmon-fishery was valuable, and let at a high rent. He then added, "I must trouble you for your name and address, which must be forwarded to the agent, the entire management of the estate and river being in his hands, my master living in England and very seldom visiting his Irish property."

All this was complied with, and our unfortunate friend proceeded homewards. On arriving he gave his host the best account he could, and with all the semblance of truth he was able, of how he lost the twenty-pounder, but we fear with some exaggerations.

Two days after the occurrences just related, the two friends having finished breakfast, Tyro intimating to his host his intention of proceeding to London the following day, a servant came into the breakfast-room, saying there was a gentleman who wished

to speak with Mr. — on some particular business. Orders being given to show him in, a respectable-looking man entered, holding in his hand a strip of paper, which, being handed to Tyro, proved to be a summons to appear before the sitting magistrates at — on the following Friday, then and there to answer for certain trespasses, &c., &c. Nothing, of course, could be done but to put off the journey to London and comply.

The day arrived—it is useless to go through the evidence given, all of which appeared in the local papers; we will therefore cut the story short. Our unfortunate friend pleaded guilty, “through ignorance,” to all the charges brought against him, viz., for fishing without any authority so to do, likewise fishing for salmon without a licence, and producing the one granted him for another river, *with intent to deceive* the keeper in charge of the water. The man who sold the salmon to Tyro was in court, and related with many exaggerations all that occurred as to the sale of the fish, how it was disposed of, and how it got away, carrying with it line and fly.

We need not attempt to describe the state of mind in which our acquaintance left the court, but he was heard to say, “It would be the last time he would ever visit Ireland—he had been so badly used”—which we think he was—having been fined, including expenses, nearly 20*l*.

Here ends our story. If it be true to the whole extent it is impossible to say; it was related to us *as a fact*. That a London gentleman knowing nothing of salmon-fishing, travelling to Ireland for that purpose, and meeting with most of the misfortunes related above, is likely enough, and equally likely is the story of the lost fish, as we are sorry to say a similar one came to our knowledge in this county a few years ago, the only difference being a trout of two pounds in the place of a salmon of twenty.

To attempt to describe the numerous rivers and brooks on this side of Devon would occupy more space in ‘Baily’ than could be allowed, or more time than we feel disposed to give. Therefore, only a few of the best rivers shall be named. The first in order, and the best near Exeter, would be the Otter, easily reached by rail either to Honiton up stream, or Ottery-Saint-Mary, down, the former preserved by Lady Rolle at Bicton, the latter by Mrs. Gard, near Honiton.

In this very pretty stream, for a short distance below the last-named place, and down to Fenny Bridges, any one may obtain fairly good trout-fishing by paying a small subscription to the occupiers of the farms through which the river flows; five-and-twenty shillings would ensure about four miles of water.

The next to be named would be the Culm, once on a time one of the very best streams in the county both for the quantity, quality, and size of its trout; but now below Heele scarcely a fish is to be met with, on account of the poison thrown into its waters from the several paper-mills at and above that place. Here an association has long been formed; a guinea paid ensures two fishing tickets, one to

include a friend. About four miles of water, commencing near Cullompton, may be said to be nearly free from these shameful and, we believe, illegal pollutions.

The Creedy, the Ken preserved by the Earl of Devon, the Ide Brook, which, if poaching could be put a stop to, would be one of the best rivulets in the county, are all that need notice, excepting the one presently to be named, which from the unrivalled beauty of the surrounding scenery, its crystal waters and abundance of small trout, is well worth a special description. This charming little river is called the Teign. It rises somewhere on Dartmoor, where two distinct streams, after a few miles, run into one, and are known as North and South Teign, and then forming the main river.

The first place of any note to be met with is Chagford, a village much frequented of late years by anglers and excursionists, where every accommodation may be had to suit the tastes of either fisherman or tourist. Chagford can hardly be said to be on the river, being situated nearly a mile from it. On leaving this pretty village behind you, and gaining the banks of the river, Finga Bridge presents itself, a most romantic spot with its primitive flour mill; then again, arriving at Clifford Bridge, another of these homely buildings, so peculiar to Devonshire, meets the eye; and after a walk of a few miles through some of the most lovely river scenery anywhere to be met with, Dunsford Bridge, with its comfortable inn, greets the weary traveller.

A few miles below Dunsford he will arrive at Christow, a small but rural village, rejoicing in an excellent inn, where the angler or tourist, or whoever he may be, will meet with all he requires, most comfortable and clean beds, with, as old Izaak Walton sung or said, "sheets smelling of lavender."

Soon after leaving this charming spot the scenery changes, becoming bolder and losing much of its romantic character, and not to be compared to the upper parts of the stream, which surpasses in beauty anything we have met with in Devonshire.

Should the angler, while pursuing his sport, follow the river downward, leaving Christow behind him, a mile or two will bring him to the tin mines, where all chance of sport ends, the poisons thrown into the river from them having destroyed nearly every vestige of fluviatile life; and now, where salmon, bull-trout, peal, and the common trout once abounded, scarcely a fish of any kind is to be found. It is said measures have been taken to put a stop to these pollutions, and that promises to that effect have been made. It is true that poisons have ceased to be cast into the stream, but why so? The mines for some time have not been in work.

The trout taken in the Teign, as a rule, are small; four or five to the pound the average size, but they are strong and lively when on the hook and of a particularly nice flavour when dressed, some say smelling like grayling, which yields a perfume much like cucumber.

The best fish are taken by artificial minnow, and, as the season advances, by worms. A skilful hand may generally fill his basket, the sun *shining brightly and the water clear and low*. The banks

of this delightful stream are much encumbered by wood, rendering wading necessary. One guinea ensures you the fishing of the whole of the Teign; two-and-sixpence is added for a licence to fish, which lasts the season out. Before the association was formed, now about five years ago, this river was in the hands of the owners, or occupiers, and fish in those days are said to have been much more plentiful than they now are. This appears to be the case with all the Devonshire streams.

Not only to the angler and artist does the Teign and its banks afford amusement—the latter adding profit by his occupation; one, we know, selling his sketches taken there at very high prices. The naturalist—particularly should his study be that of birds—would be well repaid by a few spring and summer rambles beside these gushing waters; the botanist also need not despair, for nowhere does *Flora* in all her loveliest forms put forth so grand a display of many of her fairest children. In early spring how fragrant become the banks of this delightful stream, so sweet is the perfume sent forth from numerous scent-yielding plants!—the horse-mint, as we heedlessly tread it beneath our feet, producing a delicious aroma; the early primrose spreading a yellow carpet over bank and plain, intermingled here and there with modest daffodil, sweet lily of Lent; and as the year steals on, anemones and blue-bells, woodbine and dog-roses, and foxgloves, lovely to all appearance, but carrying within its drooping flowers deadly hidden poison; and as summer approaches, the yellow iris, in round beds or sometimes spread out in fairy circles, displaying the largest and brightest of all our wild flowers; and, lastly, the purple looetris, overtopping by its green stems all its congeners.

The ornithologist would be well repaid by a visit to this charming locality. Let him listen to the music of the surrounding woods! The earliest warbler to be heard is the chiff-chaff, the smallest of the willow-wrens, sending forth his pretty though monotonous song from the topmost branch of some high tree; then, too, the merle and thrush pouring forth their plaintive love-ditties to their listening mates; the holm-screach with its song of evil omen, foretelling the coming tempest, yet full of melody; and then may be heard, though seldom, that sweet songster the blackcap, or mock nightingale, so called from the variety of its notes; the white-throat and reed-sparrow; even Cock-robin and his companion Jenny Wren, often leave their winter quarters, the cottage garden, to enjoy a few months' holiday in this pleasant retreat. The kingfisher, often to be seen pursuing his meteor-like flight, skimming the surface of these bright waters, dazzling the eye by the brilliancy of his colours; the water-ousel, or dipper, hopping from stone to stone, amusing from his merry antics as he plunges beneath the glowing water. Moorhens and dabchicks, and many other birds, both indigenous and solstitial, add a charm to the wanderer's May-day; and as evening sets in, wending homewards, he is cheered by the plaintive chirrup of the reed-warbler bidding him good-night from out some neighbouring reed-bed.

Once more we have visited this charming scene, finding it less disturbed in its natural beauty than many other parts of this fair county. No hideous railway with its unsightly station-house has yet destroyed its simplicity of character. In the spring-time of our youth often have we wandered beside this sweet gushing water, and thought it matchless ! And now, in the winter of our days we visit it again, we still find its loveliness unchanged.

AN OLD FISHERMAN.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE FORESTS OF VENEZUELA.

At the appearance of the sun above the horizon, the forests in the tropics begin to be active. The jaguar, or American panther, which in size is somewhat smaller than the tiger, wanders along the borders of the forest, or follows the bank of the river, looking out for prey ; the jaguar is only to be seen in the very early morning, just after break of day, at the beginning of night, and during a bright moon-light night, when it is constantly to be met with, as these are the times it employs for hunting other animals. The cuguar, or puma (American lion) has much the same habits ; is as active on foot as it is among the branches of the trees in the forests, and pursues monkeys in preference to any other animals ; while the ocelot chooses its lair in the hollow of trees which are covered over with branches of various shrubs. The ocelot resembles the puma very much in its pursuits, though it is even more active, and climbs up to the very tops of the trees looking out for prey.

At the first sign of the rays of the sun, the character of the forest is completely changed : from the great quiet there has reigned until then, the most fearful noise begins, chiefly made by monkeys of the smallest size, causing the forest to re-echo with their shrieks. The terrible noise they make is such that one imagines, hearing it for the first time, that all the wild beasts of the forest are at war with one another, although in this uproar there is a certain amount of concord, for on a sudden everything is quiet as before, and at a given sign from one of them it recommences with the same vigour and to all appearance without any given cause ; oftentimes one awakes frightened by their shrieks in the night, when they are suddenly pursued by their enemies the puma or the ocelot. Through the thickest part of the forest, apparently with the greatest ease, the tapir manages to penetrate with its neck of iron, nothing resisting it ; the toughest bamboo gives way to its pressure ; it goes in the early morning to the nearest brook to take its morning bath. The higher the sun rises, the more birds there are to be heard ; flocks of blue araras with golden breasts ; grey birds similar to the snipe, swinging themselves on the boughs of fig-trees ; and in the midst of the forest the loud shriek of a bird somewhat like a rook but with a fiery red breast, is heard ; and the piercing cry of the

huacharacas, which resembles the pheasant, and the greenish-yellow trogon utters a whistling sound; from its green hiding-place the condor, or buitre, looks out for prey, it is the largest eagle of tropical America; wherever there is a pathway in the forest, and at the outskirts of the forest, the dirty-brown-coloured penguins (zapotes), hopping along the ground, are only to be seen.

Like so many living rubies, topazes, sapphires, emeralds or sparks of fire, very small and very active humming-birds, often not much larger than a bee, with their very narrow beaks, search for insects out of the sweet-scented mapola, and the green blossom of the maguy, while the little green paroquets pick the round seeds from the cuji.

On the ground and at the top of the palm-trees life is equally active: great yellow and blue lizards crawl over the stones; little yellowish-green anolis, with red throats and green tails, leap from one palm-tree to another, keeping always at the very top of the trees. Dark-coloured bothrops, the most poisonous snakes of the tropics; lachesis, and snakes varying in colour with the brilliancy and splendour of the different flowers, rolled up in a ball, looking out for prey; toads a foot in length, most repulsive-looking animals, hop about dazzling themselves in the sun; dark-brown, scarlet-striped vacachos (in Mexico they are called soldados)—enormous ants) appear in thousands, and carry away toads and dead snakes with wonderful rapidity to their ant-hill. Like a swarm of bees, myriads of the most beautiful chafers fly through the air, or remain on the trunks of trees; at the approach of any one they fly away with great rapidity. The most variegated butterflies surround the fruit-trees and the guayaba shrubs. Purple, ultramarine blue, black and white dragon-flies swarm round the bamboos, which are close to the water.

The nearer the sun is to the zenith the more silent it is, the less often sounds are heard in the forest; when the sun arrives at its highest point in the day an oppressive sultriness pervades the atmosphere beneath the thick foliage, no sound excepting the rustling of falling creeping plants, or the gentle rubbing of leaves of banana-trees and palm-leaves, breaks this mysterious silence; no breeze of any sort moves the leaves of the lower shrubs, beneath which thousands of birds indulge in their mid-day slumber. On a bough, with their long tails bound round them, the monkeys rest. No sign whatever betrays the approach of the puma or the jaguar, who repose themselves beneath the huge roots of the cobolongo and the ceiba, behind quantities of flowers, quite in the shade; only the poisonous and other snakes look out for sunny places to enjoy their siesta. Two or three hours after mid-day the great world of animals awakes to new activity; the morning scene repeats itself; the liveliness of the concert increases the nearer the sun is to the west of the horizon, and when it is about to disappear then objects appear which were hitherto unseen, while the greater mass of animals seek for their night-quarters, which for a great number becomes a place

of slaughter, for at this time of the evening the robbers of the forest begin their work. The chirping of grasshoppers increases as the night goes on; large vampires pass through the air, while thousands of fireflies, called cucujos, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, fly about and increase the beauty of a dark night in the tropics. Their light is so great that with the aid of two or three of them one can read large print easily. A swarm of mosquitos and winged ants fills the air, which is a real curse to man and animal. Like under the rays of the morning sun, a stillness reigns over the forest, only here and there interrupted by the death-cry of an animal killed by the puma. Always cooler and pleasanter the atmosphere becomes as the night progresses, till towards the late hours in the night a light veil of mist appears over the dark foliage, and the "struggle for existence" reposes until the early morning. The most powerful imagination cannot form an idea of the wonderful impression produced at the first sight of a forest in the tropics. This impression is, if possible, enhanced if this picture presents itself to us after a long sea voyage, when it appears like a vision arising out of the sea. Even on first landing on shore, the eye is captivated by the various shrubs and their peculiar roots, which extend far beyond the coast, and lie for some distance on the surface of the sea. The roots of these shrubs are so entangled in such confusion, that it is even possible to find a footing on them on the surface of the water. This mass of plants and shrubs is perfectly crowded with scarlet and blue sea-crabs, and at the lower parts of the roots there are thousands of oysters, which cling to them, and are most delicious to eat. The shrubs, which extend for some distance beyond the coast, amass all the slime and filth that comes near them, and throw out vapours which poison the atmosphere and are often the cause of yellow fever. Amidst these shrubs the manschenilla tree grows, with its poisonous fruit, resembling the apple in shape. On leaving the sea coast, we come to most beautiful gardens, with groups of small palm trees and mango trees, with their dark yellow fruit, orange trees, banana, and tamarind trees. The different appearance of the various fruits which are visible among the light and dark foliage, in the most variegated colours, adds to the charm of the picture. Of the various kinds of gold-coloured lemons, of the size of a walnut to that of a man's head, of the scarlet-coloured merey, of the fruit of the alligator tree, and the prickly guanabana, and the sweet-scented guayaba tree there are plenty in tropical America. Wandering through the coffee plantations, in which the white blossom of the coffee plant attracts one's attention, through banana and vanilla plantations, the boundary of which is marked by palm trees, we advance gradually, though imperceptibly, to the part where the grandest vegetation is to be beheld, to the boundary of the forest of which I have already spoken. Close to the forests are the llaños or plains, which in some parts of South America abound in wild cattle, which are pursued by sportsmen on horseback, and captured by means of a lasso, which has to be thrown with great address. During the pursuit the

wild cattle keep close together, and one particular animal is selected by the pursuers, which makes the sport all the more exciting.

The irregularity in height of the different trees in the forests of tropical America strikes one at once, and makes one uncertain as to what the forest contains, as trees of every description are mixed up together, and do not appear in groups, with the exception of ten or twelve palm or bamboo trees together; all other trees are mixed up in great confusion. When the sun approaches its zenith at midday, the animal world indulges in its siesta; an absolute silence reigns, which is only interrupted at times by the rustling of the palm leaves. It is very seldom that an unknown voice reaches the ear of the wanderer; still more seldom does a frightened animal cross the pathways covered with shrubs and the sensitive plant. Even at midday there is very little light in the forest, because the boughs of the trees are so near together there is scarcely ever a streak of blue sky to be seen. Notwithstanding this, the most beautiful flowers flourish, and, as if nature were not satisfied with the beautiful colouring of the different flowers, variegated parrots and aras climb amongst the branches of the trees and shrubs; fiery red cardinals, grey and yellow calandras, are also to be seen peering out of the bushes here and there like so many sparks of fire. Below the equator it rains daily throughout every month in the year, after 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Owing to this amount of rain, the forests in the tropics possess such a marvellous vegetation. The forests of tropical America resemble each other very much; those of Venezuela are celebrated for their quantity and variety of palm trees, some attaining the great height of 180 feet.

G. G.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Few tales have had more interest for us since boyhood than the legends of Robin Hood and Little John, and their merry doings in their fair domain, for such we suppose it might truly have been called, of Sherwood; and our heart has most certainly gone with them as they chased the dun deer, and with their true cloth-yard shafts laid many a good buck low. Right royal feasts they must have had on the King's venison, and still more royal sport in procuring it, and at times we are inclined to envy them. However, thanks to the kindly care of Nature, all wild sport is not lost to us even at the fag end of the nineteenth century; for there are places where she has said to cultivation, "So far and no farther shalt thou come;" and there still our country, as it was ere the days of the Roman invasion, can be seen, and there the sport that our ancestors loved so dearly can be still enjoyed. Any one who has ever cast an eye across the New Forest in Hampshire, or Exmoor Forest, on the borders of Devon and Somerset, to say nothing of having ridden over them, can see at a glance that unfitness of soil in one place

and unfitness of climate in the other have set limits to the amount of cultivation which can be carried on in and around them. It is a well-known fact that in North Devon they only cultivate in many places a little corn for home consumption, relying on the red Devons, the hardiest of the hardy, to pay the rent; and the acres of heath land in private hands around the New Forest are ample answer to the hungry surveyors who for the sake of a job would parcel that ancient hunting ground out into farms. It is only in these regions that really wild hunting can in the present day be enjoyed; and with the Devon and Somerset wilds to amuse in the autumn, and the far-famed Ytené in the spring,—

“Where that red king who while of old,
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrows bled,”

we can carry on the game through at least nine months of the year, not to speak of going in pursuit of the amphibious otter, whose chase of course lasts all the summer through; and a very enjoyable chase it is for those who have wind and legs to follow it up, which, alas! all of us have not now. As we are now writing of the merry spring-time, let us rather turn our thoughts to the New Forest than North Devon, that will come naturally enough later on in the year. April is, *par excellence*, the Hampshire month; although it is true that William Rufus met his death at what is considered a more orthodox time of year for slaying venison, when the “fry” is on beam and antler, and the fat lies thick on the haunch; for it was on August the second that, as Charles Kingsley says,—

“The red king down from Malwood came,
His heart with wine was all aflame,
His eyne were shutten, red as blood,
He rated and swore, wherever he rode.”

And met his death in the beautiful valley where stands Rufus's stone, once a quiet place enough, but now haunted with photographers and other harpies, whose aim appears to be the rendering a quiet contemplation of any memorable spot an impossibility in the present day. I wonder some one has not bought Perkin's cottage, or what passes as such, and made a fashionable hotel of it ere this. With that, however, we have little to do; let us turn to nearer times, and see how merrily hound and horn have passed the time away each spring beneath the greenwood tree since history and tradition have been able to leave us some authentic record of their doings; for in these southern wilds have been gathered for a century, or for all we know even longer, the *élite* of the chase, to finish the season with deer, fox, and otter; and, unless old records deceive us, right cheery times they must have had of it, for so sure as the sun rose there seems to have been a meet of hounds within reach to hunt something, and good men and true to take cognisance of their work; for the Forest men have ever been sportsmen to the backbone; in fact the very nature of their country made them so, for no

man who did not thoroughly understand and enjoy the chase would hunt here all the year round, and the visitors in the ante-railway era were sportsmen also. Whether as much can be said now the forest hunting is so easily comeatable, and as it were a "fashion," quite independent of sport, is another matter, which we shall perhaps see more of as we proceed.

Such a keen man and good a sportsman was Mr. Vincent Hawkins Gilbert, of Lamb's Corner, who is regarded as the first master of foxhounds in the New Forest, that the celebrated Peter Beckford, the first, and we may say best writer on the chase as now conducted, derived several of his maxims from him, and quoted him, although not by name, in his celebrated 'Thoughts on Hunting.' No doubt things were then done in what we should consider a rough-and-ready way, but the real matter of sport was well attended to and carried out, even if there was no great amount of show and parade in the manner of doing it. Sebright, the father of *the* Tom Sebright of immortal fame, was one of his huntsmen, and it was in the New Forest that the old hero, who under the squire and afterwards at Milton earned such renown, and did so much for the science of hound breeding, was born; and there is little doubt but that he learnt a great deal in the early lessons in the chase he must have had from his father when huntsman to Mr. Gilbert, and afterwards to Mr. Compton. Thus we see this rough, and as it would be termed by Meltonians outlandish district, gave to the world one of the great lights of the Shires, and a man whose name will be remembered as long as foxhunting lasts.

Before this it appears that different masters brought their hounds here in the spring, and from old records which have already been published in this magazine we find that it was even then, in the month of smiles and tears as it is termed, that the strangers were mostly to be found within the forest boundaries. Later on also, in the time of the facetious Mr. Nicoll, who succeeded the equally facetious John Warde, Tilbury had no less than five-and-forty horses standing in the town of Lyndhurst. Nimrod, who came here, said there was more coffee-housing in the Forest than in any country he ever saw; and we cannot well wonder at it if the noted Billy Butler was there, for the Dorsetshire parson kept the whole field in a roar of laughter, and many a good run was lost through his conversational powers. On the last day Mr. Nicoll hunted, he had no less than from fifteen to twenty masters of hounds with him, which is a pretty indication of the esteem a week or two here at the end of the season was held in at that period. Indeed, during April it has no rival at all in the south; although the Midlands can boast of equal attractions (superior to some men) in Rockingham Forest, and in the far west they can practically hunt as long as they like to keep on.

I believe there is no record when the Royal Buckhounds first came into the Forest for wild-deer hunting in the spring, but from thirty to forty years ago it was their annual custom to hunt there

all April, and of course they drew an immense number of people, sportsmen from all parts of the country, and a great many others whose claims to that title were of the very slenderest description, and whose chance of seeing a run across the Forest was most remote. Indeed, it has been said that it was no such very uncommon thing for a horse to change riders more than once in the course of the day, and that men went out purely on the chance of catching a stray steed on which to see the fun. However, perhaps there was a great deal of fiction founded on very little fact in that matter, although it is known that changes really did occur in one or two instances. But that is not a characteristic of the New Forest alone, as the Grove people could certify if they looked up their annals. I remember a very good story being told of an old friend of mine who went there for a day. He was one of those who are never quite happy if anyone is before them, and would nearly as soon be at home and in bed, as the saying goes, as not bang in the front rank. It so chanced that a cousin of his, a man particularly fond of a joke, was down also to see what he could do on foot, for he was no great hand in the saddle, and found himself much safer with his own legs under him than a horse's; on the day of which I am speaking luck favoured him, and the whole chase swept by the spot where he had posted himself, the hounds and front rank going well, and the rest drawn out in Indian file, or what Kingsley in his 'Winter Garden' has aptly described as a streamer. It so happened that the jealous one had not got a start with the *élite*, but his cousin saw him coming along pretty well in what we may term the second division, but not quite near enough to see what was taking place a-head, or who was before him, yet with a very good chance of a nick-in at the first turn or check. The pedestrian, as soon as he saw him coming, determined on a joke, and utterly ignoring the presence of his cousin, pretended to be most industriously counting the field as they passed, and just as the other came by, sang out loud enough to be heard a considerable distance, 'Three hundred and fifty-nine,' and then, as the next man passed, 'Three hundred and sixty!' This was quite too much for the mounted cousin, and I believe, with a muttered anathema and "Oh, if that's it, I may as well go home," he turned his horse out of the line of chase without casting a glance at his mischievous cousin. Had he reflected a moment as to who the information that so disturbed him came from, I think he would probably have persevered, and regained the position he so much coveted.

When the Royal Buckhounds ceased their spring visits, there was a kind of blank here for some few years, although several gentlemen in the Forest got together what bloodhounds they could from the keepers, borrowed the pack of Mr. Thomas Nevill of Chilland, and, by permission of the Crown, had a month's sport amongst the red deer; but it was a sort of semi-private affair, and none of the crowds came to the fixtures that had been seen there in the days of the Royal Buckhounds. After a few years of this, the deer were all captured or destroyed, and except the foxhounds, which hunted on

as usual, the horn of the hunter was silent in the woodland glades. Then, after a time, it was rumoured that all the fallow deer were not destroyed, but that some had gone out into the neighbouring manors, and had there found the welcome and safety which was denied them in the Forest itself, notably, it was said at Beaulieu, on the property of the Duke of Buccleuch. After a time a few got back into the old haunts once more, and the sport of hunting them commenced. It was done in a quiet way at first with harriers, and at the meets—usually Stoney Cross or Boldre Wood, there was no very large field at that time. It was a very jolly one, though, and rare fun we had for some few years. Then, instead of the harriers coming, Captain Lovell of Brockenhurst got together a few draft hounds and hunted the deer, a practice which he has kept up ever since; and year by year these pleasant reunions have grown into more importance, and attracted more strangers from a distance. Perhaps the merriest season of late years was the one in which the Duke of Beaufort brought his pack, or I suppose part of them, up into the Forest, and hunted alternately with the regular pack of foxhounds there, then under the mastership of Sir Reginald Graham, while Captain Lovell filled the two days a week that these left unoccupied with the buckhounds. Nearly all Hampshire flocked to see the famed Badminton pack, as well as others from more distant countries, and very much pleased they were with the whole turn-out; and truly they must have been something more than hypercritical if they had not, for the Duke of Beaufort's is one of *the* packs of England. If memory does not mislead me, they showed very good sport here; and as the New Forest and the buckhounds did the same, it was quite a season to be marked with a white stone in the Forest calendar. I remember now hearing of a famous run, although my recollection on the subject is not sufficiently clear to give the points of it, of an hour and forty minutes with the buckhounds, which it was said at the time was very much appreciated by the Duke. Another notable season was the one in which Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds came to hunt in the Forest, but they were not so successful here as in the Blackmoor Vale, and I think did not account for a single buck, no doubt on account of the difference in scent between red deer and fallow deer. By the way, a certain reviewer covered himself with glory when, in noticing a book in which their failure was mentioned, he said, "Probably the writer was not aware that they could not get through the underwood in the Forest." As a matter of fact, there is little or no underwood there; gorse there is, and it tried them very severely; and heath there is, but, as a rule, underwood there is not, for it would not flourish beneath the drip of the trees in the plantations, and the ponies and cattle would render a very quick account of it in the unenclosed portions. So it is certain another cause of failure than that must be sought. I think very probably the heath tried their feet; and the gorse, I know did their legs, which swelled fearfully.

During the present season, when we take into consideration the

dryness of the weather, they have done very fairly both with fox and deer, but the fires which have raged here as well as in other parts, and covered whole districts with black ashes have been much against scent as well as pleasure ; for taken in conjunction with the high wind, which appeared to have transferred its allegiance from March to April, it kicked up such a dust as to nearly choke man and horse, and, as the fields have been large, it was by no means a joke to ride in the crowd. How hounds managed to run at all or even hold the line it is difficult to understand in such circumstances. There has of late years been a great deal of the holiday and pic-nic element in these gatherings, and I fancy more so than ever this season ; so that the Crown at Lyndhurst has been full of an element not altogether sporting, and the bicycle and knickerbocker detachment has been strongly represented, men who are doing a tour and throw in a day's hunting (strictly on foot) when there is a chance, and who are not just the kind of people Nicoll or John Warde would have cared to see at the meet. No doubt either one or the other would have had some remark ready for them, quite as pungent as the dust raised when we crossed a piece of ground where gorse and heather had been burnt. However, there were plenty of good sportsmen there also to leaven the mass, as a look at the visitors' book would convince the most sceptical. By the way, that same book is a most interesting study, and from what I saw of the remarks therein, must form a very amusing volume for Mr. Palmer, the courteous host, to while away the dull season with. There was one feature about it I was glad to notice, which was that the stud Mr. Palmer keeps to let out to his visitors, whenever mentioned was spoken of in favourable terms ; and from my own experience I can aver that it did them no more than justice. This being able to get a pleasant mount at Lyndhurst is a novel feature in the arrangements, and I must say a very pleasant one, for in such a spring as the one now coming to a close few people would care to knock about the legs of valuable hunters in a place where a quick cob could go just as well and show perhaps to more advantage. There has been plenty of amusement for those who have journeyed south, for, in addition to the foxhounds and buckhounds, a pack of otter hounds have also been at work and their meets made public twice a week, so that the time has been pretty well occupied. When there is a day without hounds being out, it can be very pleasantly spent by a run across from Southampton to Ryde and back again in the evening, and I know of few more enjoyable things than a day thus spent in the intervals of the chase.

Long may hunting flourish here, and as each spring comes round may fate so deal with me that I may be down on the happy south coast to enjoy it, and thus, as I may say, put a pleasant finish to the regular season ! May the bucks increase in numbers, and the enclosures, which have done so much to spoil both the scenery and the sport in the forest, diminish, and may I still meet old and familiar faces there another season as I have done this.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE—January Jottings.

THE old year departed with a smile that was child-like and bland, and we welcomed the new amidst the pleasantest surroundings, ivory moonlight, temperature that of a cool June, the pealing of many bells, lighted churches, and grand transformation scenes. The man of thought and middle age cut another notch on the staff of time, and mused as he cut it. The young and careless welcomed the "little stranger" in flowing bumpers of Böllinger or Ayala. The cynical freethinker—the "superior person" of this enlightened age, damned alike the sentiment and the enthusiasm of both. To such a one, the death of the old and the birth of a new year, was like unto that yellow primrose on the brim, which a yellow primrose was to him, and nothing more, of which we have heard. And yet we need neither be very serious or very frivolous to know that "the superior person" must be an utter and entire fool. The passing years, except to the very young, speak in a language of their own, and with a voice that bids us take heed to the utterances. No one can afford to neglect them; no one with a grain of sense in his composition wishes to do so. In the past, the long result of Time is spread before us—in these latter years a very wonderful study, destined to be more wonderful still, perhaps, in the years to come. A considerable period ago it seems that on which our great poet sang of,

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do;"

and the words now have a special signification. The year departed gave us a very sufficient "earnest," which it may be that the present one will fulfil. May it work for the good and happiness of all.

But perhaps our readers will think that we are in a moralising vein, quite unsuited to the green covers of 'Baily.' We hope not. Life is not *all* beer and skittles. There are some other things besides good runs, good dinners, big shoots, big coups, baccarat, and nude burlesques. They are, bar the last-named, things more or less desirable, doubtless; but are there no others? We are glad to welcome, at least in one branch of our social pleasures, the advent of two good plays; one an old friend, the other a new one that, curiously enough, we had met before. The success of this latter play, 'The Squire,' at the St. James's, has been most marked. Those who have read 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' need not be told how touching and sympathetic is the story; how thoroughly English, how homely and rustic, are the surroundings. Yet the situations are as strong as almost to satisfy lovers of sensation, and there is a dramatic interest about the tale such as we now rarely see. Mr. Pinero's play, while departing in some particulars from the characters in Mr. Hardy's novel, keeps to the essentially English features of the story, and, with the exception that Sergeant Troy is transformed into Lieutenant Thorndyke, and the more repulsive traits in the character of the original are kept in the background, or placed on the shoulders of another man, there is little of change to note. Bethsheba Everdene is Kate Verity; Mr. Boldwood becomes the Rev. Paul Dormer, and Gabriel Oak is Gilbert Hythe. There is a difference in the treatment of the comic characters, and Mr. Pinero has drawn an admirable picture of bucolic life in Gunning, and very admirably has Mr. Mackintosh filled in the colouring. Indeed, this

representation is, we think, the most remarkable in a remarkable performance; for everybody and everything is as perfect as art and industry can make them. Mr. Hare has on one or two previous occasions showed us what he can do in the way of *ensemble*—notably in the version at his theatre of 'Black-eyed Susan;' but in 'The Squire' he has done more, and from the highest character to the lowest super, all was as near perfection as it could well be. In the character of the clergyman, Mr. Dormer, Mr. Hare finds a *rôle* most congenial to him. The rough exterior shell with the sound kernel within he has given us before, but never with greater effect. Much as we dislike the introduction of clergymen on the stage (we are always afraid of what they are going to say), we are bound to add there was little to offend in the Rev. Paul Dormer. Mr. Pinero puts into the mouth of Gunnion an allusion to a Bishop, an *ad captandum* appeal to the gallery which good taste might have spared us, but with this exception there was not much to complain of. Miss Kendal, as Kate Verity, strikes a sympathetic chord that goes straight to the feelings of her audience, and the whole performance is marked by singular intensity and power. Mr. Wenman's Gilbert Hythe, too, is a manly and powerful bit of acting, and we have before spoken of Mr. Mackintosh's remarkable picture of the old rustic Gunnion. Nothing that we can remember has been seen like it on the English stage. The minor characters are all well done; the gipsy boy of Mr. T. W. Robertson, and the young rustic of Mr. Brandon especially. 'The Squire' is an undoubted success, but whether it does not owe some of that success to the war waged over its originality—or the lack of it—is a question. The story has its weak points, and the end is dangerously abrupt and commonplace. Killing off an inconvenient wife to save the good name and reputation of the heroine is a very stale device, and yet Mr. Pinero had left himself in such a cleft stick that no other kind of *deus ex machina* was available. The first two acts are the powerful ones. There is a weakness in the last that might have proved fatal to a worse written play.

Into the war of words waged over 'The Squire' we are not disposed to enter at any length. We cannot look upon the play but as an adaptation of 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and that despite Mr. Pinero's denial of any obligation to Mr. Hardy's novel. The man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still, and so we are reluctantly obliged to hold by the first impressions 'The Squire' made on us. We were ready to congratulate Mr. Pinero on the clever manner in which he had caught the rustic atmosphere of the story, brought, as a rather enthusiastic critic said, the scent of hay over the footlights, and preserved much of the charm of that picture of rustic life—so much so, indeed, as to surprise us. That we were more surprised when we heard Mr. Pinero claim his work as entirely original, goes without saying. There have been very wonderful instances of coincidence, doubtless, but this particular one out-Herods anything we have ever heard of. We quite agree with a writer in the 'Athenæum,' that "If one man may, without any form of indebtedness, write works conforming so closely, and in so many particulars, to the product of another man, as Mr. Pinero's play conforms to the work of Mr. Hardy, no charge of plagiarism can ever be substantiated, and no critical evidence on any subject has the slightest value." . . . "If 'The Squire' owes nothing to 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' such a thing as literary indebtedness has no existence."

There was a brilliant audience of admiring friends at The Globe on the first night of 'The Cynic,' Mr. Herman Merivale's attempt to give form and substance to "the shadow of an old legend in modern life." And there

was very much to admire. The ear was pleased with strong and witty dialogue—cynical, of course; very excellent acting; a mounting that left little to be desired. Why was it, then, that the curtain fell on a feeling of disappointment? The first three acts, if a little overburdened with speechifying, had been fairly interesting. We had been rivetted with the smart sayings of the modern Mephistopheles, and though we could have wished he was not such a consummate scoundrel, at least he was a very polished one. Mr. Merivale gives us the shadow of the old legend in his scenes. The first act—Lestrangle's chamber in London, fantastically furnished and hung with Mephistophelean colours—might really be the abode of the Arch Fiend; the second act discloses the modern Faust (Guy Faucit) in a ruined abbey, or some such building; in the third there is the conservatory, doing duty for the garden, in which the modern Marguerite is tempted; finally, there is the church, only with a peal of joy bells in lieu of the organ. Thus far the author evidently desires to remind his audience of the old legend, but here the similarity ends. The modern Faust, Marguerite, and Mephistopheles are, after all, common-place characters. Guy Faucit is a very namby-pamby lover, given to spoony sentimentalism. Daisy Brent is a fast married woman of the period, a sort of "professional beauty;" and Count Lestrangle is a *chevalier d'industrie*, with an utter lack of heart or conscience, and a biting tongue. They are stock dramatic characters, our readers will perceive, and Mr. Merivale deserves much credit for the ingenuity with which he has set them on the framework of his picture; but he has failed, we think, in exciting the least interest in his *dramatis persone*. Daisy Brent is a frivolous, slangy woman in one act, and very ready to fling herself into her lover's arms in the next; Guy Faucit we have already described; and Lady Luscombe, the go-between, through whose connivance Lestrangle hopes to carry out his villany, is such an utterly unsympathetic character that, even when she repents and saves the heroine on the brink of the social abyss into which the latter is about to plunge, she does not win our regards. The conclusion we cannot help thinking as unartistic as it is unsatisfactory. The Devil, in the person of Count Lestrangle, is foiled in one sense, because he loses his wicked wager; but he triumphs in another, inasmuch as he has succeeded in blasting the character of the heroine, and causing her brother and friends to believe her guilty and abandon her. The future marriage with her lover will not restore her to her social status; and then, worst of all, the diabolical villain goes unpunished. This is a sin against that poetic justice which we are old-fashioned enough to look for, and is a serious blot on an otherwise clever play. Every one ought to see it, for it is an intellectual treat, though here and there the cynicism grates a little too roughly on the ear, and the perpetual smart sayings become a little wearisome. We much fear, however, that Mr. Merivale's play will be "caviare to the general."

It was well acted all round. We have seen Miss Litton—the most charming embodiment of old English comedy that our stage possesses—in parts more consonant to her taste and style, but still she touched the right chord in the closing scene. No better Count Lestrangle than Mr. Herman Vezin could have been found. He delivered the long speeches with admirable elocution; all his little sarcastic bits told. He of course was the centre-figure of the piece, and the house hushed itself to listen to his biting jibes and scornful utterances. Mr. Dacre had a rather thankless part as the lover, but he acted it with sufficient feeling; and more than a word of praise is due to Miss Louise Willes for dealing as she did with the equally thankless rôle of Lady Luscombe. The scenery is very good; the costumes of the ladies elaborate, and Mr. Herman Vezin has always a little red silk handkerchief peeping

out of his pocket—in order, we presume, to remind us of whom he is the shadow.

'The Two Roses' bloom afresh at the Lyceum, and, judging from the crowded houses and the booking in advance, bid fair to be in flower long into the season. A new generation welcomes Mr. Albery's comedy as warmly as did their seniors when it first burst upon us at the Vaudeville, and Mr. Irving's wonderful portrait of Digby Grant took the town by storm. That performance is now more mellowed and finished, if possible, than it was some years ago. Very elaborate indeed is the picture of the utterly mean, selfish, and cowardly snob, barely hidden under the veneer of a gentleman, who would stop at nothing, even crime, if he had but a spark of courage. A clever villain too, for he knows just how far to go and when to stop, and his acceptance of the situation which reduces him to his old position of a penniless dependant, is done with consummate ease. Digby Grant, as Mr. Albery sketched him, and as Mr. Irving has filled in the colouring, is the type of an arch-humbag personified, with worse traits underlying the character. The rest of the cast includes Mr. David James, the best representative, perhaps, of "Our Mr. Jenkins" that could be found, and we say this with recollection of poor Honey in the part. That we miss Amy Faucitt's childlike picture of Lottie's love and devotion is no reflection on the way in which Miss Emery now plays the character; while a very promising first appearance in the rather difficult part of the blind man, Caleb Decire, was made by Mr. G. Alexander. He scored a distinct success. He has the gifts of youth and the manners of a gentleman, and Mr. Irving made a happy selection, we think, when he accepted his services.

"What should a man do but be merry?" is one of the Shakspearean quotations that Mr. Charles Wyndham affixes to his programmes; and certainly the Criterion audiences answer the question in a manner entirely satisfactory to themselves, and we should imagine to Mr. Wyndham also. The revival of the bustling, farcical comedy, 'The Great Divorce Case,' first produced at this theatre five or six years ago, fills the house nightly with an audience which gives itself up to the enjoyment of the impossible situations and ludicrous incidents of the play with the keenest relish. Mr. Wyndham is Mr. Wyndham, making love with the same reckless audacity, getting into most awful scrapes, plunged at one moment into despair, in another on the pinnacle of boisterous happiness—but the life and soul of the play throughout. An actor new to us, Mr. A. Knight, gave a very clever picture of the hero's companion in his reckless adventures. Mr. Samuel Pilkie is a man of a much more sedate temperament than Mr. Geoffrey Gordon, and while quite willing to break away from the matrimonial chain, hesitates before he makes the final plunge. Mr. Knight expressed the mingled doubt, delight, and hesitation perfectly, and is a distinct acquisition to the Criterion *troupe*. A number of young ladies figure in the cast, and we have Mrs. John Wood as the most harassing of mothers-in-law. This clever lady can do nothing badly, but she is hardly suited to her present *rôle*.

The revival of 'Ours' at the Haymarket is likely to fill that house for some little time. The comedy goes with all its old ease, and the audience of to-day laughs over the impossible scene in the Crimean hut between Hugh Chalcot and Mary Netley as we laughed at it fifteen years ago. Mr. Conway is now Angus McAlister, and a dashing soldier-lover does he make; while Mr. Pinero imparts a distinct individuality to Mr. Alexander Shendryn. Mr. Arthur Cecil's Prince Perorsky is well known. If it lacks somewhat of the finish of Mr. Hare's portrait of the Russian prince, it is still a fine

performance. The great attraction is of course Mrs. Langtry as Blanche Hayes, and whatever our opinion or that of others better qualified perhaps to judge, may be of her capacity, certain it is that her name will be for some time strong enough to put the box-office in a state of siege, and to bring grist to the mill of West End librarians. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft made a very happy financial hit when they offered her an engagement. Other managers—one at least, we believe—bid high terms for "the Jersey Lily;" but the class of pieces, to say nothing of the costumes, were considered hardly those suitable for a *débutante*. So the gaiety of nations has been temporarily eclipsed.

There are not wanting, we think, signs that foxhunting is entering upon a phase in which something akin to danger to the pursuit of our national pastime is manifesting itself. We hope we are not alarmists. The sport of kings is too indigenous in English soil to be uprooted in a moment or even a generation; the changed aspects of that sport it is that make us fear for its well-being and its future. Where one man hunted a quarter of a century ago, ten certainly hunt now; and in the neighbourhood of large towns and watering-places we might double that number with safety. Large fields bring with them many evils. If the crowd of horsemen who come out with the Quorn, the Pytchley, the Warwickshire, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkin, or the Cheshire were all sportsmen, comparatively little harm would accrue. They would not gallop over fields of seeds, trample on young wheat, or leave gates open that should be closed. Unfortunately some men hunt nowadays without the slightest idea of the rules, much less the science of the sport; their only object a gallop and to be in the front by any means, if they have the pluck to get there. They crowd upon the hounds when the huntsman is making a cast, they own no obedience to the Master, and if there is no run they will "lark" to the best of their ability. The recent admonition from such a Master of Hounds as the Duke of Beaufort, followed by one from Lord Willoughby de Broke, the question discussed in so many hunts as to the advisability of discontinuing the advertising of meets, the complaints heard from so many quarters of men who constantly are seen out with hounds, and never contribute a farthing to their support, all point, we think, to a very changed state of affairs. Only a few days since it was announced that the subscribers to, and covert-owners in, a well-known hunt in the Midlands had determined to resort to "capping" to compel would-be sportsmen to contribute to the maintenance of the sport they enjoyed. The idea of anyone aspiring to the status of a gentleman being thus shamed into putting his hand into his pocket is another proof of what we have just said.

An able writer in *The Field*, following the lead of the Duke of Beaufort, lately insisted strongly on that truth which some of the young generation of hunting-men seem to ignore, namely, that foxhunting only exists in this country by the permission of the owners and occupiers of the soil. The toleration of the farmers can only be gained by cultivating their goodwill. We are all apt perhaps to forget, as we gallop over pasture and plough, how easily we could be checked in our career, and that not by wire fencing or the stiffest of oxers. It is true the man who checked us would be counted a churl, and his name become a by-word, but it is no less true that we are bound to act with the greatest forbearance towards those who allow us thus to use their land. Of course, fair hunting damages to crops or fencing are paid for when claimed. It is the wanton destruction—the insult added to injury—the *baut en bas* style of which we have heard lately, that, combined with big fields, is doing much to alienate the true and firm friends of foxhunting, the farmers, from our national pastime.

Not that we believe for one moment that farmers are hostile to hunting

under the old conditions with which "the noble science" was formerly carried out. Far from it. They have been most patient and long-suffering. The holders of enormous power (without their aid, in fact, hunting would be impossible), they have everywhere used it with an unstinted liberality. It is true the vast majority of them were and are sportsmen, but if there was such a *rara avis* as a non-hunting farmer, that made not the slightest difference. There was his land to ride over: there was a sure find in his covert, if he had one. But hunting has now entered on a new phase. Why do we hear so much more about "wire" every recurring year? There was a special fund lately in a great hunt in the shires for the purpose of taking down wire to put it up again when hunting was over, but the wire increased to such an extent that the fund collapsed. Something must have gone wrong in that country. Some long-suffering farmers must have turned under the infliction of some wanton injury. Some galloping and non-paying snobs must have been the last straws on those patient backs.

We trust there may be a remedy for a state of things the evils of which we shall be glad to be told by those who know, we have exaggerated. The timely warnings of Masters may and we sincerely hope will do much. They cannot prevent large fields, but they can try to make them obedient. They can shame the cads who seek to hunt for nothing into paying; above all, they must be more forbearing than ever they have yet been in their transactions, must show yet greater tact in dealing with that agricultural interest which is just now, and perhaps with some reason, showing very ruffled plumes. The farmers are passing through a trying time. They are good and true sportsmen, we know, but the world is just a little out of joint with them. The Masters of Hounds, and all good men who hunt, may do much to make it right.

The Quorn have had splendid sport, and ever since the first week in October there has been an uninterrupted succession of such runs that no Quornite lives who has seen anything to equal it. The weather has been most favourable, the scent good, and foxes plentiful in the best country, though, we regret to say, scarce in some parts of the forest side, where any sportsman would think there should be plenty. Many days this season foxes have run well and straight, making good points, say a distance of eight or ten miles, before they either made their escape or yielded up their brush. The country has been deep, and has told on many studs. On the 9th January the meet was at Great Dalby, and the first draw was the famous Gartree Hill, seldom known to be without several foxes. To-day was no exception, for hounds had not got into the covert before we heard a "view holloa" on the far side. Tom Firr got his hounds quickly away, and before half the field were alive to the fact we were racing away over the Burton flats to Burton village, then to Mr. Burbidge's covert in the Duke's country, on to Stapleford, across the park, almost to Woodlehead in the Cottesmore country, where our fox was lost. We had a good eight miles to travel back to the limits of the Quorn country, to Gartree Hill again, which for a second time to-day stood true to the Quorn and held another fox, which gave us a nice afternoon gallop. Thursday, 12th, was a lawn meet at Prestwold, at twelve o'clock. There were many strangers there after the Loughborough Ball. Why Mr. Coupland should select Prestwold for a meet on such an occasion it is impossible to say, as there is, or was, no fox at Prestwold, and we believe they did not find until they reached "Bunney," near Nottingham. That country means up to your hocks in steam plough, which most of the field declined. We think that on an occasion like this, after a ball, and a twelve o'clock meet, it would be desirable to go somewhere likely to find a

fox. Beeby, 13th January. This will be a day long to be remembered by all Quornites of the present generation. It was, in every sense of the word, a remarkable day's sport. The order was given for Scraftoft gorse, and, like all Squire Hartopp's coverts, it always holds a fox. To-day's was a bob-tailed fox, which, disappointed on his first start from the gorse, rang a ring round, then making his point good, we raced to Barkby Holt in twenty minutes over a beautiful bit of country. Straight through this covert the hounds carried the line, and ran by South Croxton and Gaddisby up to Ashby pastures. Here one, two, or three other foxes were on foot, and after some time in this large covert, but never stopping, hounds took one fox away by Cream gorse, on to Rotherby, across the Melton and Leicester turnpike to Frisby, over the river and railway to Asfordby. Here the pack divided, both racing their fox, but eventually the pack were got together again, and we ran him to ground in Grimstone gorse, after a splendid run over about some fifteen miles of country (being eleven miles point in two hours). Most horses had enough before they reached here, and few got as far; but after the second horseman got up our Master gave the order for Lord Aylesford's covert, where we found again, and had a charming run over by Six Hills, near to Walton Horns. Pointing for Willoughby, our fox turned to the right, as if for Old Dalby, then across the vale for Broughton, and we believe the hounds were stopped going into Curate's gorse, which proved to be a wise thought of the Master, as he wanted it on Monday, and it was getting dusk, with few left to see the finish. This run added some more eight miles to the day's sport, which was done in an hour and a half. The extraordinary part of the whole day was that none of the foxes we ran ever turned back, but the whole time we were travelling, as it were, in a straight direction, having met at the extreme outside of the Quorn country on one side and finished quite on the boundary of the other. We have not heard anyone say that such a thing has been ever done before. Monday, 16th January, at Upper Broughton, a village close to where the hounds finished on the great day, Friday, previous, and a brace of foxes were found in Curate's gorse; one we ran sharp to the village where we met, and lost him there, then we got on the line of the other and hunted slowly up to Parson's Thorns, where a fresh fox went away, and took us over a charming line of grass country across the Belvoir vale nearly to Sherbrook's covert in the Duke's country, then to Holwell, leaving Clawson Thorns to the left across the Scalford road almost to Goadly Bullamore, where they ran from scent to view, and pulled this gallant fox down in the open in two hours, making a good eight-mile point. We had a long way to travel back to the Quorn country, but that is not considered with the Quorn if there is daylight; and, we believe, they had another good gallop in the evening, finishing somewhere near Melton, about eighteen miles from the kennels.

The town of Melton is very full, and with great regret we hear that the Earl of Wilton is laid up there with a bad attack of gout. Mr. Little Gilmour is out regularly, and we are glad to say he looks almost as well as ever. Long may he remain with us.

A good man near Rugby sends us the following:—"Saturday, the 31st December, saw the old year well out with the Pytchley. Met at Sibbertoft; found in Sulby Gorse about 11.30; ran fast for seventeen minutes, when 'Our Van' appeared to be reduced to Mr. Foster, Captain Middleton, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Muntz, and Goodall in his usual place. From this point we had a fine hunting run to Bosworth, Walton, and on to John Bell, which covert seemed to give us a fresh fox, as we ran faster on past Bruntingthorpe nearly to Ashby Magna, and then bore away to the right up the valley

to within a few fields of Whetstone Gorse (about eleven miles from Sulby Gorse as the crow flies), and then doubled back towards Peatling Gorse (a nine-miles point from Sulby) where he beat us by getting under some straw in the farmyard at the corner of the covert. At 4 P.M. hounds had been running since 11.30, and the field being reduced to three, Goodall made the best of his way to Brixworth. Wednesday, the 4th January. Fine day and sport. Pytchley at Stanford Park. Found at once in Swinford Old Covert, and ran fast over the beautiful grass vale up to the Hemplow and then to ground; a very pretty seventeen minutes. Found another and took him by Elkington to the fir plantation at the top of Honey Hill, where we killed him: about twenty minutes. Found again at once, and ran very sharp over the hills by Cold Ashby to the left of Fire Tail, past Thornby Grange to ground on the way to Winwick Warren. Then drew Winwick Warren blank, but found at Yelvertoft Hill-side, running by Yelvertoft village for Cracks Hill or Crick Covert, but bearing round to the right he set his head as if for Stanford Park, but leaving it to the left made for Hemplow Hills, leaving these again at the Fish Pond end and going for Welford, but turning back across the Hills he came away as if he meant Yelvertoft once more, and finally got to ground in a friendly rabbit earth on the canal bank: one hour and fifteen minutes. This was a fine day's sport, and over a strong country, where grief was plentiful among the 'five hundred,' but we saw some of the old pioneers and their younger brethren, in Messrs. Foster, Muntz, De Trafford, Burke, Mackeson, Schwabe and Bannastre Parker, cutting the work out either over or through in their usual form."

One of our best-known writers on hunting topics has been appointed Adjutant of the Artists' Corps. Lucky corps in this matter. First King Harman, then Ramsay, and now Elmhirst! Art and letters, Colonel Sir Frederick! that is as it should be!

The Pytchley have done well this month. Mr. Langham is assisted this year by Mr. Hugh Lowther, who takes charge of the hounds stationed at Brigstock kennels, and hunts them himself thrice a week, while Goodall takes the usual four days in the open country. Mr. Lowther has had some rare sport this season, and has brought many a tough old woodland fox to hand after long runs, no mean achievement for so young a huntsman. In the open country scent has been very good on the whole, and they have had some first-rate gallops in their Wednesday country, in spite of the large fields which greet them on that day, and which yearly seem to increase. On Dec. 31st they had a long hunting run from Sulby gorse, running, in the first instance, sharply down to Welford Station, where he was headed, and turned to the right as if for Bosworth, but making his original point good, ran by Walton nearly to Kinscote, then bearing to the right crossed the Leicester road, by Mowsley, then to Laughton, on by Saddington, recrossing the high road into Jane Ball (the only covert he touched), on to Shearsby, from there by Peatling, on by Willoughby to Countesthorpe, where he beat them at the end of two hours and forty minutes. On Monday, the 2nd, they had a very good fifty minutes from Cransley gorse, killing their fox at Pipewell. On Wednesday, the 4th, a very good forty-five minutes from Swinford, and killed at Cold Ashby. On Monday, the 9th, they had perhaps one of the best runs they have had this season from Sanders's gorse, going by Spratton, Brixworth, leaving Cottesbrook on the left, through Purser's Hills, on by Naseby nearly to Sulby, and had to stop the hounds at dark at Thornby; time just two hours. On Wednesday, the 11th, they had a very good gallop from Kilworth, and killed their fox at Laughton at the end of one hour ten minutes. Saturday, the 14th, they had a cracker from Blue covert, hounds racing over some of

the best of their grass country for half an hour before they ran to ground. Wednesday, the 17th, they met at Crick, but the fog was so thick hounds had to be sent home, greatly to the disappointment of the large field present, the majority of whom remembered as a red letter day the 21st of last month, when they met here last, and had such a good day. A rather amusing story arises from that occasion. Empty saddles were plentiful, and loose horses to be had for the catching. A gentleman had the misfortune to be pursuing his, and, considerably blown at the end of about the third field, saw with joy a countryman holding *four horses*. Alas, on a close inspection, none proved to be his, and he went on his way a sadder and a wiser man. On Friday, the 20th, they had a good thing from Pursers' Hills to Holdenby, the first thirty-five minutes very fast. And on Saturday, the 21st, a very hard day on the Badby Wood side, running each fox for more than two hours, missing the first by fresh foxes jumping up, and having to stop the hounds at dark with the second.

The Belvoir had a first-rate day on Tuesday, December 27, when they met at Newton Bar; found at Folkingham Gorse, and ran for over one hour and a half and killed; but the pleasure of the day was marred by the serious accident which befell Mr. Heathcote of Lenton, who had a very bad fall, breaking his horse's back and seriously hurting himself also. Mr. Heathcote is over seventy years old, and was on this day accompanied by seven of his family. He has been a great supporter of hunting, as the owner of all the Lenton and Folkingham property. On Saturday, December 31, they met at Belvoir, and had a first-class fifty minutes from the Rectory Cover up to Langar, where the fox was headed as he was pointing for Wiverton; turning back by Granby, running on to Elton, where Gillard had to stop them in the dark; Lord John Manners was out, and came to grief, badly spraining his wrist. On Monday, January 2nd, a large field, amongst whom were the Duke of Rutland, Hon. E. Manners, Hon. Kate Manners, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Mr. J. E. Welby, Majors Sterling, Paynter, and Longstaffe, Mr. Little-Gilmour, Mons. Couturier, Messrs. J. and W. Downing, Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby, Mr. Hardy, Miss Turnor, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Sills, Mr. James Hutchinson, Mr. Bedford, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Boyall, &c. The night had been very wild, and although they found their first fox in Tippings Gorse, and ran him to Stoke Pastures and lost him, another in Anne's Gorse and sent him along over the heath down to Buckminster, and up to and round Skillington on the Stoke Pastures, over the green lane up to Cooper's Plant, and past Mr. Mount's house to Anne's Gorse, he also beat them; and they found a third in Cedars Hill, who soon got to ground. On Tuesday the 3rd they met at Haverholme with their second fox, which they found in Aswarby Thorns; they had a capital ring of fifty-eight minutes to ground at Osbornby. On the following day, January 4, they had a first-class day from Croxton Park, when they found their first fox in Stonesby Gorse and killed at Bexaby Oaks, and had another good run, in his old quarters, from Sproxton Thorns to ground after a capital forty-five minutes. There was a large field out, amongst whom were the Duke of Rutland, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Grey de Wilton, Hon. E. Manners, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Sir Henry De Vœux, Sir Bache Cunard, M.F.H., Count Kinsky, Hon. Alan Pennington, Col. Ewart, Major Stirling, Major Paynter, Capt. Boyce, Capt. Tennant, Capt. Elmhirst, Capt. Worsley, Major Longstaffe, Mr. Horace Flower, Mr. Behrens, Mr. John E. Welby, Messrs. Adair, Brand, Pryor, Pochen, Merehouse, Younger, Sloane-Stanley, Couturier, Neville H. Fane, Lubbock, Hill Trevor, Little-Gilmour, Westly-Richards, Chaplin, Parker, Hornsby, Bedford, Burbage, Brewster, Wigram, Gordon,

Brocklehurst, and a host of strangers. On Saturday, January 7, at Piper Hole a large field assembled, when in addition to those out on the Wednesday were Lord Rocksavage, Lord Cloncurry, Capt. Middleton, Col. E. Chaplin, and Mr. Turner Farley. Although the wind was very high the hounds raced their fox from Old Hills to Stonesby Ashes without a check, and they had a capital run from a covert close by Old Hills, going nearly to Melton, but leaving it to the right, crossed the Scalford Road, where the run began in earnest, over the brook, skirting Melton Spinnels and the Melton brook, over which Lord Cloncurry was first, closely followed by Lord Grey, Gillard, and then the rest, straight on to Waltham Rectory, where they turned to the right as for Stonesby Gorse, where much grief occurred, six being down at one fence; leaving it however to the left, they ran straight to Stonesby Ashes, by Waltham into Croxton Park, where he went to ground after as good a run as they have had the whole season.

The North Warwickshire, although short of foxes in their best country round Rugby, have during the past season had some very good runs, and young Jack Press has proved himself to be his father's own son, being well assisted by Tom Carr and Harry Goddard, who also don't belie their parentage and education. A special meeting of the subscribers, covert owners, and occupiers of land in this hunt, was held at the Regent Hotel on Wednesday January the 11th, to consider a recommendation of the Committee, that the meets should not in future be advertised, but only sent privately to subscribers, on account of the crowds who come out to hunt on the cheap. After some discussion it was agreed, for the present at any rate, to advertise them. This evil has grown to such a pitch in many countries that it is quite time something was done to stop it, and endeavour to make the "Cheap Jacks" understand that hunting should be paid for as well as shooting, fishing, or any other amusement. If this remedy will do so is very doubtful, as there are some who have cheek enough in this respect for anything. What we would suggest as the only plan, is that a list of non-subscribers should be regularly published at the end of the season of those who, residing in any country, have hunted with any pack of hounds and given nothing. As long as there is a list of those who do subscribe, so long will these mean people be content that others should pay for them. We know of instances of men who will go any distance to a racecourse, and have a "fiver" or more on every race, who won't give even half a sovereign to a poultry fund.

The Old Berkshire have been doing well. On Friday, November 25, they found in Rosey wood, ran by Rogue's pits nearly to Stamford village, crossed Rosey brook at the back of the village, and ran prettily, leaving Northfield farm to the right, nearly to Southfield farm. Here a slight check occurred. Hitting off the line again, they ran somewhat slower along the vale nearly to Woodhill covert, but, unfortunately changing foxes, bore round, with a failing scent, back to Garland's, where they could make nothing more of it. Monday, December 5, ran prettily in the morning from a turnip-field near Little Coxwell about the grass below Fernham to the railway close to Uffington station, then on slower by Baulking, over the railway again as if for Kingstone spinnies, but could do no more with him. After chopping in Coxwell Furze-hills, went away with another by Cole's pits and Ashen coppice to the Fernham and Shillingford road, back again by Wickwood to Wicklesham, and on as if for Faringdon nurseries, but turning again over the line, hunted up to our fox in a field close to the railway station. From thence hounds pressed him pretty hard in the direction of Oak wood, but, bearing up to the Highworth

roads, he ran the ploughs by Little Coxwell to Longcott. Thence, leaving the Beckett coverts to his right, he pointed as if for Compton; but, turning back off the Great Western line, was run into in a little brake close to the line, between Beckett and the railway. Time, about an hour and twenty-five minutes. Friday, December 30, found in the Home covert at Coleshill, ran under Badbury hill by Brimstone farm to Buscot woods, away by Northfield and Camden brakes to Thrupp, round by Littleworth common and Hermoor up to Oxpen, across by Wadley to Littleworth, back by Wadley and Oxpen to Faringdon nurseries, thence by Wicklesham round to Bowling Green farm, where they killed, after two hours and thirty-eight minutes of almost continuous hunting. Monday, January 2, found in Lew gorse, and ran very fast up to the back of Bampton and up to the brook, close to which the fox jumped up before hounds, who had checked in a slightly flooded meadow. Ran him well by Hadden, leaving Lew gorse to their right, to Caswell coppices, which they left on the right, soon after which turning short to the right again, they killed in the open about three fields from Caswell farm. Time, forty minutes. Wednesday, January 4, found in Cholsey Leaze, breaking on the south side, ran the meadows up to Loringdon farm, which was left on the right, and on over the open to King's Standing hill straight to Unhill, running the entire length of the northern half of that covert, out at the Compton end as if for Pibworth farm, over the plough, leaving Aldworth village to the left, and on as if for Beech wood, Hampstead Norris; but, turning to the left close to Beech farm, ran into Coleridge, and on to the Yattenden end of that covert. Here he was headed back by some teams at work. Nearly a seven-mile point up to this; about ten as hounds ran. Time, about fifty-five minutes. Hounds never gave him any rest, but, pressing him through the covert, ran him across the road through Long coppice and Norcot, rolling him over in the lane near Southridge farm. Time about an hour and five minutes. Monday, January 9, found in a small withy bed between Challow Marsh farm and the Challow manure works; ran, leaving East and West Challow to our left, up to Stockham, then short to the left, and, leaving Woodhill covert just to the left, crossed the railway about half way between Circourt and Challow station, and held on as if for Denchworth. Swinging round, however, by the back of Goosey, we left Challow station on the left and recrossed the railway near Northfield farm. Here our fox bore to the left again as if for Woodhill, but, turning back not far from Garland's, went to ground in the canal bank below Sparsholt. Time, one hour and six minutes. Monday, January 16, found in a very small covert little more than a hedgerow between Moor mill and Baulking. Ran fast, leaving Baulking to the right, by Costard farm, through Sparsholt coppice and up to Kingstone Lisle, straight up the hill, very fast along the ridgeway for about a mile, and then raced down hill into Sparsholt wilderness. From thence we took to the vale again, and ran by the canal bank and Pack lane, leaving Garland's to the right, by the hill and to the left of Challow Marsh farm up to Woodhill covert, which our fox turned away from. Crossed the line near Circourt and held on as if for Denchworth, but, bearing to the left not far from Millaway, recrossed the railway as if for Woodhill; turning back, however, over the rail, ran up to the road that runs from Denchworth by Millaway to Goosey, where our fox beat us. One hour and forty-seven minutes. We undoubtedly changed three times, or hounds would have got the blood they deserved. A hardish afternoon followed this run, but fresh foxes again disappointed hounds.

On the day before Christmas the Southdown met at Falmer, intending to draw Stanmer Park first, but the frost was so hard in that neighbourhood

that after twelve o'clock the Master decided to trot away nearer the sea, as the frost is never so hard there. Champion found a fox close to Rottingdean village, in a piece of rape, which ran a ring through Telscombe Gorse to Portabella, which is close to the cliff, and a favourite covert for foxes. After a ring or two he put his head straight over the open downs, running through Rodmill and Mill Hill Gorse into the marshes, within a hundred yards of Lewes, where he turned over the Brighton line and road by Ashcombe, and went, straight as he could go, up the Lewes racecourse on to Black Cap plantation, as if he meant sinking into the vale; but, changing his course, bore to the right through Sir George Shiffner's grounds, from which the hounds coursed him in view, and ran him into a large arched drain under the London railway, where they left him alone in his glory, after a fine hunting run of two hours and twenty minutes, the distance being about nine miles from point to point. Up at the finish were Mr. Charles Brand, the Master; Mr. R. Smith, Mr. C. Brown, Mr. Jacob, Mr. A. Dupont, and a great many strangers, enjoying their Christmas holidays. They had also a very good day's sport on Boxing Day, when they met near Lewes, and ran their first fox over a very deep country for one hour and twenty minutes, and lost. Falls were numerous, but not serious. After this they chopped a second fox, then they had a rattling twenty-five minutes in a very thick fog, and Champion stopped the hounds on the first chance he had of getting to them.

Perhaps scent never was more truly serving than it has proved in Ireland this season, when all "permitted" packs have had glorious sport, and the Meath archives never recorded a series of better runs than those of last month and the current one, of which two were very notable, namely, that from Bottown to the shores of Virginia Lake, and the Rowanstown gallop ten days ago. Everything in Meath points to a pleasant conclusion of a good season.

Mr. Filgate, too, in Louth, has found everything so far very pleasant, and foxes plentiful, while in Kilkenny and Westmeath, though there is still cause for some anxieties, sport has been very good. The latter pack had *the* run of the season last week from Tallaghan, or rather from a bit of gorse very near its limits.

The Ward-Union Staghounds, too, have had very good deer to hunt, while "The Taglionis," in Limerick, and the Co. Down Staghounds have shown extremely good sport; in parts of Cork, too, there is far less hostility shown to hunting than there was, and Mr. Murphy has had a few good gallops with the United Hunt.

The sport with Sir Nathaniel Rothschild's staghounds during the month has been excellent, but we consider that the run on the 12th of January is the most deserving of record in 'Baily.' Hounds ran very hard from Oving over Hurdlesgrove, Dunton, Blacklands, past the fox covert at High Havens, and, leaving the Stewkley ploughs to their right, went between Mursley and Salden Windmill, then parallel to Featherbed Lane as far as Salden Wood. "What a line!" shouted Mr. John Foy, and well he might say so, for, excepting the first field, every inch of it had been over the finest grass grounds. After crossing the Oxford railway at Salden, the scene changed, and arable land was the ruling feature, yet the pace of hounds did not slacken materially. On they went in a direct course past Bletchley and Denbigh Hall, crossed the Holyhead Road at Simpson, and along the valley nearly to Loughton, where they got up to their deer, and running him in view over the London and North-Western railway, took him at the top of the opposite hill, between Bradwell and Woolston, twelve miles point blank from Oving, which had been done in one hour and twenty minutes. Out of

a large field at starting, only Sir Nathaniel and a few others got to the finish. We were glad to see Mr. H. J. Chinnery out again after his accident, and going in his usual form.

Hunting with some of the Land Leaguers must be curious amusement. A pack that has been started not very far from Waterford, not long since has had a great day. First they hired a band of music, called the Thomas Meagher Band, to attend the meet in a break and a pair of horses, which played several choice selections, after which they went off and found a fox at Amber Hill, and ran him into Whitfield; but *en route* they had a check close to a road where the band had stationed themselves, and while the huntsman was casting for his fox, the musicians struck up a popular national air, whereon, very naturally, the hounds all sat down and began to howl an accompaniment.

Amongst other hunt servants who will be wanting fresh situations will be the well known John Treadwell, who has hunted the Old Berkshire for nineteen seasons. Treadwell came to them from the Quorn in 1863 when Mr. Henley Greaves was Master. He leaves on account of Lord Craven having determined to hunt the hounds next season himself. Treadwell has hunted some of the best counties in England, and there is a lot of life in the old dog yet.

It is early time yet for much breeding gossip to be afloat, those engaged in that pursuit being busy with their preparations for the ensuing campaign; but the talk of the day has, of course, had for its subject the recent negotiations between Neasham Hall and Beenham House, lately brought to a head through the offices of Mr. Richard Bell, and resulting in the transfer of the whole of Mr. Cookson-Sawrey's stud (barring the stallions) to Mr. Henry Waring, who takes over more than a score of yearlings, and nearly the same number of mares. The chance presented itself most opportunely, the last-named gentleman having long been casting about for something calculated to increase the prestige of his collection, which he has lately enriched with Robert the Devil; and now further extends in an equally desirable direction with the very choice and select *coterie* formerly in the possession of Mr. Cookson-Sawrey, the premier breeder of England, both as regards antiquity of foundation and success in his calling. The step may be characterised as a bold one, all risks considered, but perhaps the most serious of these has been overcome by the safe arrival of the entire juvenile party at Beenham; while their dams have been widely scattered to their various destinations, so that the "family gathering" will not be completed until later in the season. Another risk is, of course, that attending the new departure intended to be made by selling at home on the Ascot Saturday; but we fancy the attraction lately secured will ensure a large and influential attendance, amply merited, we may premise, by yearlings bred and born on the home pastures in Berkshire. Thus the leading feature of Thursday's sale in Doncaster week will be transferred southwards, and of the lots destined to figure in the catalogues of the 10th of June, we may say that the strangers are quite up to the average of their predecessors hailing from the banks of Tees; a large proportion being by the leading stallions of the day, out of dams of good winners, and the rest the produce of promising young matrons, with ample pretensions to sustain the reputation of their collector. It is not often that so important and "going" a concern comes into the market, more especially in the lifetime of the founder of the feast; but for the best of all reasons, viz., that the time and attention previously bestowed upon his hobby by Mr. Cookson-Sawrey must be transferred elsewhere, the resolution was arrived at to part, and a customer presented himself in Mr. H. Waring. We have known

more than one notable instance before of studs "taken over" having proved as remunerative to purchasers as to their old masters; and, at any rate, Mr. Waring is to be congratulated on his pluck and judgment in taking "occasion by the hand," and filling up boxes at Beenham which have long been waiting for eligible tenants. And whatever may be the drawbacks attendant upon wholesale purchases of this description, they are at any rate more satisfactory than picking up desirable lots here and there at sales by auction, recent experiences of which have been of that unsavoury character more than ever certain to render those "once bit twice shy."

By the time these notes are in print foals will be coming thick and fast, suggesting a renewal of the well-worn controversy concerning the desirability of the late or early arrival of "little strangers." Princess of Wales has set an example to the early birds by dropping her Rosicrucian filly in the beginning of last month; but we have heard of no other celebrity having given the racing world a pledge as yet, and the general complaint among breeders appears to be that there is no great promise of "circulation" among mares belonging to those with sires at command at home, an apprehension borne out by the very few subscriptions as yet announced as "full."

The author of 'Concrete Buildings for Landed Estates,' Mr. John Birch, has had much experience in designing buildings for landed estates in Great Britain and Ireland, and writes this work with a view to suggesting what may be done in combining economy with the picturesque in architecture. No labour has been spared to make the work attractive and useful to landowners and others having to make improvements. The author advocates the use of Portland cement concrete as a material for building purposes on landed property, on the ground of its applicability and economy, more especially where suitable materials are on the spot and labour plentiful. The saving by the use of this material may be put at between a half and two-thirds the price of brickwork, and as the latter forms, on an average, nearly 50 per cent. of the total cost of almost every class of agricultural building the economy will be obvious. Cement concrete, although apparently a simple material to build with, had better not be employed without due care and personal supervision. Among the advantages may be mentioned: (1) it affords employment for local labour, with less difficulty in procuring it, as with bricklayers and other artisans; (2) the walls, if properly built, are nearly treble the strength of stone or brick, and can be built of less thickness; (3) the buildings can be erected much quicker than with brick or stone, which requires time to dry before plastering; (4) its thorough impregnability to vermin—an important desideratum in domestic as well as agricultural buildings; (5) its dryness, the walls being non-absorbent, and do not retain the seeds of disease like porous brick or stone; besides, it is also non-conducting and fireproof, and the internal plastering and joinery works, for the better class of buildings, would be less expensive. Mr. Birch does not advise this material for buildings having architectural pretensions, such as a good country mansion, although it has been used for this purpose—for instance, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson's new house in Essex, the O'Connor Don's residence in the county Roscommon, and elsewhere. He gives and explains a series of fifteen plates of designs for the several buildings required on a landed estate, from the humble cottage to the agent's residence, with estimates of cost, adapted to the material proposed, and possessing a certain degree of picturesque elegance. Doubtless much improvement could be effected by combining the means of obtaining domestic comfort with the elements of architectural grace; and to all landowners who contemplate such improvements we cordially recommend this brochure.

We had occasion to speak, at the time, of the excellent painting by Messrs.

W. H. Hopkins and E. Havell, presented to J. Johnstone, Esq., of Halleaths, last April, by the members of the Dumfriesshire Hunt. We now congratulate the subscribers on the capital reproduction which has been made of it in autotype, and which has obtained a large subscription. With a truth in drawing and freedom of touch which no mere copyist engraver could hope to equal, it yet has all the vigour and luminousness of the finest engraving. The portrait of the esteemed and popular M.F.H. is as life-like as in the large oil-painting, and the horse, hounds, and landscape are equally spirited and true. And there is the advantage of a great saving of time, as it would have taken three times as long to have produced an engraving in the old-fashioned way.

The Sportsman's Exhibition, to which we alluded in our January number, bids fair to be a more brilliant success than even the most sanguine hopes of its promoters could have anticipated. When we glance at the list of over one hundred and fifty patrons (more than sixty of whose portraits and memoirs have already appeared in 'Baily') taken from *every single county* in England, as well as from Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and these representing sport in every branch and under every head, it must be seen that such list is a thoroughly representative one. Whilst most of the leading members of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, and principal patrons of the Turf, together with thirty M.F.H.'s have given their support to this Exhibition, we notice that the President and Vice-President of the Gun Club, the President of the M.C.C., and the Captains of the Oxford and Cambridge University Elevens, besides such cricketers as Messrs. A. N. Hornby, W. G. Grace, F. Penn, and over a dozen old University "Blues" are patrons, as are also the Presidents of both University Boat Clubs, and the Champion tennis, racquet and lawn-tennis players. We must not omit to mention too the name of another patron who was in his day a really good all-round sportsman, and who still rides straight to hounds—we allude to Lord Charles Fox Russell. Among the list we also notice the names of more than one "Double-Blue." Exhibitors seem to have fully appreciated the splendid list of patrons, for nearly every inch of space set apart for their exhibits within the huge area of the Agricultural Hall has been applied for and taken. Some of the exhibitors (and they number nearly two hundred) have entered largely. We have not space to mention the names of the exhibitors, nor the different requisites connected with sport which they will exhibit; suffice it to say that this Exhibition, which will be an annual one, will be well worth a visit from the sporting British public.

Mr. F. Gale's lecture on "English Sports, their Use and Abuse," which was postponed last autumn, will be given at the Marlborough Room, Regent Street, on Monday evening, February, 13. Professor Ruskin will preside.

For the forthcoming coaching season the prospects seem to be that Sir T. Peyton, in conjunction with Mr. Bailey, will take their Anglo-Australian-American contingent to the slopes of Windsor. The Guildford will be to the fore, and is sure to be well horsed by Mr. Shoolbred, already on the look-out for his cattle. Major Dixon and Selby will run the ever-popular Virginia Water coach. Young Fownes may perhaps try the St. Albans road again—and a better "give and take" road does not exist; but there is some mystery as to the line he really proposes to occupy. In any case, he will run one of Allen's soundly-constructed coaches. Nothing warrants us in saying that the place of the Old Rapid to Beckenham and West Wickham, with which the names of Lord Arthur Somerset and Mr. C. Hoare will ever be associated with pleasant memories, will be filled up; but the new adherent to the English ribbonmen, in the person of Mr. Bouverie, has some serious talk of resuscitating the Tunbridge Wells. A counsel let

us give him.—Take Dulwich and the Crystal Palace; run past Beckenham to Hayes, and join the old road at Farnborough. He will get extra fine scenery, less suburban disagreeables, avoid all tramways and one or two Bromley hills that are undesirable. Mr. Hudson, of the York and Liverpool, seems tired suddenly, for he affects no road this year. What he did last year was so good that we may hope to see him in it again. He *did* talk of a Liverpool and Cheltenham. What memories that would conjure up with some who still remember the Hibernia and Hironnelle doing their 133 miles in 12½ hours! A still stronger expression of regret will be made at the disappearance of the Boxhill, with Mr. Seager Hunt on the box; and Captain Blyth's—what shall we say? he has been king on so many roads—Reading and Oxford, Oxford and London, Oxford and Cambridge, London and Kingston *via* Tunbridge Wells, but generally Defiance—Defiance, is it not, Captain Blyth? to all who love not the road and its timely pleasures; well-kept time *bien entendu*!

We have just heard that Captain Hargreaves will be found on the Portsmouth road again in the early spring, a good hearing at which all coaching men will rejoice.

We have received a handsome "poster" of the Aberayron and Lampeter Royal Mail Defiance, and trust it may have plenty of passengers to view the beautiful scenery in that district. Their time for the Post Office is one hour and three-quarters, and of course they are bound to keep it, but on one side they have eight miles against collar, which limits speed. The Challenger, Aberystwith and Aberayron coach, is to run in connection with the Defiance, and here the roads must be bad indeed, for they are timed to two and a-half hours for the sixteen miles. They run a good solid mail coach of Allen's, whose lines are faultless, although personally we think there might be more wood and less iron in those they construct.

A good many coaching men will be sorry to hear of the sudden death from heart-disease of Bob Rear, the guard from time to time of so many coaches on different roads that left the "Cellars." He fell down in Selby's yard just as he was about to mount the Oatland's Telegraph, to which he was guard, and never moved again. He was civil, attentive, and obliging; and, although he blew the horn in a manner second to none, he never considered this as a qualification for obtruding himself on passengers. In a spirit of true respect for the Road, Mr. Bouverie took the Telegraph off on Saturday, the 21st, and Fownes took some of poor Bob's professional brethren to the funeral. The Badminton coach also followed, and Captain Hargreaves, with whom the poor fellow had worked, sent his private drag. It was a sad and bitter business for on-lookers, for a widow and six children mourned him in the cemetery at Wimbledon; but with practical charity the Badminton Club have got up a subscription list and another is open at the Road Club and the White Horse Cellars. Major Dixon too and the Banks Brothers will gladly receive contributions. There can be few more deserving cases, and in the Annals of the Road we desire to record this good precedent of the following to the grave of a good guard by three four-horse coaches. May the subscription for his widow also be a good precedent for similar sad cases when they arrive!

Death has been busy lately among the ranks of a sporting generation that "cannot choose but be old." Captain Pack Beresford, the Hon. James Macdonald, Captain Robert Goff, the familiar "Bob Goff" of many sets and circles, and lastly, Lord Lurgan. It is true that noble Lord could hardly be counted among the seniors, seeing he was barely fifty years of age, and his untimely fate is much to be deplored. Captain Pack Beresford was as well known in this country as in that of his birth, and nearly thirty years ago we

find him a member of the Irish Turf Club, and running races and matches at the Curragh. James Murphy was his trainer at Conyngham Lodge, and we do not think he had any other. The black and white stripes were fairly successful on Buckthorn, Champion, Sunbeam, The Tattler, Gracchus, Earl Percy, &c. In 1858 a well-intended *coup* was meant with The Tattler for the Liverpool July Cup. He was the joint property of Captain Beresford and his friend Mr. Osborne (the well-known "Beacon" of the present day), and had won a high trial with Gunboat, so high a one that the money was put down on him freely. The Tattler, however, was not a game one, and shut up when he was asked to go, Roman Candle winning easily. Captain Beresford shortly afterwards formed a small breeding stud at Fenagh, but we do not remember that anything of note came from it, though he was fairly successful with the produce of some of his mares. For the last few years he had not many horses in training, and we fancy ill-health incapacitated him from the full enjoyment of his favourite sport. Gout was his great enemy, and in his last illness he succumbed to it.

The death of Lieutenant-General the Hon. James Macdonald, known half over Europe as "Jimmy Macdonald," removes from the scene one of the best-known men in London, one of the most popular in society. He had been in declining health for some time, and his familiar figure had been missed from those West-end highways and byways that knew him so well. He was one of the handsomest men of his day—the days of high coat-collars, swallow-tails and tightest of strapped trousers—the days of D'Orsay, Chesterfield, Cantelupe, Tommy Duncombe, George Anson, *cum multis aliis*, who have all long since joined the majority. Distinguished among the distinguished—and there were many handsome faces and Antinous forms among the "pretty fellows" of that time—Jimmy Macdonald was, while the pet of the women, most popular with men. It was jestingly said of him that he owed half his success with the former to his hair, which, originally jet black, became perfectly white before he was thirty. It certainly did not detract from his striking appearance. But he was something more than a mere "pretty fellow," a dangler on women's skirts, and a loungeur in the *coulisses*. He had stuff in him which the Crimean war brought to the surface. Accompanying his life-long friend the Duke of Cambridge to Sebastopol, he continued with him until the fall of that fortress, and subsequently, on the conclusion of peace and the return to England, became the private secretary of the Commander-in-Chief. How ably he filled that arduous and difficult post—one requiring infinite tact and knowledge of the world—is known to every one with whom he was brought in contact. He was the best business-letter writer that ever a Horse Guard Chief possessed. He had to deal with many kinds and degrees of men—had to smooth ruffled plumes, and put the foot down, if necessary, on vulgar pretension, and he did both successfully. What he was to his friend the Duke of Cambridge, the latter perhaps alone can tell; and very sincere were the condolences of all the personal friends of H.R.H. on the loss he has so lately sustained. Perhaps one of the greatest proofs of the extraordinarily fine temper and disposition possessed by General Macdonald was the fact that the somewhat rugged nature of the late Lord Glasgow was touched by it. He bequeathed him 5000*l.* in his will. It is often said of a dead man that he left not an enemy behind him, and it is said with good intention but not always with strict truth. But we should very much doubt if in the grave that has just closed over all that is mortal of Jimmy Macdonald there is not buried every enmity, every harsh thought, and bitter feeling, if any such existed. His numerous friends and his world of acquaintances could have better spared a better man.

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VOL. XXXVIII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN HARTOPP.

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1882.

DIARY FOR MARCH, 1882.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny, Coursing Meeting.
2	Th	
3	F	Grand Military Steeplechases at Sandown Park.
4	S	Grand Military Races and Steeplechases.
5	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.
6	M	[Meetings.
7	Tu	Croydon Steeplechases. Carmichael and Southport Coursing
8	W	Croydon Races and Steeplechases.
9	Th	Kempton Park Races and Steeplechases. [Lincoln.
10	F	Kempton Park Races. Lincolnshire Agricultural Show at
11	S	
12	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.
13	M	Derby Hunt Races and Steeplechases. [Meeting.
14	Tu	Derby and Sedgfield Steeplechases. Kempton Park Coursing
15	W	Cheltenham, Quorn, and Donnington Hunt Steeplechases.
16	Th	Cheltenham, Kirbymoorside, and Moreton-in-Marsh Steeple-
17	F	Malton and Rugby Hunt Steeplechases. [chases.
18	S	Household Brigade and Sandown Park Steeplechases.
19	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER LENT.
20	M	Lincoln Spring Meeting.
21	Tu	Lincoln Races. Averbury, Wilts, Coursing Meeting.
22	W	Lincoln Races.
23	Th	Liverpool Races.
24	F	Liverpool and Alexandra Park Races.
25	S	Liverpool and Alexandra Park Races.
26	S	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER LENT.
27	M	[Steeplechases.
28	Tu	Northampton and Pytchley Hunt Races, and West Somerset
29	W	Northampton Races. York Steeplechases.
30	Th	Croxton Park, Warwick, Croydon, and Pontefract Races.
31	F	Warwick and Pontefract Races and Steeplechases.



E. Hartkopf

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CAPTAIN HARTOPP.

THE Hartopps of Leicestershire and Warwickshire have been settled in the former county since the sixteenth century, and have duly furnished knights of the shire, gallant soldiers, and worthy magistrates, for the service of their country. The Warwickshire branch inherited, in the female line, towards the middle of the last century, the Fleetwood property in Norfolk, and the representative of the family was created a baronet in 1796. The Leicestershire Hartopps have clung to the old roof-tree of Dalby House, and it is the son of the present owner of the property, Mr. Edward Bouchier Hartopp, whose striking likeness is on the opposite page.

Captain Hartopp was born in 1845, received a commission in the 10th Hussars in 1864, and after the usual routine of garrison duty at home, proceeded with that regiment to India, and was there during the visit of the Prince of Wales to that country. Entered to hounds very early in life, for his boyhood was passed at Dalby, in the heart of the Quorn—and where is the Leicestershire man or child who does not ride?—Captain Hartopp graduated in a school, the teaching of which stood him in good service in whatever quarter of the globe he found himself. There is plenty of sport of a rough sort in India, from pig-sticking to polo, and the subject of our sketch took to it all, the latter sport especially. He soon became known as an accomplished player, and that despite a height and weight that at first sight would not seem in his favour. And yet those of us who have seen him play at the club at Lillie Bridge, which he established on his return from India in conjunction with his friend Captain Macqueen, can bear testimony to his skill and the rapidity of his movements, though the sight of such a large man as “the Chicken” (a sobriquet he gained soon after he entered the service) on a small pony had in it something of the ludicrous. There was another tall man, however, and equally good player, to keep him company, the present Marquess of Worcester, and to see these two opponents in a brisk rally was exciting. Captain Hartopp indeed may be said to

have introduced the game into this country, the first polo match being played at Hounslow Barracks by the officers of the 10th Hussars. With what keen zest our "braves" took to it is well known.

In 1876 he quitted the service, and devoted much of his leisure time to coaching, at which pleasant pastime he was a proficient, and of which he was also remarkably fond. He had the Virginia Water road in '77 (we think), and for two seasons he horsed and drove the Ranelagh coach to Hurlingham and the Ranelagh Clubs. Two years ago the Mastership of the Kilkenny Foxhounds became vacant, and Captain Hartopp took them, and has had grand sport with them, particularly this season. Moreover, neither he nor they have been "boycotted"; and though we cannot aver that the county Kilkenny is a centre of peace and quietness, certain it is that the Master of the Kilkenny Hounds is as popular there as he is everywhere else, which is saying a good deal, and he laughs at the Land League and all its works. Boycotting "Chicken" would, we feel sure, be entirely hopeless.

Perhaps it would be difficult to discover a better known man than Captain Hartopp, not only in the English Army but in society generally—better known or better liked. The mere mention of his name in a London club would call forth a host of inquiries as to when, where and how he had been seen, what he had been doing, and how he had been doing it. For the "Chicken," as his friends well know, is rarely idle. Possessed of the highest animal spirits, excelling in all manly sports, ready for any adventure, from a fight to a fire, with perhaps a shade of preference for the former, full of fun, and enjoying life with the keenest zest, he is the cheeriest of companions and the staunchest of friends. If you had him for your "pal" you might travel from Jerusalem to Jericho, and if you *did* fall among thieves, why so much the worse for the thieves. Since he has been an M.F.H., London does not see so much of him as formerly, but we trust in the coming season to find him "down the road" as cheery as ever, a narrator of good stories, and also an actor in them.

MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT.

READERS of 'Baily' will, we feel sure, grant us plenary absolution, if at this period of the year, when breeding for the Turf occupies the anxious consideration of so many devoted to that pursuit, we claim to have our say upon a subject in connection with it, which has occupied a prominent place in the foreground of many of the discussions arising out of the important question, "Has our thoroughbred stock degenerated?" That such deterioration has taken place has formed an intermittent subject for remark and argument ever since the day when the so-called "Avenger of Waterloo" discomfited a host of foemen at Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster, and first caused jealous glances to be darted across the Channel, in view of ascertaining whether the production of Derby

winners was really one of the things they manage better in France, and how far we should be justified in acting up to the motto, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The progress of a few seasons, however, amply sufficed to lay the terrible "bogy" our imagination had conjured up, and which for the time, like the creation of Frankenstein, dogged our footsteps, and caused us to look carefully round corners for the appearance of a second Gladiateur. He came not, however, nor has he troubled us since in the precise shape he at first assumed of a Derby winner, albeit eleven years later came a doughty German champion in Kisber (albeit he did not sweep the board like Gladiateur), and then arose Chamant and Verneuil to frighten us from our propriety, with Rayon d'Or to crown the edifice, Flageolet, Boiard, and Kincsem having been busy among our Cups in the meantime. Reine, Camellia, and Enguerrande had also "made it hot" for English mares in racing *rencontres* limited to the softer sex; so that the alien element has clearly had its full share of our good things on English soil, and the inhabitants thereof might reasonably be supposed to have become case-hardened against foreign successes. And indeed things might have relapsed into their wonted groove of routine, not to say of apathy, had it not been for the inevitable kindling afresh of the long smouldering flame of apprehension by the various reverses inflicted on the flower of England's equine chivalry in what will long be remembered as the "Yankee's year." The series of triumphs achieved by Iroquois and Foxhall in the great weight-for-age races, no less than in the leading handicaps of 1881, had the undesirable effect of re-opening old sores, and of directing renewed attention to what we fondly considered the long-buried corpse of "deterioration," once again destined to be exhumed for disputants to fight over with all their ancient keenness and relish. Such a result, indeed, could not but be anticipated; and perhaps the blow administered to our national pride was intensified in its force by the consideration that our discomfiture came from a quarter least expected. Tall things were once written and talked concerning Umpire, who so signally failed to "lick all creation" in Thormanby's year; and though Starke and others opened our eyes in a certain degree to the real merit of Transatlantic coursers, we never seriously took the lesson to heart until Parole, in later days, gave us a taste of his quality at Newmarket and Epsom. There he loomed a veritable giant in handicaps, and set the "thinking few" to turn over matters in their minds as to whether the whisper of something still better in the background was mere vain bounce and boasting, or sober and serious reality. Now that America has shown us her hand, all doubts on that point must be effectually and for ever dispelled; and in a moment of pique and disappointment, perhaps, the weaker brethren among us have jumped to the conclusion that *actum est de republicâ*, and that the king of birds is hovering in circles nearer and nearer to make his final swoop upon the carcass of the king of beasts. The Union Jack has been run up half-mast high, with the Stars and Stripes floating defiantly far above it; and we have set ourselves to eat humble pie with

a vengeance, babbling in our dreams of the blue grass expanses, the Elysian mildness of temperature, and exquisite climatic influences of the regions of the Far West. It is, of course, the "old, old story" of sudden scare and panic, and tardy recovery therefrom in the end; but the reaction is bound to come, and in a year or two we shall be regarding the course of events as calmly and complacently as ever, laughing at the turnip-ghosts which first frightened us, and once again defying all creation with our high-mettled racers. But while on the subject of degeneration or deterioration, as applied to our breed of horses here in England at such times and seasons as they happen to be temporarily "under a cloud," what we wish to arrive at, and to get explained, or at least to be attempted to be explained to us, is something more than the bare and bold statements made in that behalf. We require proof that things are not as good as they used to be; and, more than this, we are entitled to ask for explanations not only how this alleged decadence has been brought about, but what are the specific pitfalls and quicksands we must needs avoid in future, if our once-vaunted supremacy is ever to be regained. As it is, seers and prophets are content to take up their parable and to utter their lamentations on the house-tops or at street corners, without telling us how we have gone astray, or by what means we may regain the lost path. With certain writers an ever ready and welcome theme appears to be a general indictment against English breeders for their share in the national calamity of deterioration of thoroughbred horseflesh, and a perpetual nagging at what the critics are pleased to call our present "system" of catering for the requirements of the Turf. And yet no specific sins of omission or commission are alleged against the objects of indiscriminate attack; it is all harp, harp, harp on the same old well-worn string, an everlasting chorus of scolding, well sustained for a few inflated periods, but finally dying away for lack of an idea, a suggestion, a hint promulgated for the purpose of showing where the error has been, or a method for its avoidance in future. Old women—for we can call them nothing else—who cackle after this desultory fashion, might at least make the attempt of putting us on some fresh tack, or of telling us definitely what it is they *do* mean and want, instead of vapouring and maundering and dealing in vague generalities, containing neither reasons for failure in the past nor recipes for success in the future. What, we should like to know, is the exact meaning and scope of the expression, "revolutionising our present system of breeding?" and how can that radical reform be brought about by anything short of a thorough and complete change of blood—an idea implying nothing short of getting quit of our existing supplies, and of substituting new lamps for the old? But we will not take those fanatics at their word, and will content ourselves with demanding of them some small items of detail as regards the least Utopian of the schemes they venture to propound. Where do they propose to begin the simplest portion of their programme, the elimination of undesirable strains, upon which we will presume the chorus of infallibles is agreed? Against what studs is the edict of disestab-

lishment to go forth? What stallions, what mares are to be placed under the ban of these uncompromising reformers? Where, in short, is reform of any sort to start, and to whom is to be entrusted the task of enforcing it? Surely these few questions are amply sufficient to show the utter instability of the premises from which we are asked to draw conclusions; and therefore we shall dismiss them as unworthy of notice, and proceed to show to the best of our ability that we are as capable as ever of holding our own against the "world in arms" as producers of samples of the highest equine excellence. Except on the ground that our sources of supply outnumber those of foreign nations, we could hardly expect to do more, seeing that we have furnished all of them with weapons wherewith to fight us, often of our choicest manufacture, and all tracing to identical origins. Is it meant to be urged against the breeders of England as a body that they knowingly use stallions and mares ill adapted for the production of high-class stock, and persist in this course, notwithstanding the solemn croaking of the ravens who sit watching their suicidal tendencies? One or two broad principles, indeed, may be laid down as bearing upon the question of qualifications for the stud; but when we have alluded to roaring and hereditary unsoundness, we have gone as far as we dare to go, and even apologists for the existence of such drawbacks in both sexes will be found to exist, one very high authority of the present day illustrating his theory by practice in the shape of breeding from mares notoriously musically inclined. The very fact, too, of that undoubted grampus, Prince Charlie, commanding patronage at fifty guineas a mare is a significant commentary on the ideas entertained regarding wind infirmity; and if the instance we have quoted is an exceptional one, and Prince Charlie has really much to recommend him, we may go farther afield, and point to more than one roarer picking up a very pretty living indeed, while inveterate cripples are by no means uncommon. If public opinion, then, cannot be better instructed than to overlook such palpable drawbacks, what a hopeless task would it be to attempt any further preaching or protest against minor failings and defects in the constitution or conformation of our fathers of the English stud! We firmly believe that breeders, whether for public sale or private use, are doing their very best to furnish the Turf with the most desirable combinations of speed and staying they can produce; but if our present system of *racing*, not of breeding, is wrong, all the reformers in the world will not succeed in enabling us to hold our own against others perhaps better advised in this respect. To this point, however, we may be permitted to make only a passing allusion, as beyond the scope of our present inquiry; but does any one, clothed and in his right mind, soberly and seriously believe that any of our numerous providers of juvenile racing talent in England are culpably and perversely bent upon cultivating weeds instead of grain, and upon bringing into the market or placing in training a string of mere sprinters, soon to "run themselves out" of all form and reputation? Though the public may, the breeder cannot, as the poet desired to do with his garden-bowers, "reject the weeds and

keep the flowers," and there must always be dwarfs and dwindlings among all collections, out of which despised and oftentimes rejected lots, by the way, we have known a real clipper not unfrequently to be picked. But the aim and object of all is, of course, to produce well-grown, sizeable stock; and as for the importance of stamina, why, what numbers of eligible candidates in make and shape have failed to find favour as sires simply for the lack of staying credentials! And perhaps we may be allowed to carry the consideration of this portion of our subject a little farther, and to point to more than one "leading case" in illustration, where stallions of the flimsiest reputation for staunchness have suddenly sprung into notoriety by begetting stock amply endowed with that essential quality, which, we do not hesitate to assert, it is the primary desire of all breeders to cultivate. And it is just because like does not invariably produce like, because there is no patent for the repetition of certain desirable results, and no royal road to success in making successful crosses and happy nicks, just because of the "very lottery of breeding," that even those personally best versed in its mysteries can lay down no line of action certain to be attended by ends so fervently desired—it is for all these reasons that mere charlatans, with nothing but luck or chance to guide them, should refrain from those unnecessary accusations, the strength and sting of which lie, not so much in their oily plausibility, as in the difficulty of their thorough and complete refutation. We might multiply instances galore of high hopes ruthlessly shattered in cases where certain success was reckoned upon for stallions, but never achieved; while, on the other hand, a most formidable front has been shown by candidates for stud honours whose claims to figure as worthy perpetuators of a line of kings wiseacres have ridiculed and theorists have unmercifully scouted. Taking a mere cursory retrospective glance at the roll of winners of our great races—as fair a standard as can be desired wherewith to gauge the prospective pretensions of sire or dam—we shall find the proportion of successful aspirants to name and fame at the stud ominously small; a very considerable leaven of their more fortunate rivals having been recruited from the ranks of "unfashionables," and occupiers of their present exalted position through some happy hit, for the ability to reach which the most far-seeing of the fraternity of breeders failed to give them credit. As an example of the contradictory experiences encountered in the search after eligible fathers of our "kings to be," we may put forward Sterling, to whose futile attempts to compass a distance in high-class company records of racing at Ascot will amply testify, and yet he has given us pledges of proved ability to stay, in addition to his great card Isonomy, decidedly one of the best and staunchest Cup champions of modern times. And, as an awkward commentary on the undue stress laid, and the exaggerated hopes founded, upon the employment of fashionable stallions only, we may point to more than one distinguished performer sprung from the loins of what the off-hand and superficial "authorities" would denounce as mediocrities, obscurities, and alto-

gether beneath their notice. In this category we may place such once neglected representatives of our best strains of blood as the progenitors of Robert the Devil, Dresden China, and Chippendale, the production of which, however, it has seemed fit to discomfit critics to attribute entirely to "chance," though the three cases last cited would seem to make this doctrine rather a difficult one to swallow. Anyhow, it is apparent that the public are not to be led astray by the arguments of these special pleaders, seeing that the awkward fact stares us in the face of the tide of favouritism ebbing from the shores of fashion and fancy, and setting in the direction of those of well-proved and intrinsic merit. In fact, the very plausible argument is constantly being urged, and, moreover, accepted and acted upon, that if winners of the calibre of those above mentioned can be produced by alliances the reverse of fashionable and aristocratic, what occasion is there for larger outlay in the way of covering fees demanded by owners of the so-called "cracks"? No doubt this sentiment has been somewhat unduly fostered and exaggerated, and there exists—and is likely for some time to continue—among breeders a tendency and inclination to deviate from the well-trodden track of custom and tradition, towards the opposite extreme of a search after the "great unknowns," whose talents have so long been hidden beneath the envious bushel. All these changes of front, however, must be accepted as plain and obvious indications of a striving after success on the part of those who, in default of a better guide, naturally revert again and again to precedent; thus furnishing another argument in favour of our assertion that neither have our breeders degenerated in point of eager anxiety to produce the very best article, nor have these products deteriorated, as reckless detractors would have us to believe. We are positively nauseated by constantly recurring diatribes launched against our home resources, the perpetrators of which exhibitions of ignorance and bad taste strongly remind us of the ill birds that befoul their own nests. Moreover, the partial comparisons of horses belonging to divers nationalities is never a fair one, bearing in mind that nothing is so divergent as systems of training and racing in different quarters of the globe, and remembering above all things that it is only the pick of the basket, the flower of the flock, which is deemed worthy to throw down the gauntlet to England, whose foreign rivals are all heartily welcome to claim their share of the spoils generously offered by her for competition to the whole world. To effect so essentially radical a change in the complicated system of machinery now in use for supplying the turf with its *matériel*, we must needs work such a revolution as could only be imagined in Utopian circles, re-seeking our ancient sources of supply from the deserts of Arabia and similar Eastern depots not so available as formerly; or if the advocates of "regeneration" would decline to take these *vestigia retrorsum*, where, let us ask, is the process to begin of elimination, or of novel expedients in mating, or of other methods whereby we may be brought once more face to face with the "object of our fond desire"?

If the situation is really as urgent and pressing, and the crisis as important as certain birds of brilliant plumage but of dismal augury would have us to believe, let them not be content with mere peevish denunciation of things as they stand, but rather address themselves to the task of diagnosing such a serious case with the view of suggesting a cure. We are not all so consumedly pledged to principles and practice which have hitherto worked fairly well as to turn a deaf ear to the exposition of a system which may enable us to produce still more excellent results in breeding operations; and we feel well assured that those who respond to our challenge, and, not content with denouncing the disease, prescribe for the same a reasonable remedy, will command the indulgent attention due to so important a subject. 'Baily,' we are confident, will welcome to the leaves between his green covers any propounders of doctrines not savouring of the charlatan and the quack, who may be inclined to discuss the burning question soberly and quietly; but we require something more than the infant of the poet "crying in the night, and with no language but a cry." It matters not how severe and drastic the remedy may be, but let us know the worst at once, what sires and mares we are to discard forthwith, which we may safely use, and what are the permutations and combinations of blood by the adoption of which we may ensure the production of a breed of horses far advanced in worth and ability beyond the *progenies vitiosior* which now, as is alleged, fills our training stables. Otherwise how can the Turf be benefited by its so-called *vates sacri*, when they take up their parable in the lugubrious strain recently adopted, and lay bare the festering sores of all possible imperfections and shortcomings, without an attempt to "exhibit" the healing balm they make such ostentatious pretence of being able to supply?

AMPHION.

TWEED CELEBRITIES OF THE ROD.

"TWEED celebrities! Why there must," exclaims some carping critic, "be at the least two or three hundred, all told."

"Well, what if there be? and why should not their deeds of fame be chronicled in 'Baily's Magazine'?"

"Yes, yes; just so; but it will take up all the space within the bright green covers for a twelvemonth to come, and in that case what is to be the fate of other contributors? where are you to put 'Our Van,' and the other good things of the magazine?—answer me that."

Nothing easier than to answer that protest, Mr. Critic. I shall not devote my article to a life-chronicle of every Tweedside fisher, but take only the representative men; there are celebrities *and* celebrities, and of these I shall of course only deal with the most celebrated. I never ask 'Baily's' editor for space unless I have something which I think of interest to his readers, and just now I

know nothing of greater interest than what is taking place on the Tweed and its tributaries, where the men of peace are fishing—it being the opening of the angling season.

Unfortunately for the Tweed and its once “silvery streams,” it has during the past winter been the chief theatre of the salmon disease—that terrible outbreak of *Saprolegnia ferax* which has baffled the ken of even the most acute of our fishing experts. At one period the Tweed was the biggest and best salmon river of Great Britain; its fish rental exceeded 20,000*l.* a year, and over 200,000 fish—salmon, grilse, and trout—have been captured in some of its fishing seasons; now not half that number of fish will be taken, and the rent of the stream, as assessed for taxation, has during these last five or six years been on some occasions below 10,000*l.* per annum.

The Tweed has been throughout all the days of its history a wonderful stream. There is almost not a hind engaged in tilling the land through which it flows, or a shepherd watching his flocks on its banks, but believes he has as much right to the fish of that river as the riparian proprietors who are lairds of its fishing stations, and “all the king’s horses and all the king’s men” will not stop poaching on the river Tweed. At one time, some sixty years since, the poaching was in the nature of a pastime, and the mischief done was comparatively small; men only “burned the water” for diversion, while but few fish were killed—and in these happy days none were killed of *malice prepense* for the market. Now-a-days it is different: there are blackguards on Tweedside who do not poach for amusement, but kill even the *gravid* fish as the merest matter of business. These are men with whom I can have no sympathy, and I hereby pause in my narrative to anathematise them with all my might. It will take a big, well-pronounced anathema to cover them all, I know, for there are hundreds of them; Mr. Milne Home, of Milne Graden, who is one of the Tweed Board of Conservators, told the Lord Advocate of Scotland, a week or two ago, that from four hundred to five hundred poachers were annually convicted, at a cost to the Tweed proprietors of some 400*l.*, whilst the protection of the waters cost every year about five times that sum. Mr. Milne Home estimated the number of unconvicted poachers as being probably two thousand persons, of all ages and conditions, and if each of these persons were to take in the course of the close time—and it is no extravagant estimate—five fish, that would represent the theft of ten thousand salmon during the season when they are of inestimable value as breeding fish. Another scourge from which the Tweed suffers fearfully is the pollution which accrues from the numerous manufactories that have been erected on the banks either of the main river or its tributaries. Some people say that, what with poachers and what with pollution, there will soon not be a salmon left in the river Tweed! But that has been said before, and I am hopeful that all such prophets will in due time be confounded.

The late Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart, one of the chief celebrities

of the Tweed and a keen angler, would not hear of such a calamity. "Get rid of the pollution," he used to say, "and the salmon will revive in as great numbers as ever. Consider how fertile a fish it is, and only think, if the eggs of three or four 30-lb. salmon were to be allowed to hatch out, and all the young ones to grow, we would in such case have a stock of a hundred thousand suitable for the table."

Stoddart was not unmindful of the "pollution" when he wrote some of his poems; in his verses "On the Tweed and its Prospects," he says:—

"Of our rivers still the glory!
God defend it; there is need!
For the demon of pollution
Campeth on the banks of Tweed.

See the tents of the invader!
How they spread on every hand,
Pitched by devilish intention
O'er the marrow of the land.

In the fairest of its meadows,
In its gardens of desire—
On its bopceps and blinkbonnies,
On its terraces of fire."

When Mr. Stoddart died, some months ago now, I intended to have asked for a couple of pages in this magazine in which to offer a tribute to his memory. As a representative Scotch angler, poet, general litterateur, and, above all, gentleman, he well deserves to be enshrined among the contents of a periodical devoted to sports and pastimes, for, as a disciple of "good old Isaac," he was worthy of an eulogium from a brother sportsman. I have just been spending an hour in looking over "Songs of the Seasons," in order to cull a verse or two by way of a sample of the contents of that delightful book,* but there are so many "good things" in the book that choice becomes a really difficult matter. The following are two morsels from "Autumn in the Highlands":—

"Ho! the fowler waits for me—
Wearies, like an ardent lover,
For the hour of my appearing!
Happy with his dogs and gearing
And the dream of glossy wealth
Hidden in the purple cover.
At the dawning of the twelfth,
While, as yet, the dews are falling,
I regard him on the hill.
To his wayward setters calling;
On the hill, among the heather
Dropping with an aim of skill
Tuft on tuft of lustrous feather.

* 'Songs of the Seasons and other Poems.' By Thomas Tod Stoddart. Kelso: J. and J. H. Rutherford, 1881.

"Ho ! the stalker of the stag !
 I espy him striding forth,
 The great Nimrod of the north !
 Through the oscillating hag,
 Trusting to the leal rushes,
 With a ready foot he pushes
 Through the pinewood up the crag,
 Gliding, clambering, striding on,
 In his eye the silent corry,
 With its vert and venison."

These lines are not given as "poetry," they have been selected to show Stoddart's sympathy with "sport" in all its ways and means. He is always introducing fish, flesh, or fowl in his verses; he paints them as only the true limner can do, as they live, move, and have their being. In describing one of the tributaries of the Tweed, he must introduce the monarch of the brook—

"In the salmon which ascends thee,
 All arrayed in gorgeous scaling,
 A proud legate I distinguish
 From the court of Neptune hailing."

The author of these and a thousand other verses was an epicure in angling. He was not in any sense a professional angler. He was a gentleman, and enjoyed the best literary society of his day, which was a long and pleasant one. He attended the University of Edinburgh in the palmy days of 1825 and following years; he was in due time elected a member of "the Speculative," then in the full glory of its debating power. Professor Blackie and Lord Moncreiff, of his contemporaries, still survive; one holds the Greek chair in the College of Edinburgh, the other is at the head of the second division of the Court of Session, and has been created a Peer of the realm to boot. Among Stoddart's literary friends were numbered nearly all the literary celebrities of his day—"Christopher North," Henry Glassford Bell, Thomas de Quincey, the Ettrick Shepherd,*

* Speaking of his acquaintance with James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," Mr. Stoddart says:—"A bond in it, perhaps the strongest was our mutual love of the gentle art—an art which, I regret to see, is fast losing hold of its innocence and respectability, and has become mixed up with selfishness, untruth, knavery, and crime to such an extent, in fact, that its re-establishment, on Tweed, especially as an honest man's recreation, has become next to hopeless. As to the condition of our border rivers, the causes of their retrogression, and the remedies, cauterising and preventive, which it would be advisable to apply, authorised inquiries have been made over and over again. Under a board of paid commissioners these inquiries have been carried on for several years. The commissioners appointed have done their duty ably and faithfully. Following up the instructions received from headquarters, they have, at various well-selected points, submitted to plenary investigation the subject under their charge, and from time to time issued reports upon it. Of all the rivers within the embrace of civilisation, Tweed, with its tributaries, has been and continues to be the most affronted and ill-used. Its adaptations for breeding, were they properly guarded and made advantage of, are unexcelled—miraculous, I might term them. The feeding afforded by it and its numerous communications is varied, plentiful, nourishing, and dainty. On points appertaining to sport, the counties

Robert Chambers, Dr. Charles Mackay, Professor Aytoun ("Bon Gaultier"), Russell, of the "Scotsman," Professor Ferrier, and, though last, not least, the immortal Wizard of the North, Walter Scott, the author of the "Waverley Novels." In fact, the writer of the 'Songs of the Seasons' was, in his own social circle, "everybody's body." Of nights at Tibbie Shiel's cottage, on the banks of St. Mary's Loch, he passed not a few, taking an active part in the "high jinks" incidental to such meetings.

But the best way of enjoying a day with Mr. Stoddart was to go a-fishing with him. Then, if you were a poor hand at the business yourself, you had the advantage of seeing your companion "luring the speckled trout from the brook," with all his might and with all the skill of an adept at the business. And you had [in addition at intervals, that is in the pauses of fishing, a flood of talk—and such talk! Why it was equal to a liberal education for an unlearned man to spend a couple of days with this Tweed celebrity, of whom we feel, despite our knowledge and desire, we are making but a bald chronicle. With the Tweed and all its tributaries he was minutely acquainted; he knew all the whimpering burnies, he was familiar with the pools where lay ensconced "the monarch of the brook"; he could tell the exact spot of water where you might find that "fell tyrant of the liquid plain," that fresh-water pirate "Mr. Pike." Then he could say a few words about the botany of the river side; he knew something of the natural history of Tweeddale and was familiar with the "tales of the borders,"—the legends and the lyrics of the troublous times which had set their marks of tragedy and romance on the glens and on the towers and castles of the district, in which it was his fate to reside. But here a halt must be called; there is not space at present to chronicle all that might be said about Stoddart; he has, however, in some degree chronicled his own life in an autobiography which is prefixed to his 'Songs of the Seasons.' Leaving all who desire to know more than is here told, to have recourse to the pages of that sketch, I say Hail! and farewell, Stoddart, angler, poet and man.

I do not intend to say much about "the Lord of Abbotsford," as D'Israeli described Sir Walter Scott. He was a good fellow, that is certain, and that his heart sympathised with all that was noble and manly is undoubted. He was no angler, but he had a warm side to all who, rod in hand, followed the meanderings of the brook, and his forester was Tom Purdie, "a reclaimed poacher," who could lay

traversed by Tweed—Peeblesshire, Selkirkshire, Roxburghshire, Berwickshire, and Northumberland—stand beyond rivalry; and there are higher considerations than sport connected with our border river and its numerous affluents. But the degenerating influences long at work are in full swing yet. The investigations made, with their results, are I consider pledges to be acted on. The offspring are suggestions of a common-sense and reasonable nature, which press hard upon the promoters of the inquiry. If they are in earnest they cannot but adopt them without delay. Should the whole business be a sham and a put-off, let them confess to it, and answer for it."

his hands on a salmon at five minutes' notice; and, if I am not in error, Charlie Purdie was lessee of a fishing on Tweed that was much frequented by many of Sir Walter's friends and visitors, among whom was Scrope the deer-stalker and salmon angler, whose two books now bring such a great price at the book-sales when a copy turns up. How comes it, by the way, that these books are not reprinted by some adventurous publisher? Speaking of Mr. Scrope, who was a keen man on the Tweed, and ultimately became lessee of a stretch of water, I have just fallen in with a rather curious account of how he angled. When the great deerstalker was coming about Sir Walter Scott's house he fell in with John Haliburton, who was the tenant of Dryburgh water, and also managed the ferry-boat. Salmon-fishing stations were cheap in those days, there being very little competition, and in consequence John, who was a fair angler, made a good living by taking and selling an occasional "fish"; in fact John soon began to make a little money at the business, and was looking forward to save some "siller" against the proverbial rainy day. Mr. Scrope by this time was so much enamoured of the Tweed and its salmon, that he had become lessee of a stretch of the river, Mertoun fishing, and feeling in want of a man persuaded John to become his fisherman at a guinea a week, then thought to be a good wage. By-and-by Mr. Scrope's mode of fishing came to be keenly discussed as being anything but orthodox. "In fine fishing days," says John Younger in his 'Autobiography,' "he used to keep two rods in the boat, with an extra power. He pleased himself by hooking the fish, when he handed the rod to Haliburton to wade ashore with it, there to run and kill the fish, while he should angle for another, in order to see what number he could be said to murder in a given time; for of course the main manager and worker in this case, as frequently in similar cases (even in the taking of towns and kingdoms), stood only as a nameless auxiliary." It was "a most contemptible way of fishing," was the verdict of all Tweedside, because to play and land the fish is the crowning glory of salmon or any other kind of fishing, and no angler that is worthy of the name would stand by and see his servant doing what is his own greatest work.

John Younger, whose name I have just mentioned, was, although even a greater Tweed celebrity, very unlike Mr. Stoddart. John was a shoemaker by trade, and an angler and fly-dresser by inclination; a very keen fisher indeed was John Younger of St. Boswell's. A poet and a politician also was John, and eke a Radical of the hottest type, but a good honest man withal. John had no education to speak of; he was never at college, like the other Tweed celebrity who has just been introduced to the readers of 'Baily'; moreover, he had a very hard bringing-up. A portion of his youth was passed in the time of the "dear years,"* when a stone of oatmeal cost

* The "dear years," as they were called in Scotland, were long remembered; they lasted if I am not mistaken through 1799, 1800, and 1801, when, through the failure of the crops, there was a scarcity nearly approaching to famine. Our hero pictures his personal condition at that time with such a vivid "power of the

seven shillings, so that "the halesome parritch, wale o' Scotia's food," were ill to provide at that time for the hungry boys and girls of the period. Little wonder at such time John Younger rushed to Ale Water to fish for a welcome dish of trout. And John could fish; he was an angler at an early age, and, like the gipsies, knew almost by intuition where to find the fish and when to take them. He was initiated in the arts of the angler by a country-side sportsman of the name of Grey, whose feats on the moors, with a trained collie dog, were long the talk of Tweedside. Younger was sometimes the companion of this person in his sporting expeditions, and being shrewd and observant, was quick to learn. In one of his rhyming fits he alludes to this circumstance:—

"We may talk o' our long saumon rods, reel and line;
Write essays on angling our friends may call fine;
But a rowan tree sapling, long string and bent preen,
Gave visions to boyhood in age never seen.

Still as in a dream I can see the first flee,
George Grey by the Ayle Water kindly gave me,
Such 'pleasures of hope' as it rais'd in my breast
Have never by poet on earth been exprest.

'Where was ye a' day, laddie? What been about?'
When joyful I held out my first little trout!
To utter the feeling a language is vain,
But just it is what I can ne'er feel again.

Except in idea as we seek in life's rust,
Wearing down into age ere we drop in the dust;
The thoughts of a new birth may weel make us fain,
Were it only a hope, to be younglings again."

pen" as induces me to make a note of it:—"Though I was never the length of eating dove's dung, like the people of old, when besieged in Samaria, yet to be generally pinched of all matters in the consistence of human food for the space of two or three years—to be bleached skeleton-thin by a kind of protracted famine, wasting by daily degrees the blood from the young heart—was a sad concern, producing a feeling none can thoroughly comprehend from mere description, and few I wish may ever understand from sad experience to go hungry to bed on a winter night, an unfortunate sister lying within hearing, with a leaching infant (a loved one) draining her hungry heart to the bottom of its deepest sigh; to dream of food—of boiled potatoes three months before such potatoes could be seen in field-blossom, and even then few to bloom for us; to awake again and find 'the soul is empty,' to look out from your cottage over the drifted snows or the cold bare earth; to muse on what point you will move a two miles' distance in any direction, or to contrive what sort of eloquence you shall use to entreat credit for any description of human food at any named price; to set out to some distant corn-mill, the proper country market for meal in those days, where likely you are at entrance told that all they lately had is sold off, or, which is the same thing in effect, denied credit for *half a stone* of meal, while you stand lank and heartless, with all the passions of the soul at bay, as in blank irresolution whether to attempt further progress on the road of life—at last, as if instinctively, to turn heartsick slowly away from the most agreeable smell of the man's meal-mill; to sweat through the bleak winds towards the next likely place at perhaps a circle distance of three more miles; and when at last less or more successful, home through the woods and fields as the crow flies with her gathered grubs to her nest."

Younger, like other Scottish youths of his age, with only the most rudimentary education, soon began to teach himself—what indeed no schoolmaster of the period to whom boys of his condition in life could have obtained access—all that boys most desire to know, namely, the meaning of all things around them. He was soon bitten with that inquisitiveness which becomes a marked feature of all clever youngsters. John soon became learned in the sights and sounds of animated nature; not a bird flew over his head, not a beast ran before him, of which he did not know something; hawks, rooks, blackbirds, bats and hooting owls, were soon in his possession. His father's shoemaking shop, which, as is usual in Scotland, was the haunt of all the village gossips, soon assumed the aspect of a museum. Birdcages were numerous, and the place was vocal with the piping of bullfinches and the songs of the linnet and the lark. About the latter bird there is a passage in his autobiography which, as it is brief enough, I may be excused for copying. He says:—

“When just old enough to stray a field or two in breadth from the village, I took a particular delight in observing the lark ascend the air in song, and used to lie in the grass enjoying the fine flutter of his wings and his circling motion, till he became a mere speck in the upward distance. The first time I perceived him in his descent drop from a considerable height I ran in on the place, thinking him fallen dead, but observed that he had recovered his wings near the ground, and, skimming around, was alighting at his pleasure. I soon perceived that it was the bird's very frequent habit, and thought if I could fly I would also delight to do the same thing.”

As may be supposed, the boy who cultivated such habits of observation became a man of note, and although all his lifetime only a village shoemaker, Younger's society was courted by anglers of all degrees; the shoemaker's shop became in time a house of call for the general run of the Waltonian brotherhood. Dukes and other nobles, poets, play-actors, journalists and weavers, cotton lords from Manchester, and merchants from Glasgow, together with “writers” from Edinburgh, delighted to call on the village shoemaker, to talk over the peaceful art in which they were all interested. Younger was an excellent hand at dressing flies; he had three or four of the most killing description, which he made up for those who employed him; they were suitable for the water in its different moods and tenses, one or two for low water, one or two for the river when it was high and rolling red from bank to brae. In his book on salmon-angling, “Scrope, the Deer-stalker,” gave drawings of Younger's pet flies. But as the shoemaker had previously published plates of them in his little work on “River Angling,” he was able to claim his own handiwork. The shoemaker, in his radical vein, publishes some bitter remarks on the aristocratic author. After noting the issue of his own eighteenpenny volume he goes on to say—

“Mr. Scrope, some year or two thereafter, published a splendid book on fishing, under a show of plates and price as great in proportion to mine as the amount of his original fortune in life was above mine, not as he stood higher in knowledge of his subject or in manual ability, but in worldly circumstances and

consequently in the world's eye. Thus the world goes generally—while I am valued at eighteenpence, Scrope sells at two guineas! God help me and the world both; we are a farce to think on, a sorry farce indeed. It is puzzling to suppose which is the most to be pitied. Scrope's six flies are mine, of course, to a shade; they could indeed be properly no other, only that he has described them in other words (even figured them in painted plates), with perhaps more quaint formality in tufts and toppings, and under fanciful local names, such as 'Meg in her brows,' 'Kinmont Willie,' 'the Lady of Mertoun,' and so on."

Younger has been dead for some years. He expressed a wish to be interred in the burial-ground of Dryburgh Abbey, where reposes the dust of Sir Walter Scott. I suppose his wish was complied with. He wrote a poem on the subject, of which the following is a verse:—

"The swallow dreams on Afric's shore
Of Scotia's summer pride;
And plumes her wing and knows her hour
To hasten to Tweedside.
The cliff or scour she kens afar,
And towering ruins grey,
Where she was nursed—in Dryburgh's bower,
The lap of flowery May."

During his lifetime there was no better guide to Tweedside waters than John Younger; and even now, there is no manual for fishers on that side of the country which can be compared to his treatise on 'River Angling for Salmon and Trout.' It is full of the most genuine matter; it gives the results of actual experience, and is no "compilation"; nothing more reliable as to baits and casts of water can be found in angling literature. No subject connected with the fishing-rod ever comes to him at a wrong time: from making the fishing-boots of the angler, *ne sutor*, &c., to dressing his flies, Younger was familiar with the grammar of the art.

My space being exhausted, I conclude for the present, but I am not yet done with the "Celebrities of the Tweed," and will some day have a word to say about Jock Smail, James Baillie, and the little communities—groups of "social souls"—who rent a stretch of water whereon to make merry and enjoy an occasional "Tweed kettle."

A CHAT WITH PETER BECKFORD.

ONCE more in the old easy-chair, where so many shadows of the past have come before my eyes, I sit dreamily. The wood fire sparkles as before, and throws a fitful, uneven light over bookshelf and picture; and somehow or the other those old books—loved friends and companions—seem to take and assume the form of their authors, and come in the likeness of men before me. Yes; surely there is Peter Beckford, the Dorsetshire divine; the old brown leather cover is gone, and the essence, the spirit of all that book contains is before me in its place—the thin grey hair drawn back into a

queue behind the ample neckcloth of spotless white, the long black coat reaching almost to the heels, the buckskin breeches, and boots strapped up over the knees, dark, well worn both as to tops and breeches, and the heavy silver spurs, all bespeak a sportsman quite of the old school; but you cannot look at him a moment without seeing the scholar and the gentleman in every line and feature. There is none of the boorish foxhunter, that Thomson painted when he says—

‘At last the puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full the dry divan,
Close the firm circle, and set ardent in
For serious drinking.’

Neither is he much like the country parson sketched a little further on—

‘Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his ruined flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.’

No; the picture that the writer of the ‘Seasons’ draws would in nowise apply to my parson as his image comes up before me. Neither would Fielding’s Squire Weston fit him one jot; and yet he lived not so many years after both of these sketches, and would have served as a far better model of a country gentleman, had our authors cared to cast about for one when they had a sportsman to depict. I much fear, however, they did not care to find a gentleman and sportsman, but rather chose to associate sport with vulgarity, to ignore Somerville, and forget that Addison had sketched Sir Roger de Coverley. The contemporary of Meynell, as he comes up in mental vision, looks more like *the best parson* in England of the present day, the man who is honoured alike by prince and peasant, and, I will wager a trifle, has shaken hands with both; who knows more concerning the chase of stag, fox, hare and otter than any man in England now living, and of whom all speak well—in a word, the man known as ‘dear old Jack Russell.’ Yes, he must be the modern emblem of Peter Beckford; and, if I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should say that the said Peter was still amongst us under another name in North Devon. Would to heaven that he would write a book on hunting—what a mine of wealth for future generations it would be!

“Now that you have come before me as it were in the flesh again, let me endeavour to learn something from you, Mr. Beckford, and ask you what kind of animal the foxhound was when first you took him in hand?”

“I will willingly impart all the knowledge I possess to you on that or any other subject; but if you are aiming at the origin of the foxhound, as I think you are, you must go to an earlier date than the one in which I and Meynell lived. We found him very

much as you see him now, and the blood must have come down to us for several generations without cross, or it would have been impossible we could have kept them so true to their type as we did."

"You, I imagine, improved them a great deal?"

"There is no doubt we tried to do so by judicious breeding, and certainly did get them more level in height and matching in colour. I don't think we did a great deal beyond that."

"How about nose and pace?"

"As to nose, I feel certain we did little or nothing; neither did we improve the pace of individual hounds, but we learnt the art of bringing the pack all to one standard of speed, which enabled them to carry a head; naturally checks were less frequent, and in consequence of that we could drive our fox faster and thus blow him more quickly than had previously been the case. In fact, we brought the system of running a fox hard, and, as it were, racing him to death to perfection. And perhaps you will excuse me if I hint that I don't think you have improved much on it since; you have endeavoured to do so, and gone to the other extreme, got your hounds' heads up to listen for holloas, made them flashy and so forth, and then you say they cannot hunt as low a scent as formerly. Give them time to do so, and you would see they would very soon learn to put their heads down and hunt for themselves."

"Excuse me, I think you holloaed a good deal at times."

"We did, and I am now convinced that there we were wrong, and a great deal of the noise we made would have been better left alone; we had an idea it got the tail hounds forward, but I am now of the opinion that as long as they could hear their companions running they would get to them more quickly without our screams and holloas than with them, and if they would not they were only fit for a halter."

"We beat you in the matter of condition now," I observed.

"Yes; I must admit that my instructions with regard to feeding, although certainly the best then known, were not quite all that could be desired, and mixing barley-meal with the oatmeal is certainly wrong, although I have not much else to retract except the bleeding, and it will be in your memory that I did not decidedly advocate it except under special circumstances. You have advanced as regards condition, I admit at any rate, on my system; whether Meynell's was better I cannot say, but I do know that no man brought all his pack out so level in condition as he did. By the way, it is this matter of condition that makes your hounds appear to go faster than ours did; they are in better condition, and can go on and hold their pace longer than they could in my time. You know it all depends on the wind, and when that is gone the best hound in England is as slow as a poodle."

"You kept yours pretty fit?"

"Yes, according to our lights, but I think now I might have learnt

something. You remember Galloper, who led them in the run I described for the first burst, and then had to give way to Brusher. Beautiful dogs, both of them ; you've none better or handsomer in the present day ; but, mind you, Galloper *was* the best when he was quite fit. Well, he failed to hold the lead from want of condition ; he was a very gross hound, and we had not drawn him fine enough, and I think now that had he been fed lightly at eight o'clock on the morning before hunting, instead of at eleven, he would have kept his lead much longer, if not pretty nearly throughout the day when he was not thrown out by accident. When I say fed lightly, I mean not on thin washy stuff, but on good wholesome flesh and pudding, but not to such an extent as to gorge himself, which he always would do if he had the chance and the huntsman did not keep a sharp eye on him. Brusher, on the other hand, a naturally light feeder, ran his best under the circumstances."

"Let me ask whether by this means, while improving Galloper and his class, would you not deteriorate Brusher by feeding him earlier?"

"Your question is a very just one, and so we thought ; but now I see that by taking care that Brusher had a due share of flesh, and encouraging him to eat his fill, the two would be brought together, as they say in racing, and the earlier feeding would not hurt him ; or even if he was very delicate indeed, a second short meal might have been given, although I have, except under very exceptional circumstances, quite discarded that notion. I see your hounds now are fed about eight or nine o'clock the previous morning, and you commence to draw for your fox at eleven or half-past. We fed at eleven the day before hunting, and met almost at daybreak. Yet you can draw on until nearly dark, and then bring every hound home with you, while we always, unless a very extraordinary chase took place, were at the kennel door early in the afternoon. From this I infer that you must have better condition now than in my time, as your hounds do not look 'thin and jaded even after the long hours ; but I think, as a rule, you keep more hounds for a given number of days per week than we did, and wear them out more quickly."

"What is your opinion as to shape and make ? Have we improved these ?"

"Not so much as many fancy. Perhaps you are rather more particular with regard to legs and feet, and have not quite so much neckcloth, as it is termed, as we had, that is, taking hounds generally ; but the best of ours were quite equal to the best you can show now. In fact, I have had hounds in my own kennel that could not be beaten in the present day."

"Your opinion is then that we have raised the average, but not improved on the best specimens ?"

"Exactly so ; we had the best all but perfect, and you can do no more ; but we were more careful in breeding for nose and stoutness, and did not set so much store on looks as you do. If a hound was

really good in work, we did not reject him on account of his not being quite straight, or a little coarse in his neck, as I find you generally do now. In fact, we had no "summer hounds;" the roads were bad, and travelling difficult; a master could not go through ten or a dozen packs in the course of the summer months and compare notes, so that the eye was not so much educated as at present. You must also consider that from the same cause we were far more limited in our choice of sires, as it was pretty much confined to our own kennel and our immediate neighbours, as we had then not the advantage of sending bitches cheaply and safely to a dog in any kennel we may happen to select, and our principal resource was either to borrow or buy a dog when we wished a cross from a distance."

"There is another thing I should like to know, which is why in your celebrated description of a fox-chase all mention is omitted of riding to the hounds? It is one of the best—I think the very best—because you seem to photograph—I beg your pardon for using a modern word—every movement of both fox and hounds, as well as all the variations of scent and country. We feel the checks as they occur, as well as the excitement of seeing hounds run with a breast-high scent, but there is not one word about the horses or their riders. Now Nimrod, he is your next-door neighbour on the shelf there, tells us all about the men and horses, and dismisses the hounds in a very few lines, merely remarking how well they had done their work and the pace they went."

"You are quite right. Apperley and I often talk the matter over in the Elysian fields. You see, times change. When I wrote, men thought all about their hounds, and nothing about their riding, save as a means of seeing them hunt. I have quite convinced him that he was wrong in the idea that we rode underbred horses. Meynell had several thoroughbred ones in his stables, and I myself owned a good many horses of full blood, and those that were not were almost all a cross between a blood horse and the Devonshire cobs, and very enduring animals they were. In his day riding had become an art, and in Leicestershire, where he lays the scene of his run, which, by the way, is in its own style quite equal to mine, and most soul-stirring, young men came together then, as they do still, purposely to ride against each other. You could not expect them to know much about the minutiae of hunting, or to care a great deal for hounds, unless it was to pray that they may go fast enough to keep out of their way, although some of them made capital houndsmen afterwards, and, as you well know, there are still one or two who, although past the age allotted to most of you mortals, can still show the young ones the way to go. Thus you see each of us wrote according to his day and his lights. In my time, the horse had not superseded the hound so much in general estimation as when Nimrod wrote. We went out to hunt; they went out to ride; and if you would only be wise enough to effect a happy medium between the two, in the present age you would

have hunting in perfection. And now, with your permission, I will retire once more within my well-worn leather covers, and we will adjourn this conversation. Perhaps another day Apperley may come out and have a chat with you as I have done, for I know he likes you, as we have often talked over your doings together.”

NOTES ON WILD-FOWL IN TWO HEMISPHERES;

WHERE TO FIND AND HOW TO BAG THEM.

THERE are few feeding grounds more attractive, or, perhaps, better suited to every variety of wild-fowl, than those extensive lagoons of fresh water, so numerous on the western shores of Tropical America.

Driven to the south by the prevalent hard weather met with throughout all the northern parts of that vast continent during the winter months, they migrate *en masse* to the more genial and inviting climates of British Columbia, Oregon, California, and Northern Mexico; and, as many interesting accounts reach us of the large bags made of this particular kind of game in nearly all the inland States, we may conclude that they too are equally resorted to during the seasons of migration.

These seasons, it is reasonably conjectured, are periods timed by the distance the birds have to travel when migrating from the far north. The nearer the district is to the tropical line the later accordingly they arrive; and, in like manner, the earlier they begin to leave, shortening their stay at places most remote from their haunts in the northern regions, and observing their appointed time with the regularity of clockwork.

Wild-fowl of a local and varied species are met with *partout* as the lesser degrees of latitude are approached, and it is the happy lot of the fowler, not necessarily a sportsman, to secure enormous bags both of duck and geese, during the winter months, upon the Fraser, Columbia, and other rivers flowing towards the great Western Ocean. But these birds, although most of them are shot in Washington, Oregon, and even California, are not to be found in the southern parts of Mexico, or still farther in the States of Central America. There the famous canvas-back of the north is superseded by the *Pato Reale* of the tropical lagoons, and the place of the common mallard is well supplied by the whistling duck, a rival, both in flavour and appearance, well worthy of either of its northern congeners. It is noticeable as regards appearance, that Nature bestows her brilliancy and contrast of colouring more liberally on the duck of northern latitudes than on those of the south, no doubt assimilating the white, grey, and lighter shades of colour to the snows and frosts of those regions; just as, for especial protection, she gives to the duck of those never-changing swamps in the tropics

a darker and more sombre hue, in order that their appearance may harmonise faithfully with the evergreen foliage and reedy scenes in which they exist. The beauties, however, of the roseate spoonbill, the emerald brilliancy of the kingfisher, and the pure whiteness of the egret, are exceptional cases, which far outshine the more sober hues of the royal, or even whistling, duck.

So much by way of prelude. Let us now turn to the sport obtained by wild-fowl shooting in its various methods in different parts of the world.

In the northern parts of America trips are organised and executed often by travelling many miles in Indian canoes, up any of the numerous rivers that irrigate that great continent; and on the lakes capital sport may be obtained by noting the direction or points traversed in the passage of the wild-fowl. The habitats of both wild duck and geese are very similar; but, as the former feed chiefly by night and geese only by day, the latter are perhaps harder to approach, and fly higher than their smaller and more numerous companions.

For the accommodation of travellers small passenger steamers run from Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, to the Fraser River, calling at several places *en route* for New Westminster, the so-called capital of British Columbia. From here they proceed up the river to Yale, passing through deep cañons, where all their capabilities are called into action to enable them to make any headway against the rapid current so often augmented by falls of rain and snow during winter. This passage is therefore both exciting and interesting, and the dangers, which are far more apparent than real, only add zest to the success of the expedition. The scenery, though wanting in variety, is well worthy of contemplation, and helps to kill the monotony of the trip; cribbed, cabined, and confined as one is on board a boat, where luxuries such as warmth or comfort are not readily obtainable. Again, the sight of wild-fowl in such quantities gladdens the sportsman's eye, and his time may be pleasantly occupied in trying to distinguish the different species that swarm around him. Occasionally, too, the steamer will take the ground, an occurrence that only causes a slight notation to be entered on the chart, if the skipper happens to possess one, for the river is irregular and changeable in its channel, often throwing up shifting sandbanks where they might least be expected. Small parties are frequently making this excursion from Victoria, and returning with extensive bags of nearly every kind of wild-fowl, which during the cold season will improve by being hung, and so be eaten as necessity may require.

In the depths of winter the numerous harbours, estuaries and bays, often half frozen, are resorted to by every kind of wild-fowl, edible and otherwise, all commingled together, as here they find comparative safety from their chief enemies—man and the peregrine falcon.

The coasts of British Columbia and Vancouver Island are admir-

ably suited for a yachting cruise, possessing, as the coast does, such numerous retreats, and affording in all winds capital shelter.

Here, then, the cartridge bag may be emptied and replenished until dark, till sport at length becomes tedious from sheer excess; the birds, when disturbed, only moving from bay to bay, and settling again in their favourite nooks where food is most abundant.

Paddling quietly round each point in an ordinary cedar canoe, the gunner, lying comfortably in the bow, signals silently to the steersman; who, seated as low as possible in this crank conveyance, brings him rapidly within range by a few quiet and powerful strokes of his paddle; then, with the game about a point on his port bow, he has the most convenient of all bearings for boat-firing with a shoulder-gun.

Shots fired at flights, or even single birds, when passing along the beam of a narrow canoe, are anything but safe, and not unfrequently result in a capsize, a mishap ending at least in the loss both of gun and ammunition. Lucky, then, is he who can imitate the "Siwash" Indian, and shake the water out of his canoe, crawling in over the stern and baling out as he goes; after that he will probably look out for his hat and, if he had one, his companion. Rather than try this experiment in bitterly cold water, the gunner will do well to avoid risking a broadside shot, unless the boat be other than an ordinary "dug-out" canoe—*experto crede*.

For these trips either an 8-bore double or a 4-bore single would prove the most effective weapon; a lanyard secured to the boat and fitted with a running eye to slip over the small of the stock, will prove a useful precaution in case of accidents. Perfect silence should be maintained on approaching birds, and you will see when you are noticed by them, for they will commence crowding together (Brent geese always do this); meanwhile the paddle should be worked steadily, and without noise, till within range; then wait till they rise, and fire into the "brown" of them. A dog is useless for this work, but a strong, full-sized landing-net, or gaff, will be handy for picking up the dead and securing the cripples. Should one of the latter dive, as they often do at your approach, paddle quietly in the direction it was heading, and shoot again immediately on its reappearance.

With reference to lake shooting, this may be indulged in all the year round, more or less. The more remote the lake is from the haunts of man, the more frequented it will be by wild-fowl, so shy and easily disturbed do they become when once terrified by the sound of a gun.

Stalking them during the day affords considerable sport, but a knowledge of their habits is indispensable, and strategics of various kinds must frequently be resorted to. When the lake is not too extensive, the guns, if two or more, should separate, one remaining as completely concealed as the nature of the ground will permit; the movement of a limb, or of his gun, however, will be quite sufficient to prevent duck from selecting his direction in their line of flight when eventually put up. The other guns should also be posted

where they are most likely to obtain a good shot, previously taking the precaution to make a wide *detour* in order to reach their posts unperceived. The fowl can then be put to flight, and will, in all probability, circle round more than once before they determine in which direction to seek "pastures anew."

Few canoes are kept on the smaller lakes; which are used for fishing, also for enabling the Indians to get a shot at deer; these animals always making for water when hard driven by dogs, a peculiarity they seem to possess in all parts of the world.

If the lake is large and the wild-fowl show their tact by remaining well in the centre, and so out of shot from the shore (this being a common occurrence) the duck, apparently quite aware of the safety of their position, will, on sighting the enemy, swim rapidly over towards the opposite shore and pay him little attention; *then* the canoe may be used with great effect. Carefully masked with long reeds, or rushes, the gunner can be propelled silently within easy range, care being taken to work "up wind" towards them. The more disturbed or ruffled the surface of the lake is, the easier they may be approached, and the closer you may get to them.

If there is a good feeding swamp on the borders of the lake, or somewhere in its vicinity, a less laborious plan may be adopted. Select a bank or clump of bushes within range, and of course to leeward of the reeds, amongst which they feed; there hollow out a hole sufficiently capacious to conceal yourself, being careful not to alter the natural aspect of the ground—a rare receipt for rheumatism it is true, but this at such a time is not to be thought of. To this *caché* betake yourself before dawn, and you will hear, if you cannot see, the duck on the feed. If the morning be a still one you will hear them constantly on the move, and, when the light permits, you may use both barrels pretty steadily till daylight shows the last flight to have visited you. Then, and not till then, you may emerge and collect the cripples, the dead birds having done good work in acting as decoys.

During the winter months lots of sport may be had along both the eastern and western shores of the Pacific. Amongst the Mexican lagoons two or three guns may find plenty of work, day after day, walking along from lagoon to lagoon, firing at the duck they are constantly putting up, but taking care to select the better game from the vast flocks of coot which inhabit most of these waters, and are very apt to bother the inexperienced hand. Or, they may post themselves along a line of flight, easily noticeable by the constant passage of birds, apparently travelling on a bee-line from one feeding-ground to another, and thus be pretty safe from wasting their powder on the useless coot.

There (if the right spot be found) in the cool hours of the morning or evening, perpetual flights will be passing overhead at different altitudes, and a constant fire may be kept up till the sun rises, or the usual short period of twilight sets in. On these occasions the bag, to a fair marksman, will be of a most varied and satisfactory

description. The character of the sport, however, differs greatly in different localities: all down the Californian and northern parts of the Mexican coast, these fresh-water lagoons are plentiful in all shapes and sizes, but, farther to the south, mangrove swamps take their place. Consequently, the open shooting and easy travelling of the former, chiefly done by driving or stalking in shallow waters, is, in the latter case, changed to the tedious process of paddling through swamps in canoes, and being directed by natives to the particular spots frequented by birds on the feed, and naturally visited by them more by night than during the great heat of the day.

Below Acapulco, lat. 17° N., long. 100° W., on the Mexican coast, the variety ceases, and flocks of the *Pato Reale*, whistling duck and teal, with here and there a stray shoveller, or blue-winged teal, will form the preponderance in the day's bag. The *Pato Reale*, of the Mexican and Central American States, is a large black duck, closely related to the Muscovy both in appearance and size. A white bar across the wing sets off to advantage the dark-green plumage of this fine bird; the green, too, is of the same metallic hue, and quite as rich and glossy as the beauty-spot in the wing of our common mallard, while the bill is decorated with a scarlet nob at the base of the upper mandible, an ornament also possessed by its congener, the Muscovy duck. To give an idea of its size, we weighed one before the entrails were removed, and it turned the scale at 9 lbs.; its flavour, too, was excellent, and would have suited the palate of a London alderman.

The whistling duck, known in that country as the "wi-chi-chi," by its peculiar note, is considerably smaller than the black duck, in whose company it is so often found, flocks of them feeding together and living amicably in the same vicinity. It somewhat resembles the Egyptian goose, being of a chocolate-brown colour, and having ornamental black and white bars on the wing; the length of leg and wing also tend to make it more like one of the goose family. It is numerous both in Siam and Burmah, probably also in parts of the East Indies, though somewhat smaller in those countries.

Both these kinds of duck pitch on trees, and a very peculiar sight it is to the uninitiated to see large flocks of the black and whistling duck come sailing out of a high tree together, to feed or settle in the surrounding marshes or lagoons. A weed, floating on the surface called by the natives a wild lettuce, possesses great attraction for these birds; it flourishes best on still and almost stagnant pools, and where it abounds the waters are sufficiently shallow to be waded, the depth being seldom up to the waist. Here cartridge belts crossed over the shoulders are a good substitute for bags, waterproof bags taking a long time to dry if once immersed. Cartridges—even Eley's gas-tight green ones—if left in the bottom of the bag after immersion, rapidly absorb the moisture, and then never resume their normal size. Hence the advantage of metallic cartridges, which stand reloading to any extent, and the use of them is a wise precaution when there is any wading to be done after duck.

As in these parts duck may be shot in such numbers, and assuming naturally that the sportsman would not shoot them for the sake of slaughter alone, especial means must be taken to keep them in a fit state for human food. Up and down the coast of Tropical America, it is customary for the native guides to make an incision across the lower part of the bird's stomach, and to extract the intestines as soon as the bird is gathered; in fact, they gralloch them, as a gilly would a forest deer. A handful of coarse-grained salt is then rubbed in, and the birds will by this process be kept sweet for several days. Like fruit, they ought not to be kept in contact longer than is possible, becoming readily bruised and offensive to the smell when packed or carried *en masse* through the heat of the day. Ice is a luxury unknown to the natives of this country; and to procure it from icehouses, or from the mail-steamers visiting this coast, would be an expense far too great to be compensated by the actual value of the birds, or even the sport they afford, undeniably good as both these qualities are. Hung by the legs on a light pole is the usual and best way to carry game in these hot climates; but, if slung behind the saddle to be jolted and bumped by every motion of your beast, where speed is so often a necessity on these excursions, they soon become utterly spoiled. They should then be kept in a shady place, open to the slightest current of air, or to the land and sea breezes that generally predominate by day and by night. In the East, the accommodating bamboo is used for slinging game on, and large bags are thus carried on the shoulder by the guides, or camp-followers; but there, in the northern parts, the salt cure is hardly requisite, no game being shot during the hot season, as the British residents in China sensibly follow the example set them by their mother country in observing the necessary close time for the protection of all game. It is a common thing in China to find that the beaters will stagger along for miles, even if driving away from your houseboat, when their loads might be lightened several pounds by the ordinary process of gralloching the deer; but rather than miss such delicacies as the heart, liver, kidneys, tripe, &c., they will follow the guns for miles with this additional and much-prized burden.

If a dog be used, a good steady retrieving spaniel is perhaps the most useful for this kind of sport in both hemispheres; but the stagnant water that pervades all the flat land of China is apt to be very poisonous, and to dogs this danger is great, drinking and lapping as they do when heated, out of the nearest drain. Dogs are said to die of a disease contracted in this way called "worms in the heart," but bitches are less liable to suffer from it; the exact reason is not known, but the certainty of this curious phenomenon is shown by residents invariably recommending a stranger to procure from England an animal of the female sex, in order to avert this catastrophe.

Among the lagoons of Tropical America, where alligators abound, a dog is always in danger of being snapped up at a moment's notice.

The writer himself has seen numerous attempts made to seize the large black retriever used by him in those dangerous localities; all, however, were luckily frustrated by some sudden *divertissement*. As it was, the natives would not venture to retrieve birds in certain well-known haunts of these large brutes, which become quite adepts at retrieving dead and wounded birds for their own capacious stomachs.

On one occasion, while D—— was flight-shooting up the Pacora river in Panama Bay, several birds had been dropped on the opposite bank of a deep and muddy stream, and during an interval between the flights, his gun was laid down, belts and shirt thrown aside, and, after a cautious look up and down the water, he took a running header and soon reached the opposite bank. Five birds were collected, and then carried in the mouth, each by a single foot, for a speedy return. While in the act of emerging from the water on the right side, two alligators floated near him, but dived instantly on being fired at by a watchful friend on the bank, and once under water they were rendered invisible by the muddiness of the stream. It is needless to add, this rash act was not repeated. The dog on these occasions was purposely left behind.

To the south of the tropic of Cancer ducks of more than one or two local varieties are quite rare; the wild-fowl, as in the western hemisphere, migrating down the coast as far as Cochin China, or to about the 17° of north latitude; and with the exception of snipe, common, pintail or painted, game of any description is not so plentiful as it is in the more favoured breeding-grounds of the two Americas.

Bags of fifty and sixty couple of snipe, chiefly pintail, may be made daily at different places in the Straits of Malacca; Province Wellesley is especially renowned for the enormous bags made every season of this bird alone. The season there is at its height in December, and lasts for three or four months; but the scarcity of all waterfowl is particularly noticeable among the Eastern seas; and even frigate bids, gannet, gulls, petrel, albatrosses, cormorants, or divers, are as scarce in the Indian or China waters, as they are numerous in the Pacific, or even Atlantic Oceans. In the Straits of Malacca, Sooloo and Celebes Seas, nearly all these birds are conspicuous by their absence; and sailing in these waters would become quite monotonous to a lover of nature, were it not for the bright contrasts in colour and scenery of the numerous islands, teeming as they do with so great a variety, and curious a collection, of the wonders of animal creation. The latter perhaps will some day form as interesting a subject for study to some of the readers of this article, as they did for a period of six long months to the author of it.

“A WANDERER.”

GROOMIANA.

"WANTED, a Groom!" How often do we see such a notice in metropolitan and provincial prints? And how often do we peruse descriptions of stable experts written by themselves which, if only moderately accurate, would relieve many of us of an immense weight of anxiety, and perhaps prolong our existences—if not actually throughout this vale of tears, at any rate during that span thereof in which we are permitted to strut about in the panoply of the chase, and play fantastic tricks across the country, arrayed like our martial and primeval progenitors in the skins of wild beasts and plentifully bedecked with war-paint, of which they were said to prefer the pigment known then as woad. Whenever I come across these veritable vouchers, in which a young man of the immature age of twenty-eight professes that he can ride and drive admirably, that he thoroughly understands the management and conditioning of hunters, the breaking of young horses, and the preparation of chasers, plus valeting, I am reminded of that mysterious man to whom Whyte-Melville alludes in one of his charming volumes, as the individual "who knew all about hunting." Whereas our forefathers, who were gifted with quite as much intuition and observation as their descendants, averred that a huntsman must be entered to venerie at the early age of eight, and that life was too short to complete his education in the science of woodcraft. Nature, I believe, exhausted her power in the creation of a single admirable Crichton; nor can we be persuaded that horse-owners are so dull and purblind to their own interests as to allow masters of stable science, such as these young men describe themselves, to be out of office for a month at a time. For my own part, I am inclined to think that a typical groom, who is thoroughly master of his art, and at the same time possesses a full share of the cardinal virtues essential to service in a well-regulated household, and who has the tact and the skill to conceal the fulness of his science, and to seem to defer to his master's crude views of stable matters, is nearly as hard to find as a perfect cabinet minister, a commander-in-chief, or a secretary of state.

It is often said that thousands of young Englanders are sacrificed each recurring year to the vanity, ignorance, or sottishness of the nurses to whom, in the absence of their natural maternal protectors, they are entrusted. Many more thousands of our horses annually fall victims to the carelessness, ignorance, half-knowledge, or drunkenness of the men who are in charge of them, and who would be greatly aggrieved if they were not styled *grooms*, but who are in reality wholly unworthy of such a title, and could not even attain to the degree of stablemen if their habits and methods were thoroughly known or investigated. A groom, as we understand the term, is a man who is competent to take charge of horses to whatever work they may be put, be it hunting, chasing, harness, or hacking, and who, though not a farrier or professor of the veterinary art, under-

stands the ordinary maladies of the noble animal, and can not only minister to the horse diseased, but can anticipate sickness by care and prophylactics. Of course he cannot be expected to practise equine lithotomy with the *cœur léger* with which Sydney Smith said the famous Lord John Russell would operate upon the human form, neither is it part of his duty to *unnerve* a lame horse, or fire for curbs or spavins. This is the vet's province; but as every one knows that in ordinary cases the nurse is as important a factor in sickness as the physician himself, so in the commonplace ailments to which horseflesh is heir, the groom who handles the horse and ought to know his temperament and constitution, is as effective as the most professional professor who can add an alphabet to his signature by way of style and title. Of course no one would think of pitting a highly-educated scientific veterinary surgeon against a mere groom, or *vice versa*. The idea is preposterous. But if the groom be a man of experience, observation, and common sense, he can often give a most useful hint to the man of science in diagnosing a difficult case, and no horse-surgeon would dream of despising the opinions of a competent groom who was in constant attendance on the equine patient.

"Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè."

As a matter of fact, the many gifts which go a long way in constituting the clever physician or surgeon, namely, tact, intuition, quick observation, and the art of making the most of present means, should be found in a good groom. And herein the man who merely picks up stable practice by rote, so to speak, and does not make use of his head as well as his hands and eyes, can never become a *groom*, though he may prove a reliable *stableman*, under surveillance and direction. And it is because there is so much to learn and observe, that hardly any very young man can ever be pronounced a thorough groom. Even conceding that in his youth he had exceptionally good opportunities of seeing horses well managed, and has availed himself of them to the fullest extent, as a rule the thorough groom will show a few grey hairs in his whiskers or scalp, to which, if a wit, he may allude playfully as "the Birdcatcher stamp."

Of course I am aware that in this rapid age years are not considered honourable, as in the old method of reckoning. A young general is now our ideal, and youth is no bar to legal, ecclesiastical, or civil preferment, but quite the reverse. And in the case of the groom, if his master requires the more heroic qualities of dash and vigour, rather than discretion and patience, perhaps the younger man is in many respects the better man; but in my typical groom I conceived the servitor to have grown up like Adam in 'As You Like It,' full of strength and courage, which age, though it brought added store of wisdom, had not impaired or diminished; and naturally the happy "blending" of the "bests" is not often to be found in mortal mould, and exaggerations of either style of excellence are more often

to be met than the happy mean. For the groom life is full of pitfalls and temptations from the beginning, and only the strong in mind and body come well out of the ordeal. For, taking the case of a smart lad who has worked his way up at a very early age to the position of second horseman or rider on to covert, leisure, opportunity, and evil suasion will be sure to try to allure him into mischief if he be not very firm and turn a deaf ear to their syren strains. If he be a second coachman in the metropolis, here again the drum of danger may be constantly hoisted, and the chances are that the livelier and brighter the disposition, the harder it is to resist the appeals to sociability and good fellowship. And yet steadiness and steadfastness are the necessary foundations of a groom's character. For the modern groom is like the Centurion in the Evangel, who has men under him, and he can say "Do this" to one helper and he doeth it, to another "Come" and he cometh. And how can any one control others who has not learnt to control himself? Whether the head of the stable should be a total abstainer or not depends entirely on circumstances and his own power of will. Assuredly if he have not learnt that *γνωθι σεαυτον*, namely, the strength of his head and the measure of his capacity, it would be a hundred times better that he should be a disciple of the witty Sir Wilfrid; but, on the other hand, if in moderation he places all his glory, alcohol will probably do him no harm, and will tend to his comfort and happiness; but the drinker of strong waters in early life seldom attains moderation, for we know full well that

"Quo plus sunt potæ, plus sitiuntur aquæ."

Ireland, which is essentially a horsey country, and possesses almost a monopoly of first-class cross-country performers in the shape of hunters and chasers, ought to be a land of good grooms, but it decidedly is not prolific of good specimens of the horsemaster in either master or servant. Minute care, extreme punctuality, and rigid cleanliness, are the sheet-anchors of stable management, and in these main virtues the Irish do not, as a nation, excel. "Why don't you get a groom?" said a casual acquaintance to a friend of mine, who had really an extremely careful, steady man at the head of his stable, but one who lacked personal smartness of tongue, manner, and costume. The answer was: "Oh, I don't want a groom. I have a man who feeds my horses regularly, exercises them in proportion, keeps his 'tack' and saddlery clean—that's eno' for me." And so it might be for most men.

In Ireland lack of finish is evident everywhere, especially in stables, and hence, while you can easily in that particular land find a score of men who will sit a horse respectably, even admirably over a flight of rails, it is extremely difficult to find a moderately good stableman, coachman, or groom. It is not that they have no acute perceptions about horses, as they have, as a rule, about all animals; but the habit of patient toil and keeping things tidily are generally wanting *ab initio*, and an early entry to the service of Bacchus makes

the acquisition of such exotic virtues more difficult of attainment ; and hence it is that copers and dealers find their profit in the purchase of Irish horses, because, from want of good stable economy, these animals, when transplanted to England, made, as a rule, such prodigious improvement, whether as harness horses, hunters, chasers, or hacks. But at the same time, while anathematising the *soi-disant* grooms of Ireland as a class, it is only fair to say that every now and then brilliant exceptions are to be met with of men who to their habitual quickness join Saxon steadiness and Dutch tidiness.

Not long ago a friend of the writer's took some boxes in Dublin, and committed his horses to a very highly recommended groom. Thinking he had a treasure, he did not look much after him, but gave him a quasi *carte blanche* to work and exercise them *à discrétion* ; but one day, when taking a "rowl" on an outsider in the dear, dirty metropolis, he saw a string of race-horses on their way to the North-Wall, *en route* for some meeting in England, where they were engaged ; and at the head of one of them was his servant, who was actually on his way to England, leaving his charges to their fate ! The man was forgiven rather weakly, but of course such a man broke out again very soon.

A dealer in horses, of great eminence in his calling, was, not very long ago, served in much the same way ; he engaged a clever know-everything factotum to manage his horses during his absence from the metropolis of Ireland ; and, coming back suddenly, he found the man gone. By strict inquiry he ascertained that he had started off to some distant race meeting ; but to be quite certain, he repaired to the man's house, and asked his wife for Pat. "Och then, shure Pat's tuk very bad, and 'tis *lying* he is just now with me." "Very sorry to hear that, but I must see him at once." "Och then, troth, and ye can't see him, for he went off to the dochter just now for a bottle."—"To Castlebar, you mean, Mrs. !"

Another friend of the writer's sent a hunter of his back from a meet by the hands of a trusty qualified horseman, who, when he left, was as sober in the saddle as the proverbial judge on the bench. By the time, however, that he had reached the county capital, the whiskey, or the fusel oil, had obscured his faculties to such an extent that he would ride on the town *trottoir* to the peril of pedestrians. In vain the police warned him not to do so ; he had a whip in his hand, and he defied them, riding on till he came to the county court house, which had a flight of ten or twelve cut stone steps leading to the entrance hall ; up these he rode, cutting at the custodians of the public peace as they tried in vain to bring him back from his perilous position. When fairly on the platform numbers told against inebriate valour, and cavalry succumbed to infantry. The hunter was then put to Livery the groom in the lock-up, from which the magistrate sent him for a fortnight to prison.

Racing in Ireland is carried to such an excess, and the grooms so thoroughly identify themselves with it, that a sober-minded servant, unbitten by the prevailing mania, is a black swan for rarity. The in-

toxication of chasing is certainly almost as perilous as that of whiskey, but when both are combined the consequences are very bad indeed. Some of the best grooms to be met with are Scotchmen, who, said by the historian to be perfervid of temperament, are, nevertheless, able to keep their heads in the midst of excitement; as a rule, they have learnt their business thoroughly, and do not scamp their work or allow others to do so.

Good grooms are to be found in many climes, but England, the mother of parliaments, is also the mother of good and smart grooms *par excellence*. In India, where grooms form a caste, good servants in that department are often to be met, and in some of the West India islands, in Jamaica especially, some first-class grooms can be picked, though as the practice, owing to climate, is totally different from that of England, they might not do so well if transplanted from the land of sugar-canes and yams to our drearier shores.

Wordsworth has told us of the

"Perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To guide, to comfort, and command,"

and all the rest of it. Would we could in plain prose find the perfect groom, perfect in knowledge and all moral qualifications too; and if we could find such, one might paraphrase the language of Shakespeare, and say—

"The groom thou hast, and his adoption prov'd,
Graple him to thy stud with links of steel."

And if one could suggest a curriculum for an aspiring youth of proper proportions, one might begin with five years at Newmarket, five years in a first-class hunting stable as a cavalry officer's stud-groom and head man, and three more as first-class dealer's factotum; with such experiences a shrewd man should have acquired a vast pile of horse lore.

"AN UNEQUAL MATCH."

LET me apologise to the author of a very popular comedy, bearing the above name, for adopting the title of his play, but the words so exactly explain what I wish to say, that I have turned pirate. Cricket is the theme, but I am going to be silent on merits of men past and present, and simply to uphold a system which our Australian cousins diligently follow, and which we, of the present day neglect, as a rule. The definite arrangements are made for the Australians to pay us a visit this year; in fact, they have thrown down the gauntlet to all the counties of England, and also to the Gentlemen and Players, Universities, and, I believe, to All England. Considering that it is only twenty-one years ago since H. H.

Stephenson's eleven went to Australia and found cricket in its infancy there, it is a matter of congratulation to all lovers of our grandest English sport, that those of our own flesh and blood who have built magnificent cities and created industries and commerce, upon which we much depend now, have found time to cultivate the peaceful sports of their old home, and to have brought them to great perfection. The secret of their success in the cricket field is entirely due to hard practice and study of a sport which has grown like a weed almost in England in our numberless large schools, and at our universities and on our village greens, and which, strange to say, is brought to perfection by very few; and, if brought to perfection, it soon dies out, except amongst the favoured few who are "born to life and a curricule," or who become professionals and live by it. There is such an immense amount of public cricket during our short season, that a large number of our most brilliant amateurs who go into the Church or to the Bar, or other professions, or enter the commercial world, in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice put their armour on for the battle of life, and refuse all solicitations to enter the arena again except in country one-day matches, and leave the tented field at the very time when they would be of most use.

Amongst our professional players, many of those who make their *début* for their county and show great excellence are allured by the fascination of "circuit" cricket into playing exhibition matches with travelling elevens in country towns for gate-money, and follow cricket practically as a trade in the summer, and sometimes as ground bowlers or coaches to schools or clubs, that it becomes really difficult to form good county elevens fit to meet a trained band like the Australian eleven. And another weak point is, that when committees have put the temptations in the way of young players to abandon every-day work for cricket, they keep them on when the bloom has gone off their play. I have always preached the same doctrine, which is, that patrons of the game who have means and position should try and induce young players to forego the temptation of joining wandering elevens by finding them employment at off times and in the winter, on condition of their sticking to their county.

Cricket is a curious plant, and only grows to perfection under a head gardener or two. There are too many masters on committees, and the weak point in committees is, that some members who are not competent want themselves and their friends to play. Kent was at its best when the noblemen and gentlemen supported it, without any committee, and left it in the hands of Pilch and Wenman to form an eleven. The same was the case with Sussex when Mr. Charles Taylor, and Lillywhite and Box took the responsibility on their shoulders. So it was with Surrey when Mr. F. P. Miller devoted his life to it, and got together an eleven which beat All England; and Middlesex rose under the Walkers, and Lancashire under Mr. Hornby, and Gloucestershire under the Graces, and Kent revived under Lord Harris's rule. Yorkshire

and Nottingham have relied almost entirely on professionals; and let us hope they may be well recruited next season with young blood.

But all this, you will say, Mr. Baily, has nothing to do with "an unequal match" against the Australians. I say boldly, the unequal match need not necessarily take place in any contest (though probably several counties will have to succumb), but it most certainly will take place unless every county which contends against the Australians takes a leaf out of their book.

Now what did they do in 1880? I can tell you, for I saw it. Before they played a single match in England, *four* times (I think) the eleven went to Mitcham Green, and, with the exception of some forty minutes for refreshment and rest, they worked hard at every point of the game from 11 o'clock till 5 P.M., batting for a quarter of an hour by the watch, bowling for the same length of time, and all the rest fielding and throwing as if they were playing in Gentlemen and Players. Remember this; they will be playing together match after match, and it does seem to me to be simple common sense that all counties should have an eleven trained to meet them, and I think they would not be unwise if they had trials for places, as boys do at school. Well, I *have* said some hard things against shortcomings of my own county, Surrey, sometimes; but I *do* believe immensely in their scheme of playing a dozen Colts *v.* District matches early in the season, and this augurs well. If I might make a remark without bringing on my head the wrath of the present generation, I believe it to be suicide always to trust "short slip" to bowler when the over is finished; and I never could understand why "short slip" should not be as much a specialty as wicket-keeper or point. It is a melancholy sight to see some stale man who, as regards activity, is as stiff as a poker, looking hopelessly round to see what has become of a ball which passed a foot over his head, or within a foot of his hand, which he never even tried for.

I have no fear about the Gentlemen of England's Eleven, as I honestly believe that our leading amateurs are above favouritism, and am perfectly easy about the best eleven going into the field, and doing their best when there, and I am sure that all the real cricketers in every county are with me in hoping that all the available talent will be got together, and will be fairly tried and tested, especially the young players, with the view of putting the very best eleven in the field in every county match, for we are anxious for the honour of other counties besides our own. It should not be a question of convenience or inconvenience; if cricketers cannot find the time, and will not take trouble to prepare for the coming contest, they are not fit to play. There must not be any excuses of "being out of form;" the cricketers *must* be in form, or leave the match alone. Money should be no object in getting up the elevens; the captains ought to have the opportunity of finding out the holes in the harness of their men before they go into the field, for, mind, this is a *bonâ*

fide contest between the old country and the new, and it will be a miserable disappointment if we see exhibitions of dropped catches and muffing in the field, and I don't see how it is to be avoided without a searching trial. It seems almost impossible to inculcate the doctrine that fine fielding is *the* qualification for a cricketer in the first instance. Our fielding in the celebrated Australian Match of 1880 in September won us the match as much as anything; there were very few mistakes, and it turned out a very tough battle. I do trust that we, who are spectators now, and who leave the management of clubs and elevens to younger men, may sit down in hope that no committee or captain will be biassed in the most infinitesimal degree by fear or favour in selecting any player, amateur or professional, for if they are they will simply drag the British cricket flag through the mire.

In county elevens, in the pre-railway days, the members of them had the great advantage of playing constantly together, or against one another in good local matches in noblemen's and gentlemen's parks, and moreover they were, most of them, single wicket players, and there is no practice better for fielding than single wicket, and it is a great pity that it has gone out of fashion.

All sins of the past are dead and forgotten when the bats are put in oil for the winter; for, after all, cricket is only a game, though a very grand one; but we have a right, when we read the average lists of counties, to think to ourselves, "if A., or B., or C., had against his name a debtor account for bad fielding, what would his real averages have been? whereas D. and E., who are far below him as regards runs, ought to be put over his head, if the actual gain to their side by their all-round play had been fairly put in the scale."

It is not too much to say that the nets are answerable for the great decline in much amateur fielding, and that wild batting practice to two or three bowlers at the nets demoralises batting. Many young amateur players would be much better cricketers if, in county clubs the nets were wholly used for steady practice against the professional, with a trifle on the wicket, and if the amateurs would condescend to go long-stop to another wicket, and to try some steady bowling themselves; no one knows what he can do till he tries. An American gentleman (Mr. Knipe, one of the mainsprings of cricket in America), in writing to me from Philadelphia, said that although they don't expect to produce a Shaw or a Peate in the little leisure which they have for practice, most of them like a turn with the ball, and to take a turn in all other parts of the game. I only wish it were so with us. In the happy days of my boyhood, when school professionals and nets were unknown, we had to do all our cricket for ourselves, and practice was hard work. Our amateur cricketers are divisible into three classes now:—

1. Cricketers who are second to none.
2. Honest, hard-working cricketers, who are not first-rate, but good men on a side, and care for nothing but the match.
3. Slipshod cricketers, who are wrapped

up in their 'own self-glory, and who are no good to the game, and are frightened to death by the name of a celebrated bowler, and are half-dead with funk before they see what kind of ball is coming up ; and in the field have no more idea of dashing in to meet a ball than they have of flying, and who, when they get a catch in the long field, are very like a "pig in a fit." Let us pray for their absence in all contests in which England and Australia are trying conclusions in 1882.

And let us remember the words of Lord Harris at the Lord Mayor's banquet. "I believe, my Lord Mayor, that cricket has done more to bring England and Australia into close alliance than all the Acts of Parliament that ever were passed."

F. G.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

It is impossible, in once more taking up the pen for the purpose of attempting a description of the great Waterloo Cup, not to make at least a passing allusion to the loss the coursing world has suffered by the death of one of its noblest and most consistent supporters, Lord Lurgan. His lordship leaves behind him a name which will continue imperishable in the modern annals of the leash ; and the triumph of his renowned greyhound, Master McGrath, probably the most extraordinary performer ever slipped to a hare—and the most distinguished too, since while a Lord-in-waiting, Lord Lurgan was commanded by the Queen to introduce Master McGrath at Court—will live in song and story so long as the sport shall continue to flourish. The more graceful honours enjoyed by the late Lord, and which it is in the power of her Majesty to bestow, have been rightfully conferred on Lord Carlingford ; but it is upon Lord Kilmorey that has devolved the not altogether easy task of upholding the fame that Lord Lurgan had gained among coursers.

It may have been remarked by other orders of sportsmen, and who have a sort of comparative contempt for coursing, that as each recurring celebration of the great contest comes round it is the custom of the numerous army of sporting scribes to assert that never before was any former meeting comparable in importance and interest with that it is their present duty to deal with. Without, however, advancing anything either in justification or condemnation of these gentlemen and their practice, it cannot be denied that the probabilities of the success of the commemoration of 1882 were quite equal, if not superior, to that of any former year since its first institution. In the first place the whole winter has been mild beyond the most sanguine expectations, and the opportunities for training, therefore, have been perfectly unparalleled. Then the plains of Altcar were reported to be in splendid condition, and the hares as plentiful as

they were strong; the number of new nominators up to a fair average, and the importation of greyhounds who had not distinguished themselves last year in the stakes more than usually large. The aged dogs were long before the day fully expected to be in a considerable minority, about forty out of the sixty-four promising to be first season greyhounds. Princess Dagmar, Bishop, Dodger, Debonnaire, Palm Bloom, Macpherson, Truthful, and Dartmoor Princess, indeed, were the only ex-Waterloosers at all likely to put in an appearance; and Messrs. Hedley and J. Wilkinson had been engaged in their respective capacities of judge and slipper. It is true that at the outset Messrs. Deighton and R. Paterson sprang into the highest positions when it became known that they would run Witchery and Mary Morrison, two animals with credentials of a high order; but perhaps Mr. Alexander enjoyed the most consistent support among the entire list of nominations up to the time of the Ridgway Meeting. Then it came out that most of the betting had been made on the off-chance that the redoubtable winner of last year would be found under one or other of the nominations. Of course Mr. Reilly was immediately promoted to the pride of place so soon as it was announced that Princess Dagmar would represent him; although her indifferent performance at Plumpton did not speak much in her favour. Since that meeting, however, it was known that she had been slipped seven times before the annual prognostications were published, and had shown greatly improved form, one of her courses with CEnone being quite up to her old standard of style. Mr. Alexander produced a first-rate account of his representative, Alec Halliday, saying, "I must confess my inability to find a dog likely to beat Alec in the earlier stages of the contest. He goes a great pace, and even when he does run out he is quickly back. When once set on the scut he is beautifully artistic, and he possesses great stamina and pluck."

Debonnaire was likewise reported to be very fit and well, and it may be observed what a lot of Master Sam's descendants were to the front on this occasion. Mr. Postle looks dangerous, too, on paper with Planet or Paris; and Mr. R. Anderton with Markham was worthy of every deference, inasmuch as after his first public appearance at Gosforth, where, although a first season greyhound, he performed in a style which may be without exaggeration termed magnificent, he defeated a good greyhound in Absolute so handsomely in a spin at Altcar lately, that he laid claim to high consideration. Mr. Hinks, again, though an odour of misfortune attaches to that familiar name through the disappointments of old Plunger, looked awkward with Marshal McMahon, a third season dog who had an undeniable pedigree, and had rendered a more than fairly good account of himself at Burton-on-Trent and Kempton Park, being described as running "with plenty of dash and fire, and displaying considerable cleverness when it is all plain sailing, and in addition to which being a fairly good killer. His style, too, all round is superior to that ever possessed by Plunger." But good, if not equally

good, accounts were forthcoming concerning nearly all the favourites, among which envied number must be included Mr. Stocken's Rosewater, Mr. Crosse's Rhodora, and Mr. H. G. Miller's Middleton; while Palm Bloom, Mornington, and Sut were deserving of attention from analysis-makers. Lord Haddington, whose illness all good coursers must have deplored, nominated his third season bitch Hornpipe; and in writing of her antecedents and probable chance, his lordship's laudator has furnished a model of epistolary greyhound description which is worthy of imitation by others than those who would adopt the sincerest form of flattery. Thus it runs: "It will not do to entirely ignore the chance of old Hornpipe, for although a little short of first-class speed, she is, and ever has been, a greyhound of the highest class. Only the flyers can lead her, and her other attributes are of the most sterling kind. It is an important fact, too, that she will go on improving in condition, for she has not long been entirely clear of the effects of a sexual complaint. She looks wonderfully big and well, after winning the deciding course (at Altcar), and although hardly up to the form of a prospective Waterloo winner, there will be very few amongst next month's sixty-four for which she will not be a match. She has been a very good and consistent performer, and was one of the quartette with which Lord Haddington achieved that wonderful *coup* of running first and second for each of the two sixty-four dog stakes run at the Border Union Meeting in the autumn of 1879. Hornpipe was then a puppy, so that she is now in her third season, and she has seen considerable service." This is a high testimonial indeed, and were there not generally strong objections in most quarters—in spite of many memorable successes of the elder branches—to three-year-old greyhounds for public competition, we should have expected to see old Hornpipe well up on the list of favourites for this year's Waterloo Cup.

Difficult indeed must have been the labours of those painstaking and conscientious gentlemen whose task it is annually to furnish for their readers the antecedents, pedigrees, and claims to favouritism of the cracks for the Waterloo Cup of this year, and it is but justice to them to say that they laid a highly instructive history of the gallant sixty-four before the coursing and betting public, and produced an "exhaustive analysis" which ought to have satisfied the most sceptical and scrutinising of searchers after the winner. How their indefatigable endeavours have succeeded, and how greatly they have improved upon former years in their creditably inscrutable art of divination, the result which follows will show. There is at least this to be said of prognosticators and greyhounds alike, that there were none, or at any rate but few, of the drawbacks and unforeseen interruptions in training and preparation up to the day of the draw dinner to upset their deductions; and never has there been a contest for the "Blue Riband" when a clearer stage and no favour was afforded for the exhibition of those qualities for which such a desideratum only was necessary in their calculation.

The annual meeting of the National Coursing Club was held at

the Adelphi Hotel on the Tuesday, the Earl of Sefton presiding, and the following gentlemen being present :—Lord Wodehouse, Marquess of Anglesea, Sir W. J. C. Anstruther, Bart., Captain Archdale, Messrs. T. D. Hornby, T. Brocklebank, G. J. Alexander, Hamar Bass, M.P., R. W. Abbotts, J. Hutchinson, R. Paterson, F. Gibson, R. Jefferson, W. Bartholomew, J. Morrison, R. B. Carruthers, T. Quihampton, T. Oldham, and W. Riddel. The Earl of Sefton was re-elected president, and Mr. R. B. Carruthers secretary, but the business transacted was not of a nature to interest any others than those immediately concerned. From this list it may be gathered that the draw dinner in the evening, at the Adelphi, was numerously and influentially attended, the Earl of Sefton again presiding. After ample justice had been done to the usually excellent dinner, the draw took place with admirable regularity, and so favourably was it thought the favourites were matched, that the betting on individual courses, and at long odds, at once set in with great spirit and confidence, Princess Dagmar and Debonnaire being considered the best-drawn animals in the stake, and Mr. Miller explaining that his puppies, Mornington and Middleton, would run quite independently of each other.

The meet on Wednesday was fixed for North-end, but, before a start was made, Jupiter Pluvius asserted his sway, in a most objectionable manner, for "Wednesday," says a writer, "was cold and cheerless, and Thursday miserable and melancholy." Of late years the opening day of this great meeting has been remarkable for its surprises and upsets of keen calculations, and this one not only formed no exception to the rule, but even afforded more instances of the uncertainty of coursing than usual. Maid Marian and Truthful were the first to open the ball, the course ending in favour of the former at all points. Witchery and Alice Titiens had a short undecided, the latter afterwards winning anyhow. Rosewater next defeated Waterford in brilliant fashion. Middleton had a tremendous trial with Mornington, which he won well, showing superiority of speed in all the stretches. Planet, after a no-course, beat Squirrel just in time, the latter rubbing off the points at the finish. Whip-snake defeated Clyde Rocket very handsomely. Snowflight out-paced General Wyndham, both killing at the drain. Alec Halliday was three lengths in front of Palm Bloom from slips, but, blundering at the drain, Palm Bloom did all the work before Alec killed. Hornpipe went with all her wonted fire and dash, and although she fell into a drain, did not allow Glenlivat to do anything. Debonnaire led Sea Prince three lengths for the run-up, but the Prince, getting up on the inside, killed and won. Banchor led Bonnie Kate a long distance, which was always increasing to the end of the course. Assegai did just what he pleased with Markham, and won easily. The renowned Princess Dagmar was three lengths faster than Clyde Pearl to the hare, but after the game went from her she appeared to make no further attempt, and was defeated most hollowly. Leader, although losing the run-up, ran a most persever-

ing course with Millington, and here interest in the first round may be said to have ceased.

In the first ties, Witchery had throughout all the pace of Maid Marian, and finished with a meritorious kill. Rosewater gained first turn with Middleton, and in a grand trial won fairly enough. Rhodora and Snowflight had a pretty course, but although the former did her utmost, Snowflight won very cleverly. Sugarcane proved a better worker than Palm Bloom, when once upon terms with the hare, and both killed together in a moderate trial. Hornpipe again made an example of her opponent, and beat Death or Glory very decisively. Banchory and Debonnaire were both unsighted from slips, but the latter got first placed, and went on with her hare for some points, when Banchory did some nice work after the other stumbled badly, and eventually won rather luckily. Sut, after a struggle, led Marston Moor from slips, made three or four drives, and killed well, after a previous undecided. Assegai, on the outside, led Headlong Hall for three lengths and a turn, and after a couple of exchanges, again took possession, and wound up with a handsome kill. Clyde Pearl ran with great dash against Bishop, and had done too much before the latter killed. Leader was always in front of Meol's Prince, and after an undecided, Deborah led Glengowan for the turn, and well beat him before the hare made her escape at the ditch. Among the crowd were nearly all the nominators whose names appeared on the card, and also Lord Sefton, the Marquess of Anglesea, Lord Wodehouse, Mr. Wyndham Anstruther, and Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P. In the evening the Marquess of Anglesea presided over a party of upwards of one hundred and fifty, and subsequently called over the card, when again a good deal of brisk wagering took place upon the likely candidates still standing in.

On Thursday morning the meet was at Hill House for the Carrs, sixteen miles from Liverpool, and, although the morning was uninviting, there was not a very perceptible falling off in the number of the company. The meeting of Witchery and Rosewater in the second ties was looked forward to with great interest, and the former was backed, at short odds, to win. Rosewater gained all the earlier points, but when once Witchery got in, he soon rubbed off the score, and left off a very meritorious winner. Planet did most of the work with Ben y Lair, and beat him well, again against the odds. Snowflight, with heavy betting in her favour, raced up and scored freely from Whipsnake, but, stumbling badly at the drain allowed her antagonist to gain possession; but beyond the kill, this did not avail, and Snowflight was declared an easy winner. Sugarcane had a slight balance on the right side in a give-and-take course with Head the Trick. The betting was on old Hornpipe in her trial with Banchory, who had an undecided, Banchory showing speed, but Hornpipe killing. After this, Hornpipe gained the run-up, after a splendid race from slips, and first turn; Banchory then got in, but Lord Haddington's bitch had always the best of it, and finished up with a kill. At even betting Sut, in spite of Bob's

run up and first turn, ran in most determined style, and won well before killing. Assegai led Clyde Pearl two lengths, but the latter got in after the first turn, Assegai, however, again going past, and winning easily. Leader headed the betting against Deborah, led by quite two lengths, and, after some exchanges, raced in and killed.

In the third ties, Witchery and Planet, after running an undecided, were slipped again, when, in a course of moderate length, Witchery did nearly all the work, and performed capitally. Snowflight beat Sugarcane, leading by some distance in a short trial. Sut was showing pace with Hornpipe before falling at the drain, where Hornpipe got placed, and won with ease. Assegai, with odds of 2 to 1, lost the run-up, and after exchanges, left Leader something in hand at the finish.

On Friday the running took place on the Church House Meadows, and the attendance for the last day was remarkably large; but the observance of order by the crowd was admirable, and the sport was not in any way interfered with. The fourth ties were commenced by Snowflight and Witchery; the former drawing out three lengths in front of Witchery for first turn, went on for second almost as far, then going on on the outside, put in a few more clever points and killed. Hornpipe was three lengths in front of Leader, and coming round, wrenched twice and killed. Leader, it appears, had injured one of his toes, and Witchery ran under disadvantages.

For the deciding course only slight odds were obtainable on Snowflight, but a good deal of hedging money between the two was betted at evens. At first there was considerable difficulty with the hares, but at length Wilkinson managed to deliver the cracks beautifully together. To general surprise, and some consternation on the part of her backers, Hornpipe, after slightly losing the run-up, ran wide and jumped the drain, getting on the line of another hare, this *contretemps* resulting in a no-course, as no points had been gained. Each greyhound killed, Hornpipe after three or four turns, but Snowflight having a terrible towelling to a grand hare, whose scut she never left. This was a sad misfortune for Captain Ellis's nomination, as it was thought impossible that he could now win. When slipped again, strange to say, Snowflight was the quicker away, but Hornpipe drew past and flew the drain, after which Snowflight, although Hornpipe had the first turn two lengths in front, got possession through the hare breaking at a right angle to the left, wrenched, and killed, causing Mr. Hedley to pull off his cap. It may be imagined that excitement was now at its height, and the betting was 5 to 4 on Hornpipe. "At the third attempt Snowflight gradually forged ahead, and clearing the drain as cleverly as Hornpipe, was fully two lengths in front when she scored the third, at which puss broke round to the left. This was against Hornpipe, but, changing sides, she shot up, and looked very like taking possession. Snowflight, however, was not to be denied, and returning Hornpipe's spurt, shot clean round her and killed. This

was a poor trial to decide a Waterloo Cup, but it was a most decisive win, and almost a fac-simile of the course in which McGrath beat Pretender." The victory is very popular among genuine lovers and patrons of the leash, for the owner of the winner is said to be a farmer in Northumberland, by the name of T. Hall, who never before owned a greyhound, and Snowflight is the only one he now possesses. Captain Ellis, her nominator, however, has been long associated with the sport of coursing, and has been sincerely congratulated upon his success. In the list of returns of the different nominators prior to the meeting, it transpired that Captain Ellis would run "that useful bitch Snowflight, a black and white ticked bitch, by Bothal Park out of Curiosity. Snowflight was out at High Gosforth Park last December, and managed to divide the Plessy Stakes, showing more than average form; and as she has been going on satisfactorily since, it is not unlikely that she may make a better show next week than is generally anticipated."

It was generally regretted that the Earl of Haddington was prevented from witnessing the remarkably fine performance of his rare old greyhound; but telegrams, we understand, were regularly transmitted to his lordship, who is ill at Rome, of her continued successes and glorious effort to land him the great prize of the courser's ambition. And while Captain Ellis receives the felicitations of his friends upon his hard-earned victory, not a few will envy Mr. T. Hall, of Beddington, who awoke on Saturday and found himself famous for evermore in coursing annals, by having won the first honours of the leash at the very first attempt, and without so much as possessing a kennel or a stud from which to select a representative, others having striven for half a century, and at enormous expense, to achieve what he has done at a *coup*. It is said that the bitch was very heartily supported in Northumberland, and also that in Newcastle alone two gentlemen have landed good stakes over the result, one for 3,000*l.* and the other for 2,000*l.* It remains but to add that the quality, both of the ground and of the hares, fully bore out the anticipations formed by all who have had any experience of the famous plains of Altcar, and the "going" of the game in favourable weather. The rain that did fall during the meeting made little or no difference in the sport, and all may be said to have gone "merry as a marriage bell." That, as an expected result of the unparalleled mildness of the winter, many of the greyhounds were over-trained, there cannot be a doubt; but on the whole, although the failure to score of so many hot favourites is always a matter for regret, and must have been peculiarly disheartening this year, the contest of 1882 for the "Blue Riband" is probably destined to be remembered by all with satisfaction. It is to be mentioned, too, that it is the first occasion when Lord Sefton, "the lord of the soil," has taken the presidential chair at the draw dinner at the Adelphi. Of Mr. Hedley, the judge, and Tom Wilkinson, the "fewterer," too much can scarcely be said in praise, for both had unusual difficulties to contend against, and both discharged their responsible duties to the

entire satisfaction of coursers and the public alike. It is all the more gratifying to be able to make such observations as these just now, as, from the number of byes run in the competition for the Purse and Plate, it would appear that these prizes were beginning to lose their interest, and were not sufficiently tempting to induce coursing men to remain after the contest for the Waterloo Cup is decided, the attractions of the minor meetings of Plumpton, Kempton Park, and others having threatened to cause the repeal of those contests altogether, which of course would puzzle the Waterloo Committee to make out a full week's diversion, despite the popularity of Dr. Carver's performances at pigeon-shooting, and the enjoyment afforded by an attendance at Mr. Lucas's sale of greyhound studs.

SIRIUS.

ON THE WELSH BORDER.

NO. II.

CREEPING down the border we find Monmouthshire on the eastern spurs of the Black Mountains, which create an insurmountable barrier between it and the cultivated parts of Breconshire, broken only by the narrow Vale of the Usk from Crickhowel to Abergavenny. In shape the hunting country is nearly round, and the road between Abergavenny and Monmouth forms the segment of the circle. The thirteenth county in Wales, as it is so often aptly called, Monmouthshire in its population, names of places, and clannish feelings, is more Welsh than English; and there is no county in England that has more reason to be proud of its institutions—its hunt club, its polo club, its coaching club, its archery club, and its fishing association, are all perfect in their way, and there never seems any lack of energy or perseverance to keep them going.

Before the birth of the century old Squire Lewis of Llantillio kept a pack of hounds—currant jelly before Christmas, and stronger diet for the rest of the season, was the custom of those days. Colonel Clifford succeeded him for a time, and it was not till 1832, when Major Stretton, quitting the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, came to Dany Park, and afterwards to Brynderwyn, and took to hunting, that the real era of the county may be said to have begun. There are few countries but what can point with pride to an early benefactor, there are none that can do so as heartily and wholly as Monmouthshire does to its "dear old Stretton." I am quite unequal to his panegyric—his charming voice and manner, and his honest upright ways are with us now in heart: they "have left their footprints on the sands of time." He ruled over the hunting destinies of the country for thirty-seven years with unvarying success, not hunting the hounds himself. This devolved on old Richards his huntsman, almost as much a character as his master. He hardly nailed as many

noses on the kennel door as they do now, but the hunting of thirty years ago was hardly so bloodthirsty as that of the present day. Endless are the good stories that are told of old Stretton. I cannot resist one, which I know to be true. A very particular man in matters domestic, he never on the earliest-starting hunting morning missed his family prayers. One day they had hardly knelt down, when his quick eye detected his precocious young footman pinching one of the maids. In a moment down went his glasses, and he shouted out, "John, you confounded young rascal, wait till we have done prayers, and I will give you the damndest hiding you ever had in your life!" After this interlude prayers were got through after a fashion. The puppy skedaddled, and Stretton's good-nature triumphed over his threats of well-deserved punishment.

On Major Stretton's death in 1868, the reins of government fell to Captain Capel Hanbury Willams, of Nantoer, and the kennels were removed from the racecourse, across the Usk, to their present site overlooking their old *locale*. It was a happy day for the country when the new Master was chosen. Of a good old country stock, he combined the essential points for success in a Master—love, knowledge, and energy; and taking Roberts from Selby Lowndes as his huntsman, he has gone on steadily increasing his score and the number of his friends, till in 1877 he was fortunate enough to inoculate John Rolls of the Hendre with the importance of doing thorough justice to the country by increasing its hunting capabilities. Johnny Rolls (whose Eton cognomen will stick to him probably through life) became joint Master, and has strengthened the sinews of war sufficiently for four days a week. The secret of success has thus been wonderfully demonstrated. The strongholds of the Great Skynydd, or Holy Mountain, the Graig, and White Hill, are thoroughly routed, and foxes show such sport as never could have been dreamt of in old days. Nearly twenty brace of victims, up to this time of year, has never been exceeded before in a country where foxes are not caught for the fun of the thing. Fifty couple of hounds in the kennels, and such a bitch pack as I have rarely seen for dash, music, and close working qualities!—long, low, and wide over their loins, they have done more than their share of destruction this season. The Welsh blood has not been despised, for I find three sons of the notable Radnorshire Brewer have been used freely, viz., Druid, Diomed, and Bouncer, as twelve couple own them as their sires, and a nicer lot of hounds could not be seen. The Berkeley Prodigal, Pillager, and Climbark, and the Shropshire Harper, have made their mark on the pack, and old Lavish is a matron that bears an honoured name that is likely to live in the Monmouthshire list of many years hence. I wish your space enabled me to tell of some of the great runs of the season. The Holy Mountain has poured forth abundant blessings in the way of flying foxes, and one came home straight from the Hendre, an eleven-mile point, to this haven of refuge. A curious termination of a run this season deserves

mention. A fox was run to ground, and the terrier tried to dislodge him. Nothing more was heard, until after digging some time they came upon a dead terrier and a dead fox, a brace of fresh foxes, a badger, and then a china egg! The only supposition being that the badger had carried into his larder this supposed prize, undoubtedly a nest-egg from some farmyard, and found it too heavy to crack! Their best country lies from Clytha towards Llantillio; and Grange Wood, at the latter place, has produced lots of good runs this season, seven dog-foxes having been killed from there. A thoroughly united little country is this, and one that many a master of hounds might envy. May its shadow never grow less, and its days of prosperity, as they are now, be as evergreen as the yew-trees that adorn its deepest recesses.

Once more setting our heads southward, we come a few miles north of Pontypool on the north-eastern boundary of the Llangibby and Chepstow hunt, bounded on the west by the Wye from Llandogo to Chepstow, while on the south it is washed by the Bristol Channel. A fine wild country is this, larger than Monmouthshire proper, and with an ancient and interesting history of its own. Llangibby Castle has been the home of a pack of hounds since A.D. 1600, in the Williams family. "The great old Squire," as he was called, was born in 1749, and was succeeded by Mr. William Addams Williams, M.P. for the county of Monmouth for a great number of years. He built new kennels, and, with his seven sons, was a mighty Nimrod. His second son, John Addams Williams, succeeded him, and hunted the hounds for fifty consecutive seasons. The memory of his pack, full of the finest Welsh blood cautiously mixed with Berkeley and Badminton drafts, still lives in the hearts of all the old sportsmen of the district. It is almost an incredible fact, but I have it on Mr. John Lawrence's authority, that in those days they used to hunt hares in September and October—taking out twenty-five couple of hounds, and it was no unusual thing for them to kill twelve brace of hares in one day! They would race a hare for ten minutes, and if they did not kill would whip off and try another. On the 1st of November these same hounds were taken into the woodlands, where hares abounded, and by the use of different dog language, not one hound, except the puppies (and they were held in couples), would speak to or look at a hare! The old Squire used to say it was better than road exercise to get them fit for their regular season. In 1856 Mr. John Lawrence of Crick succeeded Mr. John Williams in the mastership, and formed a fresh pack on the old lines, once more bringing the glory of the old days to life again. Mr. Curre of Ilton, near Chepstow, also hunted that side with his hounds, and on his death this pack became the property of Mr. Charles Lewis of St. Peine, who at once amalgamated with Mr. Lawrence, and the hounds under this happy partnership are now known as the Llangibby and Chepstow. Oh! ye men of the shires—masters of the great packs, judges of hounds and hunting—go and see them—see what

a pack of hounds can do in a country beset with greater difficulties for hounds and more chances for the foxes than any other in England or Wales! Hear their crashing music, driving him through the 4,000-acre Wentwood, only to land him in the still thicker and more intricate mazes of Chepstow Park of at least as many more acres. All in vain, for die he must, if he remains above ground, with such unerring noses and driving devils behind him! If you doubt me, go and see them. Thirty brace of foxes killed this season (all but one), and 9½ brace out of Wentwood alone, where, I would undertake to say, some English packs I could name would not have accounted for one.

Don't expect to see conventional hunting if you go to Llangibby. To begin with, old Evan, a fine specimen of an old one-armed Welshman, has a horn slung over one shoulder and under the other that sounds more like the bassoon of an Ethiopian serenader than aught else. You may get to love it in time—his hounds do. Then again there is a little wildness in the field—a trifle too much noise for fastidious ears, and I confess to a greater penchant for the lovely music of the hounds than the hoarse roar of the bipeds. Perhaps in these large woodlands, however, it helps to keep the hounds together. Roar as you may, nothing seems to get up the heads of this wonderful pack, and they will challenge the universe for tongue and drive.

Running my eye down the list, there it is throughout, Welsh blood on Berkeley and Badminton, with just a dip occasionally into Croom and V. W. H. "Nothing beats it," as old Lawrence proudly declares, and points to the deadly array of noses on the kennel door, which no other three-day-a-week pack can, I believe, fairly exceed. The Duke of Beaufort is the largest landowner in the Hunt, and nobly supports it. Verily such a pillar to foxhunting England does not possess elsewhere. He has cut a central ride in Wentwood at the cost of at least 200*l.*, which has proved a grand assistance to the Hunt, and he sometimes comes over to enjoy a day with his Monmouthshire friends. I should like to steal an extra page to tell of the sport of the season, but it would take many pages. It was a glory to see them roll over a stout fox to-day from Wolves Newton, through the heart of the woodlands, and kill him close to Tintern Abbey, in two hours and twenty minutes.

Of all the Welsh border counties, I think Monmouthshire bears away the palm in the thoroughness and success of its hunting. It triumphs over the difficulties of Nature. It has learnt the worth of the hound, the noblest in its service, and it unites to support the most glorious of sports. Long may Capel Hanbury Williams's horn and old Evan's bassoon awake the echoes, and bring terror to the vulpine race, is the hearty wish of

BORDERER.

ROWING.

Our heading is necessarily shorn of its fair proportions in March, when, with the exception of cruising down the Mediterranean and in other favoured districts, yachting is *non est*, as the possessor of that misleading item, a little classical knowledge, remarked confidently but idiotically.

Amongst followers of rowing the forthcoming match between the champion, Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Robert W. Boyd, of Middlesborough, ranks of course as the chief event, and both men are now hard at work, getting on very satisfactorily. For a long time the race, like a large percentage of projected matches, seemed likely to end in talk, for a variety of reasons. Hanlan preferred rowing on the Thames, where he feels more at home, while Boyd, who, though hailing from Middlesborough-on-Tees, is (at any rate when he wins) claimed by the Newcastleers as one of themselves, insisted on the Tyne having its turn, as the *locale* of a championship match. A less sentimental, but equally potent, source of dispute related to the amount of the wager, as Hanlan, having to come from Toronto, wished to be sure of rowing for something worth the journey, and preferred a high stake. Boyd's party, on the other hand, suggested the orthodox 200*l.* a-piece, which has, with but few exceptions, been the outside limit for important rowing matches. Public feeling was, or pretended to be, aroused on this side, and sundry offers being made to subscribe towards Boyd's stake, a match was eventually agreed upon, for 500*l.* a side, on the Tyne. Both men have thus far done well, Hanlan on the Thames showing the same faultless style which gained him so many admirers, and is no doubt the principal element in his success. As to physique, the Canadian, who was always remarkable as an especially well-built specimen of muscularity, appears to have rather filled out since his last visit, so that on the eventful 3rd of April he is likely to scale a trifle more than his previous trained weights. Boyd, who had a great deal of superfluous matter to get rid of, has been at work, first on the Tees, and more recently at Newcastle, in very determined style. On many occasions when prevented by rough weather from rowing, he has substituted a vast amount of walking exercise, and is already within hailing distance of his proper weight. His work when afloat gives every satisfaction to his friends. A month hence we shall be on the eve of the contest; in the mean time, giving both men a clean bill of health and no casualties, Hanlan must on public form be again first at Scotswood Bridge.

The University boat-race again looms in what Rutland Barrington calls the middle distance, both crews being in strict training. Oxford, who won easily last year, have to fill, amongst other places, that of stroke, and at present are, with doubtful policy, rowing A. H. Higgins, of Magdalen, who weighs but nine stone and a half. For nearly a quarter of a century the tendency at both Universities has been in favour of bigger men both at the stroke thwart and throughout the boat, and since the days of Jack Hall, of Magdalen (Cambridge), and Thorley, of Wadham (Oxford), both of whom rowed just before the series of Dark Blue triumphs during the sixties, bigger men have invariably been the successful strokes over the Metropolitan Course. The rest of the boat seems up to the average. At Cambridge the crew are rough but strong, and, if they go on improving, seem likely to develop into the better lot, though in the case of young men of which University crews are formed, the chances of falling to bits in training is so vast in comparison

with more seasoned constitutions, that a cast made so far forward must be taken with more than the average amount of salt.

After Hanlan's decisive race with Trickett on the Thames, few things seemed less probable than that the performance would be encored. On the principle, however, that nothing is certain except the unforeseen, the Australian is now *en route* for England with the view, it is announced, of again rowing the champion, and money is already staked for the match, so that Southrons, whose lack whether of funds or enthusiasm deters them from a journey to Newcastle, are likely to have a chance of seeing a big match on the Thames during the summer. Should Boyd beat Hanlan, the championship would not be involved, but the meeting must in any case cause a great deal of interest.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE.—February Footprints.

WITH the first tap of the drum political, the good City of Westminster breaks out into the familiar life and aspect of what is known as "the season." There may be breaks in its continuity, but from the first kindling of the lurid beacon-light on the Clock Tower, gleaming angrily through the murky atmosphere, and showing us that our rulers have come home again, the season begins, and a very foggy commencement it made. Those who had experiences of Piccadilly and other west-end thoroughfares on that Saturday, the 4th ult., do not want to be reminded of their miseries. Cabdrivers discharged their fares, and left men to grope their way to Kensington and Brompton dinners as best they could. Omnibuses were left high and dry, theatre-goers did not go, and in one instance, at the Imperial, when the curtain drew up, there was not a single person in the house. It may be the announcement of a new Hamlet deterred as much as the fog, but that by the way. It was a night to be remembered, and the worst of it was that days succeeded in which there was little relief from London's great pest. Even Messrs. Gladstone, Bradlaugh, and Co. failed to disperse the gloom.

Indeed, if politics came within our ken, which happily they do not, we might be inclined to say that the Assemblage of Notables (*vide* Egyptian question) at Westminster rather added to it. What with "the honourable member for Northampton," the row in Palace Yard, "the cloture," "the previous question," and the new "Minister of the Interior," it seemed as if the fog had got into the great council of the nation, and, as some malicious people aver, has remained ever since. A decent dulness reigned within the House of Commons on the opening nights of its performance, and the only approach to fun that we saw, was played by the playful roughs of Palace Yard, when they cheered their great leader, "the hon. mem." above mentioned, and "bonnetted" every decent individual who happened to dissent from their teaching. We rather enjoyed that from a distance. It was such an exemplification of Liberal principles, those principles which we know are the bulwark,—but we must not be carried away by our feelings. Begging our readers' pardon, we will "resume our studies."

And these studies shall begin with the very interesting Sportsman's Exhibition, held in the early part of the month at the Agricultural Hall, where everything, from a coach to a bicycle, was spread before our eyes,

rather in a confused mass, it must be owned ; but still, that perhaps added to the zest of sight-seeing. We were always coming on something unexpected. A billiard table succeeded a coach, and then came a punt, and a duck gun about as long as Lord Rosse's telescope, followed by fishing tackle and Curacoa whiskey. We suppose the managers of the Exhibition found it nearly impossible to classify, but we think another year an attempt should be made to reduce order out of what was something like chaos. In the matter of guns, saddlery and harness gear, for instance, a visitor had to go all over the building to find out what he wanted. The bicycles and tricycles had the pull in this respect, having the galleries all to themselves. But, as we have not yet got an "iron horse" man among "the Van" correspondents, and know very little about these machines ourselves, we wisely let them alone. They are very pretty to look at, the tricycles especially, but they are "kittle cattle" to the inexperienced. The carriage department deserves something more than a passing notice, although it may be impossible to give as much space to it in "Our Van" as it merits. Taking the drags as first in order of importance, we will note some that struck us as fine examples of this union of science and art. Allens' sent one with very perfect details for lunch, interior table for the spread, glass for her ladyship to see if the set of her bonnet be correct, &c., all of which would not obtain mention here if they had not been accompanied by sound "lines" and good construction. For picnic and road purposes, they make the door of the front boot to fall down, but to avoid any error on the part of a groom who has imbibed remnants of champagne bottles, they have rendered it impossible to re-close it save by a distinct turn of the key, so that no amount of carelessness will involve the chance of its falling on the wheelers' hind quarters, and a consequent "case." Kesterton had a very neat sample, and seems alive to the fact that the legs of passengers are limited in length, and that hassocks or footstools are clumsy adjuncts, which ought not to be necessary on a well-constructed drag. Since Peters's coach, in the nave of the Great Exhibition of 1862, there has been rarely, if at all, such beautiful workmanship exhibited as that in Shanks's drag of natural wood, where the most perfect taste in brown leathers and brass fittings accompanied this happy combination of ash, elm, oak, and mahogany. Another drag of theirs, in the usual colours, good as it was, was almost eclipsed by this fine specimen. Hooper, to whom we shall refer again, gave a good example of the private drag, differing but little, we fancy, from that which he sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition, and we noticed with satisfaction that he had trace leather on his brake-block. Carpenter, of Staines, sent a light drag built for Captain Kelso, with rather less gauge than usual. But for the pick of the basket, in respect to "lines" and all the details that go towards the construction of a true running coach, commend us to that very plain dark green drag owned by Mr. Shoolbred, but exhibited by the builder, Henry Whitlock, of High Street, Kensington. It seemed to us to comprise every desirable point, being very low, with fine wheels of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch greater diameter than the old mail coach, which were 3 feet 4 inches, plenty of wood where wood should be, seats within a measurable (leg) distance of the floor beneath them, and transverse springs longer than in most drags, an element somewhat important if you desire to avoid rolling. Altogether it was a beautiful specimen, and we hope Mr. Whitlock may soon have one of his coaches on the road, as well as in private use. Thrupp and Maberly exhibited a most perfect private omnibus, with ladder placed under the front seat footboard, and we do not think his "lines" for that sort of vehicle can be matched outside his *atelier*. Hooper's

Beaufort phaeton has been stamped with the approval of such dragsmen as the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Arthur Somerset. It is the neatest, prettiest dragette, for six or seven persons, that we have yet seen, but we think a brake, with a step attached to it, would afford facilities for men to get in, although for ladies it is quite right to have the folding ladder behind. Besides their well-known Brougham-Hansom, Brainsby & Sons, of Peterborough and 35 Long Acre, exhibited a Hansom of better form than ordinary, and hung on their cross springs. The *specialité* of their exhibit, however, was a dog-cart, arranged to take shafts in the usual manner for one horse, or with pole and bars for two, three, or four horses, after the Cape fashion. This method of harnessing horses has many points of superiority over the purely curicle form, where a bar connects the saddles, and a mishap to one wheeler may involve the other. Here the pole is kept up by a yoke or bugle in front of the horses, with a strap passing over the harness of each horse, so that if one falls he does not drag down his companion. Readers of the "Van" will remember that the young Princes sent a cart and harness of this description as a present to their august parents. Brainsby had a specimen, also, of a village cart, with the same simple arrangement for a pair of ponies.

Space will hardly permit us to do justice to many other exhibits, but we hardly ought to pass over two good examples for adjusting the body of a dog-cart. One was by Holmes, of Derby, where a lever on the right of the driver, by the simplest possible motion, slides the whole body back, and another by King, of Leighton Buzzard, where an endless screw of gun metal, acting on a cog, effects the same motion. At Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson's capital show of sound and elegant work from Newcastle, a young inventor, Mr. Mortimer, was afforded an opportunity of explaining his prize brake, as applied to one of their carriages, to visitors. We all know that cranes, &c., have their brake worked by a band on the axle of their wheel, and it seems odd that the same method has not been applied practically to carriages. Without taking up too readily a new thing in course of experiment, it would seem likely that Mr. Mortimer's method, which is an improvement on the crane principle, and does not act, as brakes usually do, in the circumference or tire, may be found a useful invention, and we shall probably recur to the subject in a future number, when a certain trial of which we are cognizant has been completed. In the meantime, we wish every success to a man who works modestly and conscientiously to attain a good end. Singular it was to find, in such an Exhibition, that Shanks was the only man who produced one of the noblest of our purely English carriages (next to the drag), the mail phaeton with a perch. Needless to say that it was, like all their work, of the best, and they had their hood well flat. For a Sportsman's Exhibition, there were a good many more ladies' carriages than its title would justify, and many of them, in the form of broughams or landaus, on elliptic, and others on C springs with a perch, were fairly good; but we regret that Messrs. Craher and Abbott, of Oxford Street, were not able to send that very elegant chariot which they repaired lately for the Duchess of Cleveland, and which was on show in their shop. It was built, fifty years ago, by Pearce and Countze, of Long Acre—great names in the trade then—and we would match it now for lightness, elegance, and interior comfort, against anything produced for ladies at this show. Robinson, of Cheshunt, in his "sporting buggy," has had the courage to give an increased width to his tire, with light hickory felloes and spokes, and such width is, so far as we can see, the only conservative agent available against the odious tramways that monopolise our roads for the benefit of private companies. One of the lightest hoods we ever saw applied

to a village cart was that by Hollick, of Coventry, who also had an ingenious side reflector to their lamps. Benison, of Leamington, exhibited a new carriage lamp for mineral oil, with an arrangement of the wick to secure safety. There is clearly a field open here for economical lighting. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the humane inventor, Dr. Benjamin Howard, for his admirable ambulance cart and very practical stretcher. His views have been well carried out by Burt, of Swinton Street, King's Cross, but perhaps the hind axle might be slightly increased in strength in a future example. At first sight it might be thought that Balmain's luminous paint could have little connection with carriages, but it is not so clear that its application may not be of advantage, and in any case a gentleman's park or farm gates, or railway gates at a level crossing, coated with this material, would be clear as noon in the darkest night. There is, perhaps, nothing so absolutely wanted by dragsmen as a really safe and efficient slip-link, whereby horses can be detached easily at the pole end in case of a fall. One or two were exhibited, and we wish we could give either or both unqualified praise. Bezer's "Reliance" is very near the mark, and they have a testimonial from Pickford and Co., but the addition of a thumb-screw at the point where the action takes place would give still greater security, and would cause very little delay in the working. Hartmann's horseshoe pads are working their way without advertising. We know as a fact that the horses of H.R.H. are shod with them when they go into the city over that dreadful asphalt, and on one particularly wretched night last winter, when horses were tumbling all over Piccadilly, he was landed safely at Marlborough House after a rapid trot from Mr. Rothschild's mansion. They are unquestionably the best of safeguards against horses slipping on slippery ways, to say nothing of saving concussion to the feet. Mr. Unite, of Paddington, is an agent for them. A line also let us give to the carriage watch-cases by Russell, of Piccadilly and Liverpool. They are very complete, and their owner may laugh at any Autolycus roaming about for "unconsidered trifles." Leaving carriages by land for carriages by water, Searle exhibited a very perfect sailing canoe, and Burgoyne, of Kingston, a useful sailing and rowing gig for inland waters. Now that the Norfolk broads are becoming such popular cruising grounds, the model of Mr. Loyne's (of Norwich) improved cruising craft must have well repaid attention, for it seemed to combine all the best points of light draught with clever arrangements for covering all in at night with a tent, and yet affording plenty of head room. Messum and Tagg also exhibited, and more beautiful specimens of joinery and boatbuilding have rarely been brought together. The latter had an especially pretty canoe, "Nigara," with sculling as well as paddle arrangements.

Among the saddlery, we were much struck with a saddle fitted with Spence's (Richmond, Yorkshire) patent self-acting safety bar, for preventing accidents. It seemed to us to possess the merit of great simplicity, and at the same time precision of action. It evidently would do what it professed to do, and we have not always been sure about that in other safety bars we have seen. Some hunting friends, who inspected it with us, praised it highly. Then there was a patent slip-link, which we have before referred to, and safety hook for harness, exhibited by Alexander & Co., of 190, Westminster Bridge Road, an ingenious invention for releasing a horse who has fallen. It is called the "Reliance," and can be adapted to pole chains, and if a horse falls, a single touch of the lever of the slip-link releases him instantly. Many large firms in London are using it, and have thoroughly tested its advantages.

But it was not all sight-seeing at the Agricultural Hall. The palate was gratified as well as the eye. Weary of saddles, harness, and guns, sated with coaches, and tired of tennis and its appliances, we suddenly came upon a stall on which was a tempting array of bottles, containing a charming amber-tinted liquor, a glass of which was offered to our not reluctant lips. Whiskey-Curacoa—so is the pleasing (for it is pleasing) liquor called—is an invention of Messrs. Gulliver and Co., benefactors of their species, whose address is Banbury and the Vale of Aylesbury. It is just the stuff for a hunting flask, or, for the matter of that, a railway ditto—the warmth of the whiskey without the lusciousness of the curacoa. We were much taken with it, as also was a well-known hunting friend who was with us. The lips of a fair lady, too, pronounced it very good, and in fact the extempore "jury" found a verdict of approval without one dissentient voice.

To tell 'Bailey' readers how charmingly "F. G." discourses on all subjects connected with sport would be needless. They well know his terse and vigorous English, the evident *con amore* style in which he treats all matters, especially cricket, that come under his hand. If it is true that was said of a play now running at one of our theatres, that there is "a smell of hay borne over the footlights," assuredly there is a great smell of the country in everything that emanates from Mr. Gale's pen. The announcement, therefore, of a lecture from him on "English Sports, their Use and Abuse," at the Marlborough Rooms, on the 13th, drew together an appreciative and crowded audience. The occupation of the chair by Mr. Ruskin was a tribute to the subject of great significance. The presence of that distinguished thinker, and one of the greatest of English essayists who has done so much for knowledge and culture, was flattering alike to the lecturer and the audience. It was not by any means an easy topic on which Mr. Gale had to discourse. He had to avoid the pitfall of technicality on one hand, and of generalisation on the other, but he accomplished it cleverly, we think. His style was pleasant and colloquial, his sentences well turned and epigrammatic. He touched on many branches of sport, but devoted, as was to have been expected by those who knew "F. G.," his greatest space to cricket. The fine old English game, not, though, so very old, as the lecturer reminded his auditory, has no greater lover or stauncher friend, and he spoke of it as he loved it as well as with the voice of authority. The platform was hung round with illustrations of the game; drawings of very queer-looking bats, balls that would now be considered small, and a picture of the exterior of the old Bat and Ball Inn at Hambledon, with a game in progress on the green. Much had Mr. Gale to say about some old Hampshire and Surrey worthies, and we only wish he had told us more about Alfred Mynn, for we are sure he could have interested us with many an anecdote of that great cricketer. But of course there were many other subjects to speak of—polo, lawn tennis, hunting, shooting, fishing, and even extinct croquet, the lecturer candidly admitting that he had "jumped for joy over its grave." He highly admired and advocated lawn tennis as a thoroughly good game, healthy and invigorating. Next to bat and ball, hunting was the interesting part of the lecture, and a very happy picture did Mr. Gale draw, if here and there one a little imaginative, of what hunting ought to be. The sketch of a little village—was it in Utopia?—where, when it became known that a vixen had a litter of cubs in a cover near at hand, the mothers of the hamlet threatened their children with condign punishment if the litter were disturbed, was in the happiest vein. Mr. Gale had hunted with Assheton Smith in his younger days, but the pressure and cares of business have prevented him being in the

saddle of late years. He spoke, we fear, more of what has been than what is, and indeed he referred to the fact how much had been written—a little in these columns—on the altered aspects of hunting. In speaking of athletics, he deprecated the handicapping system in schools as tending to lower that thoroughly English feeling, apart from sport's sake; and in conclusion lauded the Saturday half-holiday movement, as having done so much for a class before doomed only to dissipation in their few hours of leisure. He paid a high and well-deserved compliment to our young men behind the desk and the counter for the way in which they had availed themselves of the opportunities offered them, and taken away a certain stigma of reproach that twenty years ago clung to their calling. At that time it was thought that a man who measured out ribbons, and said, "What is the next article?" was but a poor creature. Experience has shown us that he only wanted lifting out of a slough of despond, and the "pushing young particle" of to-day can be a good athlete as well as a good salesman.

Mr. Gale had struck a note in his remarks on the evils of handicapping among boys, the dangers of "pot hunting," the curse of speculation overshadowing well nigh every sport, the absence of the pure "honour and glory" feeling, and the substitution of money and silver cups for the palm branch and the garland of wild olive, that called forth something like an answering one in the imagination of the president. In eloquent words he pleaded that while athleticism should be devoid of the idea of gain, it should not be deprived of pageantry and colour. Mr. Ruskin evidently had in his mind the great spectacles presented at the Olympic games, the solemn proclamations of the heralds, the crowning of the victors on the tables of ivory and gold, the applause of the representatives of assembled Greece. He would, in our cold clime, essay to revive the splendour and magnificence of Athens in its glory. He referred to the days when our kings and queens went to Westminster by water, and the civic potentate, on his civic holiday, took barge there with all due pomp. He wanted to give the people spectacles, something beyond the march out on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon of the united Bradlaugh-cum-Parnell-cum-Tichbornites, or two or three volunteer regiments in Piccadilly; for those events, in reality, comprise our London shows. On the 9th of each November, and on the rare occasions when Her Majesty opens Parliament, it is true Londoners are gratified to a certain extent, and the latter show is always an imposing one, because it excites our loyalty. But we fear that we have been so long accustomed to a dull matter-of-fact routine, to the constable in blue who regulates our movements, to the procession of the picturesque omnibus, the crawl of the London gondola, and the occasional block in our thoroughfares, that we are content with these things. The eloquence of a Ruskin fell, we thought, on deaf ears.

Our hunting news is rather scanty this month, but from Yorkshire we hear that the great "meet" of the season, this side of Christmas, was the meet of the Holderness hounds at Brantingham, in honour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. One thousand two hundred horsemen were counted through Mr. Sykes's lodge gates, and one thousand people in carriages, besides three thousand foot people. H.R.H. received an immense reception, being loudly cheered by all there. Many farmers came across the Humber from Lincolnshire. Foxes plentiful, but sport spoilt by a heavy sea fog from the Humber. The Prince had many narrow escapes, from the anxiety of the Yorkshire farmers to get near him, all of which he bore with the greatest good-nature. The party at Mr. Sykes's were the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Abergavenny, Lords Londesborough and

Ormathwaite, Lord Aylesford, Mr. Knollys, Colonel Teesdale, V.C., Lord Wenlock, Sir George Wombwell, &c.

Mr. Fox has sustained a severe loss by having eight of his best hounds killed by the York and Leeds express in a deep curved cutting, and, while the eight hounds were being cut to pieces, the remainder of the pack killed their fox close to the line side! No blame is attributed to the engine-driver; he stopped his train so well with the new Westinghouse brake, that the passengers found themselves colliding with each other in the carriages, so suddenly was the train pulled up.

The Y. and A. have done well in February. On Monday, the 6th, they had a most severe day—one hour, from Haxby Whin, through a very deep country to the Hawk Hills, and lost; and another severe gallop in the afternoon. Only four were up, Mr. Wombwell and his sister, Miss Mabel, being of the four, Mr. Wombwell, on his well-known "grey roan," having gone through both runs. We regret to hear that the first whip's horse died that evening, and four other well-known sportsmen had to leave their horses out all night. The well-known old trencher-fed pack, with Jack Parker, had a great day on Friday, the 17th. The meet was at Newburgh Park, the seat of Sir George Wombwell. They found, for the seventh time this season, in Pond Head Wood, went right away towards Castle Howard, and ran into their fox in a grass field; time, one hour and twenty-two minutes. Miss Mabel, daughter of Sir George, was awarded the brush by Mr. Tom Parrington, the young lady, on a thoroughbred horse of Sir George's, having gone well through the run. There was a large field out, and this was considered the best run of the season.

The Dowager Lady Middleton gave a charming dance at Settrington on the 14th, and the neighbours filled their houses for it.

From the Bedale the accounts of the winter's sport are the poorest Major Dent has had since his tenure of office. Luck has been against him: in the cubbing season Major Dent was unable to hunt the hounds himself, on account of illness. Then scent has been very indifferent, and in several parts foxes difficult to find. Now Major Dent is unfortunately laid off hunting again, having sprained a muscle in the thigh in jumping a fence, and it is probable he will not be able to ride any more this season sufficiently to take part in the sport. This country is suffering from a want of the needful coin, and it is feared Major Dent will resign the pack he has been trying to improve so successfully, at the end of the season, for want of funds to go on. We had hoped a longer reign for so keen a sportsman; but times are bad, and landlords are hard pressed by tenants, so that they cannot subscribe as they would were it otherwise.

The sport with the Meynell has quite maintained the promise of the opening months, and it may be safely said that never have they had a finer season's sport. Some of the finds and finishes have reminded us of the olden time: one fox killed in a barn, another in the churchyard at Littleover, actually on a tombstone, while the old oaks of Sudbury Park have found us two or three brilliant runs, and the group of expectant foxhunters anxiously waiting the results of a bit of lighted paper thrown down a hollow of a tree would have furnished a pretty picture for the late Sir Francis Grant. Where so much good sport has been shown, and where nearly thirty-five brace of foxes have paid the penalty of fox-hunting law, it is well-nigh impossible to single out brilliant exceptions, but Thursday, February 16, from Stenson Wood was a brilliant run over the cream of Derbyshire, by the Pastures, Mickleover, Burnaston and to Eggington. Tuesday, February 21st, a meet at Somersal

House, where Mr. J. B. Wood had at last the opportunity of dispensing hospitality to all. A fox was found in a plough field; running straight through Sudbury Coppice for the park, and pointing for Boylestone, he turned short back and was lost. A fox found in Eaton Woods we could not do much with, but the old oak in Sudbury Park once more proved a sure find, and a fox was quickly dislodged; hardly enough law was given, and hounds hustled him quickly through the park, through Sapperton Gorse, to the left for Foston, by the Icehouse cover; leaving the other Foston covers to the right, he checked, and here the imploring voice of the Master (Mr. Chandos Pole) cried to a gentleman or two who, fine horsemen as they are, will ride too close to hounds and spoil their own and others' sport, "Gentlemen, why do you make my life a burden to me?" Well, Charles held his hounds on and hit off the line, and five minutes later the who-hoop proclaimed that one more nose must be added to the kennel door, one more fox had been killed in the open by the Meynell bitches. The opportunity afforded to the members of the hunt to subscribe to a wedding present for "the Squire," on his approaching marriage with Miss Beckett-Denison, will be eagerly seized by all, as he seems born for a master of hounds. Courteous to all his field, he is particularly conciliatory and pleasant to that important component part of a hunt, the farmers; and throughout the season he has most unmistakably shown the truth of the couplet—

"P is for Pole too, though welter his weight,
He's a very fine horseman and always goes straight."

The South Oxfordshire—Lord Macclesfield's—have been having good runs almost every time they have been out; but the red-letter day of the season, if not for years past, took place on Friday, January 20th. The meet was Newmarsh guide-post, near to the woodland part of the country. A small covert on the way to Horton Wood being drawn blank, the hounds were thrown into that stronghold, and a "tally ho" over from a real good sportsman, Mr. J. Thompson, told at once that Reynard was at home. The scent being good, the fox soon broke, making his way for the Allotment Grounds, and on as it were for Boarsted Wood; turning a bit, he went on for Whitecross Green, then for the Decoy, his point being evidently Merton, through the meadows to the river, and here a check occurred. Forty minutes to this, and the van being Messrs. Hyde-Smith, Thompson, Parsons, C. Phillips, and W. G. Phillips, all of whom went well; but the palm must be given to the Parson on the "Belhus Grey." "Forra'd on" was the cry, and luckily a bridle being handy the field were able to hold their own. Grave Hill Wood seemed now to be his point, but turning a bit near Blackthorne Hill, he was viewed through the brickyard about eight minutes ahead. The line now led straight for the brook, and as only four or five jumped this, had the rest to themselves, through Marsh Gibbon on to Cooks Ham Farm, crossed the North Western line, and on to Preston Basset hand-post, and then to Goodington, where he was run into in about two hours from the time he was found. At the finish the following gentlemen only were up, viz., the Rev. Hyde-Smith, Mr. H. Parsons, Mr. C. Phillips, Mr. Cozier, and Mr. W. G. Phillips (the latter gentleman from Oxford, well known in the Pytchley field of years past), with Harry the whip. This is, we believe, the best run seen in this district for many years.

Like most other packs, the Badminton Hounds have enjoyed good sport during the two past months, Lord Worcester having seldom returned to the kennel without accounting for his fox. The principal drawback is the

overcrowded state of the "Fields" when the meet occurs in a popular district. We have only space to chronicle very briefly some of the best days.

January 7th.—*Hullavington*. A long run at a moderate pace from Bradfield Wood, by West Park, Binkum, Angrove, and Seagry. In the evening they found a fox just outside Binkum, crossed the Chippenham Road near Bell Farm, ran through Stanton Park and Grittleton, killing him in the open close to Yatton Kennell. Time, forty-five minutes. Mr. Audley Miles was well to the fore.

January 13th.—*Rood Ashton*. A rattling day's sport in the new country. Found in Rood Ashton coverts, left Trowbridge close to the left, past the cemetery, where they checked; on again past Bradford Wood, which they did not touch, and lost their fox at Hinton Abbey. An eight-mile point, the first part of the run fast, and over a fine country. Few men without second horses stayed to see them draw Keevil Withy Bed in the afternoon, where they found, and ran a clinking thirty-seven minutes over the cream of this good country, killing their fox handsomely at the entrance to Melksham. Messrs. Walter Long, Coates, and Harris went well, and so did Walter Barnard, the second whip; it was a grand day's sport. January 31st.

—*Burton*. Castle Combe is not a popular locality for riding men, but the hounds had a capital day's sport, beginning with a ring of twenty-five minutes round Burton and Centre Walk, killing him in Burton Withy Bed. Then they found at Old Lands, and ran for three hours by Castle Combe, Grittleton, and Dunley, finishing with a fast gallop up to Alderton and Luckington, where they had to give him up. A very hard day for hounds. February 4th.

—*Bidstone*. Found at Bushy Barrows, and had a very fast twelve minutes to Yalton Kennell and Castle Combe, on which last locality we were glad to turn our backs. We next had a ring from Methuen's Gorse over a good country, and killed him. In the evening hounds divided in Heywood, and ten couple got away on the Kington St. Michael side, and had an excellent gallop of twenty-eight minutes, killing their fox in the open. Lord Waterford and the first whip went well. February 6th.—*Foss Lodge*. First fox from Surrendel Wood to Castle Combe. We then got upon a ringing customer who seemed much attached to Alderton and its vicinity, but a fresh fox finished the day well, running up to Pinkney, and then very fast on to Bull Park, where he was killed. Very hard day for horses and hounds.

February 8th.—*Swalletts Gate*. An outlying fox was waiting for us on Mr. Jeffery's farm at Dauntsey, and started over the Back Brook, which was the scene of much fun. He made the very best of this fine vale, running by Somerford, past Dauntsey House, on to the Malmesbury line, as if for Bittlesea; then turning back he ran the length of the vale again up to Brinkworth, where he went to ground, and was given another chance, of which he failed to avail himself. A second fox was found in Greatwood, ran nearly to the Brook, then turned back, and went by the reservoir to Lyneham; left Bittlesea to his right, and on to Gatcombe, where most of the field left, hounds eventually killing in the road just above Dauntsey Station. February 11th.—*Hullavington*. First fox found at Draycot; was lost close to Angrove. Second fox from Seagry ran to a drain some few fields off; on being bolted two foxes left the drain, the hounds fortunately getting on the line of one which gave us a really good gallop of one hour and three quarters. He pointed at first for Angrove, but left Rodbourne to his right, and ran along the top of the hill into, and through, Binkum, whence he crossed the Chippenham road, ran on to Hullavington, which he left on his right, and into Stockwood. It may be that we changed foxes here, for the hounds, after running past Norton on their right, turned sharp to the right hand, and

ran straight for Bradfield Wood, where he was killed. A good day's sport. February 18th.—*Pickwick*. Found at Fowler's Gorse, and getting away on capital terms ran very fast to Daniel's Wood, then on to Inwood, whence he turned to the left, and leaving Laycock to his right, ran on for Lackham, where the river proved too much for him, and in attempting to retrace his steps he was run into after a pretty half hour's gallop. Lord Waterford, Captain Biddulph, and Mr. Wallington, saw the run well, and the brush was presented to the daughter of the last-named sportsman.

The V.W.H. have had exceptionally good sport during the past month, and our friends down about Fairford, Meysey Hampton and Swindon say they could fill the Van. Why don't they try then? The Swindon Wednesdays seem to have been very successful, beginning with a meet on the 1st and followed by one on the 8th, when there was a quick find in a cover of Mr. J. H. Deacon's. Two foxes indeed were seen on foot, but the hounds stuck to the first found, and he set his head straight for Bishopstone, but turning crossed the Marlborough road to Burderess Wood, when he was rolled over, after a very quick three quarters of an hour, without a check. The country was all grass, the fences quite big enough, but the grief nothing very particular. Then they drew a cover of Mr. Kemble's at Overtown, after partaking of an excellent luncheon at that gentleman's house, but Reynard was not at home. Next Clark's Wood was successfully drawn, the fox heading for Overtown, and then turning for the Downs was soon run into. "Never mind," said Mr. Kemble, "I know where there's another;" and so he did, for there was a brace on some fallows; a very stout one, made for Draycott, and then turned towards the Downs, then on to Breed Henton, back to Uffcot, and again on to the Downs, when the Master, who on the Swindon days hunts the hounds himself, whipped off after a two hours' run. Meysey Hampton on the 10th was not so good. The scent was wretched, and they ran one fox to ground and lost another. Mr. Seymour Hoare had a bad fall, we are sorry to say. His horse put his foot into a hole, and Mr. Hoare came down violently, causing slight concussion of the brain. He is progressing favourably though. They had a good gallop over the water meadows near Preston on the 14th, leaving Down Ampney on the right, and so on to Furzey Hill, where he turned and ran the line back to Driffield, where unfortunately they lost him. But he was a stout fox, and lives for another day. Saturday, 18th February, they met at Red Lodge, found there, and ran at racing pace round Mrs. Fitzgerald's covers, and back to Red Lodge—time twenty-five minutes. The fox did not dwell in the woods, but ran on as if for Blumsdon, and was run to ground within a mile of Swindon—time in all fifty-five minutes. Only two men (Messrs. Adamthwaite and Brooke) were with them after leaving Red Lodge the second time, the pace preventing any one, who did not get a start, from catching up the hounds.

We have good accounts from the East Essex, where Mr. Brise has been very fortunate in showing excellent sport, in a country, too, where there are many difficulties in the way of the most zealous Master and the ablest huntsman. On the 9th of February the hounds were at the Green Man, Braxted, and a brace of foxes were soon found in the Park, the scent being burning, and the pace consequently clipping. The hunted fox was soon ran out and broken up, and then the hounds were quickly got on the line of the other, the scent still good, and the hounds going as if they meant business. They drove him through Shutneath to the village on Tatham Hill, then down on the far side, where another fox got up, making for the right into Spickett's, with a couple of hounds after him, the rest of the pack

sticking to the hunted one by Great Tatham Farm through Bog Grove, South Wood into Eastlands, where he ran to ground in a rabbit warren. Young de Crespigny galloped off to Champion Lodge in no time, and returned with a couple of terriers, one of which soon pinned the fox, and the pack made short work of him. Braxted is always a good meet of the East Essex. The time they were there before, they killed three foxes, one of them affording a run of over two hours. On February 11th Mrs. Cecil Reid broke her horse's neck in a quick thing from Dragon's Wood, and singularly enough on that same day a horse was killed with the Union and also the Essex. There was a clipping forty minutes on the 16th from Loyer Wood through Ped's Wood, the fox not hanging for a moment, then a ring round Tiptree Springs and so back to New Plant, soon after which he was dead beat and run into.

The Essex Union Hounds have had extraordinarily good sport ever since the commencement of the cubbing season. Old sportsmen in the country are of opinion that it has been the best season since the first one (some twenty years back) of Mr. Scratton's mastership, when Shepherd, now with Lord Leconfield, was huntsman. The red-letter days have been numberless, and the masterly way in which Mr. Watson Carnegie has brought his foxes to hand has been the talk of the country, always letting hounds alone, but giving assistance at the right moment. Some forty-two foxes have fallen a prey to the pack, which, through his good judgment and experience, he has brought to a high state of perfection. Perhaps the best run of the season was on November 15th, when, finding a fox in some turnips near Mucking, hounds ran for an hour and thirty-five minutes over a beautiful line of country, and pulled their fox down in the open near the kennels at Bursted. Saturday, February 4th, was another day such as is seldom seen with any hounds, when, after two good runs of respectively an hour and a half and fifty minutes, hounds bowled both their foxes over in the open.

The Hunt Ball at Brentwood, on February 8th, at which two hundred people "assisted," was a great success. How could it be otherwise, with Coote and Tinney, Gunter, and pretty women and pretty frocks were all there, in good form? The following day the officers of the Warwickshire regiment, now quartered at Warley, gave a Hunt Breakfast. There was a very large field, including several members and farmers of adjoining hunts. A number of carriages and foot people looked as if the chances of sport were not very rosy; but, finding a fox at once in one of the Warley covers, he soon gave the crowd the slip, and crossed over into the Essex country, where he was run into the open at the back of Ingatestone town, after as good a hunting run of two hours and twenty minutes as any one could wish for. The same evening Mrs. Coope had a charming dance at Rochetts, which was the third in succession in South Essex this week, as the Tuesday previous the hospitable regiment above mentioned had given a capital ball at the gymnasium at the barracks. There was also a lawn meet and breakfast at Rochetts of the Essex Hounds, who, under the mastership of their popular Master, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, have had an equally good season with their neighbours, the Union. A good day's sport ensued.

It will be seen from above that Essex is not behind other counties in having her "week," if we may so term it, and a real good week it was, both for hunting and dancing men and women.

On Saturday, January 28th, on a nasty wild blustery morning, the Pytchley met at Sibbertoft, which generally means a good wild fox from Sulby, so there was a goodly muster at the meet, all anxious to be on the move to

the gorse, but they had to exercise their patience, for Mr. Langham gave Goodall the order to first draw the Marston Hills, which they did, and then found in Alford Thorns, and ran a fox by fits and starts in a deluge and a hurricane by Lubenham, on over the Harborough Railway and the Canal to the foot of the Laughton Hills, where all trace of a line was fairly blown and washed away; but, suddenly the wind dropped to a perfect calm, and the rain became a very gentle drizzle, and the old knowing ones said, "We shall have a burster this afternoon from Sulby. Now, there must be a blazing scent," so "Sulby Gorse was the order." Then those who had second horses out, and who meant going, at once got on them—but what was it that attracted Goodall before he had walked along the side of the little gorse, and turning, made him trot gently back, when, with a "Hoick Holloa," he fairly drove his beauties out on the other side of the covert? It was a sight to see how they drove and raced over those big grass fields away for Longhold Plantation, and what a front rank there was over the first four pastures of "Thrusters," well known in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire; but soon after the pace and the fences told their usual tale, and left Mr. Foster, Captain Soames, Mr. Muntz, right in front, cutting out the work as they swung round to the right of Sibbertoft, as if the point were Alford Thorns; but, still keeping on round the village, all on the grass, they raced him straight away along the top parallel with the Hothorpe Hills, at the farther end of which they turned to the right, then down over the vale to Theddingworth, where they killed him in the rectory grounds after a brilliant thirty minutes. In the third field from the start, in the front rank, were Mr. Herbert Langham, the Master, and his brother Mr. Frank Langham, Mr. Foster, Captain Soames, Mr. Muntz, Mr. Kennard, Mr. Craven and his son, Mr. J. Truman Mills and his son, Captain Woddropp, Mrs. Kennard, Mrs. Arthur, Miss Davey, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Phillips, Goodall, Charles Isaac, Mr. Ford's man, Jack Dixon, from Leamington, and others; but after a time the pace over the large pastures fairly squandered the field.

On Saturday, February 18th, they met at Badby Wood, and, after doing nothing in the morning, they went on to Braunston Gorse, which has been on many occasions the starting-point of so many brilliant runs. It was, however, a long time before any sound proclaimed that a fox was at home; but at last "Tally ho" was heard, and after a few minutes twisting about in covert, a grand old fox broke as if he meant it, and knew where he was going. Hounds were out and away in a minute, and before the last man was through the narrow bridle gate at the bottom corner, they must have been a good mile away, streaming over the valley towards Staverton. At the foot of the hill leading from Staverton Wood, Mr. Muntz on the left and Major Curtis on the right, seemed to have it very much to themselves; but the hounds, bearing to the right, were soon running parallel to the bridle road leading up to Staverton Village, where they crossed on the brow of the hill, and let in several others. Sinking the hill, as if he meant to go to Shuckburgh, he was now headed by a labourer, who turned him again back to Staverton Village, under which he crossed the Shuckburgh and Daventry Road, and then made his way over a bit of the strongest and most difficult country in England, to the main earths at Catesby, where he got to ground. Amongst those who were right in front were Major Curtis, Mr. W. H. Mackeson, Mr. W. D. Greig, Mr. Muntz, Mr. H. V. Haig, Mr. Langham Reed, and Mr. Parker. The pace at the first part was too fast for most, and the fencing at the conclusion too complicated; but it was a brilliant gallop,

and Braunston Gorse fully maintained its ancient reputation. In the afternoon they had a good fifty minutes and a kill from Brockhall, but the whole pack had the very narrowest possible escape of all being cut to pieces by an express train when they were running near Mr. Craven's residence at Whilton Lodge.

Wednesday, February 15th, was quite a sensational day with the Belvoir when they met at Croxton Park. They found at Newman's Gorse, after running a fast ring by Frisby into Stapleford Park; they ran by Saxby Station nearly to Thorpe, to Burbidge's covert, and after two or three rings round it the fox crossed the river Wreake, which, owing to the floods, was full to overflowing. The hounds were close at him, and all got safe across. The field were all blocked in a corner, but Arthur Wilson, the second whip, dashed boldly into the swollen stream and swam safely over. He was followed by Captain Brocklehurst, who alone attempted to cross, but he had to swim for his life, as the current was so strong that it took his horse completely under, and with great risk he swam to the bank; the rest of the field went round by the railway. The hounds ran on over Burton Flats, through Mr. Hartopp's plantation, straight to Laxton's Spinny, then over the Whissendine, where a lady got a regular ducking, and others also coming to grief—the rest went to a ford. After this they hunted well toward Wymondham, then back to Burton Flats, past Stapleford Park straight away to Burbidge's covert, up to Thorpe, by Freeby Village nearly to Saxby, then back to Burbidge's, where they lost after running *four* hours and *twenty* minutes—continual hunting and frequently changing foxes.

If hunting cannot be said to have thoroughly reasserted itself in Ireland there can be no doubt that in many places there has been a strong reaction in its favour. Thus in Limerick staghounds and foxhounds are hard at work, as in former seasons, while in Cork the Duhallow, the United Hunt, and the South Union Hounds are out pretty regularly and without obstruction or opposition in Kilkenny. Captain Hartopp, mentioned, as they say in the House, "in another place," has had one or two splendid runs in his Freshford and Innistiogue countries, while Desart Woods have ever responded at his call. The run of the season in the South took place last week from a wild gorse near Platten, giving fully a ten-mile point, while in Meath the sport has perhaps never approached the average of this year; the run from Kilmorn was remarkable for its having chased away a large field bar two—a lady and her pilot—while from Harristown Gorse and New Hayford fine gallops were enjoyed within the last fortnight. The show of spring foxes was perhaps never so good in Ireland. Harriers, too, have done extremely well last month.

We have lately had the opportunity of inspecting an admirable invention of Sir Thomas Dancer, viz., a new "saddle bar," which bids fair to exterminate the use of the old-fashioned spring for holding the stirrup leather. We believe that the new idea was first suggested by a bad fall which the Hon. F. Morgan had some two seasons since while hunting with the Badminton hounds. In this case the rider fell backwards over the quarters of his horse, both feet being retained in the stirrups, not a very pleasant position when the hind legs of the animal are brought into play. In the present invention, although the bar will resist any weight of "downward" pressure, as in the natural position of the leg and foot, directly the iron is raised in the air, as is the case in every tumble, the leather at once parts company from the saddle bar, and therefore it is an absolute impossibility for a man to be dragged. Having seen this illustrated in more than one fall, we

have great pleasure in bringing the invention before the notice of readers of 'Baily,' and we may add that the patentee is daily receiving orders for his bars, which are in use at Badminton, and in many other stables in the Duke of Beaufort's hunt. The low price (12s. 6d. per pair) brings them within reach of every sportsman, and they can be fitted to any ordinary saddle, their weight being only 14 oz. Any communication addressed to Sir Thomas Dancer, Bart., Malmesbury, Wilts, will receive immediate attention.

In our notice of the coaches last month, one or two errors crept in. With regard to the Virginia Water coach, it might be inferred that it was horsed jointly by Major Dixon and Selby, whereas we should more strictly have said that it was run by Selby and very frequently driven by the Major. Another error, for which the printer was responsible, made us say that Captain Blyth's coach, in 1880, ran to Kingston *via* Tunbridge Wells. Of course Brighton was written by us.

We must congratulate Mr. Wilson Barrett on his having secured the services of that rising young actress Miss Maude Milton for his provincial tour with 'The Lights o' London.' Those who saw Miss Milton at the Princess's need not be told how much she contributed to that effective cast. The company commence at Leeds, and go on to Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. No doubt 'The Lights' will illumine the provinces, and a successful tour will follow the London run.

Of making many clubs there is apparently no end, but that they supply a want we suppose must be taken as an accepted fact, seeing that they all seem to flourish. One of the most recent creations is The Empire Club, an endeavour to make a home and rendezvous in London for our colonists, an idea that we wonder never occurred to some enterprising mind before. The club is located in that charming house in Grafton Street once inhabited by the Turf, and those who know the house need not be told how excellently it is adapted for the purpose to which it is applied. All the Grafton Street houses, those at least from the Hay Hill corner, are good, and were built at a time when carved ceilings and Wedgwood chimney-pieces were in vogue. The Junior Turf Club at No. 2 is, though a smaller house than No. 5, where The Empire is lodged, an admirable one for a club, and a flourishing one, by the way. The Junior Turf, with its Newmarket branch, promises to be—but we are wandering from our original theme. A very pleasant evening, or rather night, was spent at The Empire on the 20th, the occasion being a supper given by a well-known member of the club on the occasion of Mr. Henry Irving's election. We need scarcely say that as Mr. Irving's fame is colonial as well as imperial, there was a goodly gathering to welcome him. His almost life-long friend, Mr. Toole, was among the guests, with the blushing honours of his new theatre thick upon him; and very pleasant it was to see and hear the two friends, artists in such different lines, speak the words that came evidently from the hearts as well as the lips in referring to each other. It was a thoroughly enjoyable night, to which the geniality of the gallant host considerably added. The proprietor of the club, Mr. Chinnery, told us that The Empire would become a big thing in clubs, and we see no reason to doubt his words.

The Sandown meeting on the 21st and 22nd, good in the matter of company, was poor in sport, a fact which has greatly exercised the pens of sporting writers. Why the big stake, the Sandown Grand Prize, with 500*l.* added, did not bring out more than four runners, is certainly hard to explain. Some people said there was no market, and consequently no money to be won; but the stake was 700*l.* or more, and seven hundred pounds is seven

hundred pounds. However, our racing friends think it such a bagatelle that it is hardly worth taking. Fortunate racing friends. Of course Mr. "Plunger" Walton would naturally look with contempt on such a little "pile," and if he had run Sutler and won it, would probably have given the money, with that open-hearted generosity characteristic of him, to the jockeys who rode in the race. Still we should have thought that there were two or three "little" men down Hampshire way or in the neighbourhood of Epsom, who would have cut in. Some people think the Sandown programme wants overhauling, and even more money given, but we doubt if the added coin was doubled, if we should see a better class either there or at Kempton. It is wonderful the lot of bad horses that run at these meetings, and yet they are both popular places of resort, and Sandown is favoured by the patronage of royalty and the presence of a considerable portion of the upper crust. Indeed we believe that some of the leading *habitués* of the senior club take a very Gallic view of the sport provided. They come down to Sandown because it is an agreeable outing—because they will meet plenty of people they know, pretty women included—because there is a capital restaurant and a lot of gratuitous luncheon on the other side of the course. About "the running horses, and the names, weights, and colours of the riders," our opinion is that they are indifferent. They rarely, if ever, speculate, and hence bring away with them nothing but pleasant memories. It is just possible that they are wiser in their generation than *nous autres*.

The death of the Earl of Lonsdale in the flower of his youth caused something more than a passing sensation, for apart from its suddenness, there were not wanting some painful circumstances attending it. It seems only a very short time since his colours were first seen at Newmarket under the auspices of Captain Machell, when he commenced what seemed a brilliant and promising career. We fancy he really loved racing. It was in his blood. The Lowthers for generations have been not only fond of the sport, but done much to make the English racehorse what he is. The Stud Book tells us of the Lowther White-legged Barb, imported by Sir John Lowther in 1690, and in the last century we find the Lonsdale Bay Arabian, whose blood Foxhall has in his veins. The late Earl had many good horses, and did not much care what he gave for them. His purchase of Petrarch from Lord Dupplin in 1877 for 10,000 guineas was much commented on at the time, but he got back his money with him, and when he retired from the Turf sold him to Lord Calthorpe for 3,000 guineas. His most fortunate purchase was that wonderfully good mare Pilgrimage, which he bought for a ridiculously small sum. After winning the Two Thousand and One Thousand, she broke down in the Oaks, but she must have won her owner a small fortune. Other pens, however, have told all that is to be told of Lord Lonsdale's racing career. It is impossible, however, to quite withdraw our thoughts from his social one. His own master, the inheritor of great wealth at too early an age, he had not the strength of character to fight against the manifold temptations that beset him. A hand guided by affection and tact might have done much—for there were the seeds of good until the tares choked them,—but this was wanting. He was generous and liberal to a fault, and those who knew him best liked him. What he might have been in the future is bootless now to speculate on. Life opened to him very fair and pleasant, but it soon clouded over, and the moralist is left to draw a lesson from

"The sombre close of that voluptuous day."

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. W. E. RIGDEN.

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1882.

DIARY FOR APRIL, 1882.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.
2	S	PALM SUNDAY.
3	M	
4	Tu	Nottingham Spring Races.
5	W	Nottingham Races.
6	Th	
7	F	GOOD FRIDAY.
8	S	
9	S	EASTER SUNDAY. [chester Races.
10	M	Kempton Park, Gosforth Park, Four Oaks Park, and Man-
11	Tu	Newmarket, Craven, and Twyside Hunt Races.
12	W	Newmarket, Bangor, and V.W.H. Hunt Races. [Races.
13	Th	Newmarket, Lichfield, Monmouth Hunt, and Catterick Bridge
14	F	Newmarket and Abergavenny Races.
15	S	Royal Artillery Races.
16	S	LOW SUNDAY.
17	M	Norfolk and 7th Dragoon Guards Races.
18	Tu	Epsom Spring, Knighton, and Bridgnorth Races.
19	W	Epsom Races.
20	Th	Sandown Park and Thirsk Races.
21	F	Sandown Park and Thirsk Races.
22	S	United Border Hunt Races.
23	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
24	M	[Races
25	Tu	Newmarket First Spring, Stratford-on-Avon, and Whitehaven
26	W	Newmarket Races. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes.
27	Th	Newmarket, Isle of Wight, and Ludlow Races. [ton Races.
28	F	Newmarket, The One Thousand Guineas Stakes, and Packing-
29	S	
30	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.



of the year 1860.

of the year 1860.

W. H. Rogers

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. W. E. RIGDEN.

OF a good hunting stock—his grandfather kept a pack of harriers, and his father, the late Mr. William Rigden, died in the saddle—the subject of our present sketch is one of the many examples in English country life of the tastes of the fathers descending to the sons. Born in 1843, and educated at Eton, and Trinity, Cambridge, Mr. Rigden, on leaving the university, entered his father's large house of business (he was banker and brewer) at Faversham. Inheriting, as we have said, his father's fondness for hunting, he was entered to hounds at an early age. Mr. Rigden, senior, had been, at the time of his lamented death, for quite forty years a M.F.H. in the Tickham country. It was not, nor is it now, though things are much improved, a very satisfactory country to preside over; foxes are scarce, and in some places they are destroyed. It is a difficult country for horses and hounds, and in places nearly as bad as Hampshire for flints. But the woodlands hold many a stout fox, and though hounds have to work hard to kill him, it can be done with dash and energy. Mr. Rigden is his own huntsman, and he has an able assistant in Tom Pedley.

It was in 1871 that Mr. Rigden lost his father. Out cub-hunting in the October of that year, the highly-respected Master was, through his horse putting his feet into an open drain, violently thrown from his horse, and, his neck being broken, death was instantaneous. His loss was much deplored, and after two or three years, during which Mr. Hall had the hounds, his son took office in 1874, and has remained at the head of affairs ever since, to the satisfaction of every one, gentle and simple, who hunt with the Tickham. As we have hinted, it is not a country to everybody's liking, and the Master has to contend, here and there, with a little open hostility and lukewarm support. But there are many staunch preserves of foxes to be found, and as Mr. Rigden, through his position as Chairman of the

Board of Guardians and Highway Board, is brought much into contact with the farmers, among whom he is deservedly popular, he is enabled to smoothe over difficulties, should any arise. He is a J.P. for Kent, and formerly held a commission in the East Kent Yeomanry.

THE EARL OF WILTON.

"Flebilis occidit."

'Tis only ten years ago, "come September," as the yokels say, when, at the behest of the most puissant Editor of this Magazine, we took up our pen, not, perhaps, to "build the lofty rhyme," but to indite a humble and simple stave in honour of Lord Wilton and Wenlock, the St. Leger winner in the year to which Cremorne has given his name. His Lordship was a turf veteran even then, a Nestor among his brother senators of the Jockey Club, one of the old-world type of sportsmen, now so far and few between, sojourners in this vale of tears; albeit, during the decade which has rolled away since the crowning triumph of his racing career at Doncaster, succeeding cycles hardly seemed to have told with the weight to be expected after the allotted threescore-and-ten limit upon the octogenarian sportsman lately taken to his rest. A good, true, staunch sportsman he was in the very best sense of the word, a firm friend, a generous foe, a gallant and chivalrous gentleman; of which sort it were devoutly to be hoped more could be induced to play their part in every sphere of pastime, to the exclusion of the pinchbeck lot which now presume to court notoriety, in place of distinction, in racing circles. Lord Wilton may be said to have lived his life, and to have thoroughly worked out the problem of devoting it to sport in its noblest aspects; and all he did he did so well, that if we cannot quite hold him up as the pattern to mankind of an Admirable Crichton, yet we meet his equal far too seldom to allow a very near approach to the ideal to glide immediately from our recollection. The task before us, though solemn, yet presents features reconciling to his loss friends left behind; and as

"The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,"

so we may regard as enacted not exactly out of due time the closing scene, with the comparatively few hours of slow decay prelude the final break up of a constitution which falls to the lot of but few in any walk of life. Among the eminently aristocratic faces and figures, the owners of which, bestriding perfect hack or highly-educated hunter, gave colour and tone to the crowds of horsemen ranged "by the cords" at Newmarket, or dotted about at the side of woodland or gorse in the hunting county *par excellence* of England—few were probably more familiar than those of the nobleman recently taken away from us at a ripe old age, and in the place he surely would

have preferred to meet his end—his hunting-box at Melton. It seems but a year or two since that we stood watching him near to the "Turn of the lands" at Newmarket, teaching a remarkably awkward and impetuous thoroughbred the way he should go, with tact, temper, and touch above all admiration, and with a hand and seat unaffected in delicacy or firmness by those frequent attacks of his old enemy the gout, to which he succumbed at last. These, together with pluck and judgment of the highest order, were the qualities which enabled Lord Wilton to hold his own through so many dangers in the hunting field, where as an octogenarian he could outlast and give the go-by to many of his flashier brethren of the pushing division, taking things quietly and easily, without a suspicion of jealousy, always in the first flight, and a perfect type of what a horseman should be. There are not many of this same good old sort still living and going, and Lord Wilton's memory and example will haunt the headquarters of fox-hunting, so long as the gorse remains uprooted and the hound fills covert and copse with his joyous music. Always in sporting harness of some description, the late earl may be said to have died in it, and though nearest and dearest to his heart might be supposed to lie the glorious surroundings of the chase, yet racing and yachting had substantial claims for his vigorous activity of body and mind, while the softer and calmer hours of life owed a vast measure of their enjoyment to his love of and skill in the musical art. But as it is rather in his public capacity that we would endeavour to portray him here—leaving to more practised pens those reminiscences of him in connection with "the field," which will be so proudly chronicled by a host of friends—turn we, therefore, to a consideration of his character and policy as a patron of the turf, which loses in him one of its oldest, if not most ardent adherents, and of such reputation and standing as we can ill afford to see removed, even in the fulness of time, from a stage which is able to boast few such sterling characters. We write this advisedly, being fully aware that many of the late earls' compeers conducted their racing affairs after a far more lavish and magnificent fashion, as has been the case with those whose lives have been exclusively devoted to the pursuit of their favourite pastime. But Lord Wilton was not of such as these, to whom racing would appear to form the be all and the end all of a feverish existence; and he contented himself with taking his share and interest in doings on the turf, as that phase of recreation happened to come uppermost on the ever revolving wheel of sport, the *curriculum* of which he may be said to have run through during a long and active life. And so it came to pass that when the "season of seasons" had run to its close, and scarlet was folded away, that the thoughts of the all-round sportsman were loyally turned to silk, and he entered into the business and pleasure of training and racing, not with that sort of "treadmill" sentiment which must perforce animate the exclusively "stable mind," but with a keenness and a freshness of feeling akin to that which fires the heart of a schoolboy let loose for a leisure hour. Lord Wilton raced after

that sensible, moderate, and we had almost written modest fashion, which is no less admirable than rare; and there was about his sayings and doings none of that sensation or mystery which chroniclers of the Turf's small beer are wont to describe with such gusto, and to impress upon their readers as the correct policy of owners of horses. His name, like that of many another Turfite, as far above reproach as suspicion, has doubtless in its time been handled roughly by the ignorant and spiteful; but the Earl's motto was to live down the barkings and snarlings of such curs of low degree, and he never turned aside from his path so much as to rebuke the detractors he pitied rather than feared. At the same time, no interference or prying was countenanced for a moment, and probably the secrets of no training stable were ever more rigidly and faithfully kept than those of the establishment over which Thomas Wadlow so long and so successfully presided, and, above all, in such a style of administration as might well serve as a model for all who have the good sense to admire and to imitate. A quiet and unassuming yet powerful and substantial "family party" was that which sent forth their representatives from Stanton, none of which were more the cynosure of the race-going public than those which carried the "Mazarine blue and black cap," colours finally adopted after many chops and changes in their composition, but long since known to all as the Wilton livery, and in which the doughtiest champions of the noble house of Egerton have done all their best things. On a few of the most remarkable successes achieved under that bonny blue flag we shall be expected to touch, but we may pass over Gladiator and the less distinguished bearers of his jacket fifty years "ago and more," to come down to more modern times, and mark the long, lithe figure, just a trifle bent under the scourge of the old enemy, watching the saddling process of See-Saw, with "George" standing by for a last word with Wadlow, or taking counsel with Maidment before having his leg-up on that "single-speech Hamilton" Wenlock, who gained not a single "bracket" beyond that which conferred upon him the "riband of the North" ten years since. Pumicestone, Modena, Cradle, Napolitain, Muster, Spectator, Footstep, Wisdom, Cylinder, Toastmaster—all such will awaken reminiscences of many a "famous victory" achieved during the last two decades, and of the above while some were home bred from a very small and select coterie of mares, and others were purchased here and there at public sales or by private arrangement, as it seemed best to the confidential "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the stable, Colonel Forester, who is popularly supposed to combine the all-conquering dash of a Napoleon in the field with the diplomatic genius of a Bismarck in the cabinet. Certainly many of the *coups* which will ever be associated with Lord Wilton's name must be regarded as supremely successful efforts of astute management in connection with that delicate and sensitive organisation, the Turf money-market; and yet all was carried through without recourse being had to any of those questionable manoeuvres so often adopted by unprincipled pullers of financial

wires, to put public backers and bookmakers alike off the scent of some "real good thing." Incidentally, while touching upon the Turf career of the late lamented Earl, we would make mention of him not only as a spectator but also as an actor in scenes of which we have endeavoured to revive a passing recollection. At a time of life long past the "hot days of his youth," Lord Wilton was as well known in silk and in a racing saddle as any of the hard-riding boon companions of that age of giants in the pigskin; and many a course of the Croxton Park stamp, now, alas, disestablished or converted to more useful purposes, bears witness to his prowess as a gentleman rider, whose matchless seat and hands served their owner as well on the flat as across country. Many fine and memorable "bits" will more minute chroniclers have to narrate, so that we must fain deny ourselves the pleasure of lingering over tales and traits it were a labour of love to recount; but all will agree in placing the subject of this brief and imperfect memorial notice very high on the class list of gentlemen riders who have met their jockey brethren on equal terms, to the frequent discomfiture of the professional element. Lord Wilton's figure and formation gave him advantages in the saddle of which he availed himself to the utmost; and there was none of that exaggerated violence of action when finishing which at once betrays the amateur when pitted against an experienced master of his art. With all such gifts of head and hand, it would be strange indeed if his Lordship were not an excellent judge of racing, by no means a common attainment, considering the number of individuals who deem themselves infallible, and seeing that to however many it may be given to propound elaborate theories, it is only the few who can venture to probe them by practice.

Thus, one by one, they fall away—links between the present age of restless and perpetual motion and that which has been long since quietly and composedly laid to rest along with actors in its principal scenes. Few of such demand or deserve more than the passing obituary notice contained in some brief "par." of the sporting press; but of those composing, so to speak, the salt of sport, more is expected to be written, especially in cases where the motto *sans peur et sans reproche* can be truthfully inscribed as the epilogue of a blameless Turf career. Such an enviable reputation few can hope to attain who dip deeply into the troubled waters beneath which lie so many wrecks of bright hopes and glorious promise; and though it cannot perhaps be said of the subject of our memoir that he followed up the racing game with such consuming ardour and zest as many of his compeers, yet the part he took therein was sufficiently prominent to render him liable to the suspicion and misrepresentation which men of mark are mostly fated to encounter. But there was a consistency and thoroughness about Lord Wilton's character which rendered him proof against the tongues of scandal and insinuation, and whether he held his own in the shires, or put off scarlet to take to silk, or trod the deck of his yacht, men knew and felt that all was done for the downright pleasure of the thing, and not for show or swagger—

powerful influences both in inducing their slaves to be always "in the fashion." And if we may seem to have dwelt at undue length upon the traits of a character less conspicuous and obtrusive than those of many engaged in similar pursuits among the leaders of sport, we may surely ask and obtain pardon for occupying so much space on the ground that only too rarely does the opportunity present itself of doing full justice to a sportsman of such wide experience and such thoroughly healthy tastes as the late Earl of Wilton.

AMPHION.

THE OTTER.

"See, there he lands! and now the pack
Are crashing on his very track.
Vain is the tangled copse to hide
The tyrant of the glassy tide;
And vain the old frequented haunt
To save him in his utmost want."

Dartmoor Days.

A WELL-WRITTEN and clever article, chiefly bearing on the natural history of the otter, but implying that its fate in these islands would soon be that of the wild cat and the yellow-breasted martin, appeared recently in the columns of a London daily paper; and as I believe the conclusion drawn by the writer is based rather on hearsay than practical experience, I would ask permission to state a few facts, which may haply tend to sustain the drooping spirits of my brother otter-hunters, on this interesting subject.

Quoting Lord Macaulay's account of the various birds and beasts that since the reign of James II. have either become extinct or rare, the writer says:

"The last wild boar and the last wolf had indeed disappeared before the close of the preceding reign; but red-deer were then as abundant in Gloucestershire and Hampshire as they are now in the Highlands of Scotland. Wild cattle, such as are at this moment to be found in Lord Tankerville's park at Chillingham, in Northumberland, or in Cadzow Forest, the property of the Duke of Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, were then known to haunt many English woodlands, and the badger made his dark tortuous hole on the side of every hill, where the copsewood grew thick.

"The wild cats," adds Lord Macaulay, "were frequently heard by night wailing round the lodges of Whittlebury and Meedwood, while the yellow-breasted martin was still pursued in Cranbourne Chase for his fur."

This catalogue, however, is not so comprehensive as the writer of the said article thinks it should be, for he proceeds to comment upon it in the following words:

"To this list of extinct or of rapidly disappearing quadrupeds, the noble historian omitted to add the otter, which then abounded on the edge of every lake, river, brook, and pond in which fish were plentiful, and which gave our hunting forefathers many a tough job before they could succeed in putting their inveterate fish-poacher to death. In the 'Plompton Correspondence,' pub-

lished by the Camden Society, there is, for instance, a letter bearing the date of 1544, in which Sir Henry Savill, of Tankersley and Thornhill, in Yorkshire, solicits assistance from his 'Cousin Plompton' in the following difficulty: 'The cause of my sending my servant at this time,' says the Knight, 'is this: he informs me that in your country there is a man who can kill otters very well, wherefore I have sent him to get him to me for a week. I assure you they do me exceeding much harm at divers places, and especial at Woodkirk and Thornhill, where they lye in small becks. My folks see them daily, and I cannot kill them; my hounds be not used to them.—Given from Tothill, the 8th November, 1544.—From your assured kinsman, Henry Savill, Knt.'"

The author of the article then adds:

"It is singular that Sir Henry's hounds should have been indisposed to hunt the otter, for in our times there is no game or vermin which dogs of all kinds and all breeds are more eager to pursue. Otter-hunting still exists, especially in Devonshire and in South Wales; but in former times—that is to say, until the close of last century—there was hardly a county in England which did not boast one or more packs of otter hounds. The pursuit of the otter, unlike that of the fox, was vigorously undertaken with a view to the extirpation of a quadruped whose appetite for fish and skill in catching them were so amazing that it was impossible to permit him to exist any longer. In this manner the otter was exterminated upon many rivers where his 'seal,' or footprint, had for centuries been seen in the mud; but it has always been a characteristic of this fresh-water scourge that occasionally a pair of them reappear upon some lonely stream, which they hunt—sometimes without being discovered for many weeks together—until there is hardly a fish left."

Assuredly, on one point at least, Sir Henry Savill's credibility must have been grossly imposed upon, when he says, "they lye in small becks; my folks see them daily, and I cannot kill them; my hounds be not used to them."

Now the otter is certainly one of the shyest, if not the shyest, of all wild animals; on the longest summer days he quits not his lair in search of food until the shade of night has darkened the scene around him; and then, short as the night is, especially if the beck, or brook, be a small one, he betakes himself again to some stronghold, before even a blush of light from rosy-fingered morn has illumined the eastern sky—aye, and long before

"The feathered songster Chanticleer
Has wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn,"

this night prowler, "following darkness like a dream," and regarding with the dread of a fairy the approach of day, steals silently to his bed, which he finds either among the moots of some ancient overhanging tree, with perhaps a fathom of water acting as a barrier to the entrance-door; or in a deep underground drain; or in the hole left by scaffolding 'neath the arches of a bridge; or, preferable to all, if adjacent to them, in the cliffs of the sea, where he knows he can bid defiance to all foes, human or canine. But, wherever it may be, he lies high and dry, and clear of the water, so near to which he dozes away securely throughout the livelong day.

To deal with Sir Henry Savill's letter, in the first place, let me here say that I have now seen the threescore years and ten of man's age; that I have from my earliest youth hunted the otter with various packs, notably with those of the late Henry Lewis, of Park, and Richard Hoare Jenkins, of Llanharran, in Glamorganshire; and that, in after-days, I have given without stint many of the happiest summers of my life to that chase with my own hounds; but never—never but once—though always living near streams frequented by otters, and always on the look-out for them, have I seen an otter knocking about on his own hook during the light of day.

On that occasion I had been lunching at Buckland-Tout-Saints, an old friend's house overhanging one of the prettiest woodland valleys in the south of Devon. The brook, flowing through the green meadows below, had suddenly become a torrent flooded by rain; and as, from the window of the library, I stood watching its angry waters racing downwards and overbrimming the meadow-bank, I saw a moorhen, half-running and half-flying, emerge from a willow hedge; and instantly on its track—but not while the bird was in sight—came a fine full-grown otter, evidently in hot pursuit. For a minute or more I kept my eye on its movements with intense interest; for, just like a hound, the wild beast hit off the line of scent, and carried it unerringly at a hand-gallop across the meadow into some bushes, fringing a shallow water-course at some distance from the main stream.

"Now's our time!" quoth I to the young Squire; and down we sallied, Billy and I, full-pelt, followed only by one hound, my trusty terrier, the Black Prince, and a strong spaniel belonging to the house. Well, after an exciting chase, we effectually stopped him from regaining the big brook, and bagged him alive in less than an hour; a miller, called Cleverly, lending us both hand and sack to secure our game.

This otter had been "drowned out" by the flood from a strong drain hard by, the well-known haunt of many an otter killed by me on the Buckland Brook; and hence the unusual occurrence of his exposure by daylight.

Again, there was a capital trout stream, called in that country "the Blackpool Lake," running a short but rapid course, and falling into the sea among those towering cliffs lying to the westward of Dartmouth, somewhere about half-way between it and Slapton Sands. Up this brook as far as the first mill, and sometimes above it, an otter travelled almost nightly, but as often returned by the way he came, taking up his quarters in the mighty fortress formed by nature on that sea-coast, and defying all attempts to dislodge him from his stronghold.

After many and many a burning drag, the valley cracking with music, and the villagers, roused from their slumbers, hurrying forth to join in the sport; and after many a minute search into every hole and cranny big enough to harbour a water-vole, the unwelcome

sight of the downward "seal" would at length tell us that our game had doubled back and gone again to his impregnable hiding-place in the cliffs below ; this too at the early hour of four or five o'clock on a summer's morning.

Well, this continual disappointment to my friends, self, and hounds, was more than mortals could bear ; so it was resolved to intercept the fisherman's retreat by meeting on Blackpool Bridge, close to the sea, at 2 a.m., and there waiting, to cast off the hounds with the first blush of morn.

Alas ! even then the wily beast proved too much for us, and absolutely managed to slip down like oil under the arch of the bridge, and under our very noses, but probably under water, before the hounds were uncoupled, and before sufficient daylight had appeared to work the stream.

That famous otter-hunter, Mr. Collier, of Culmstock renown, has been known to hang a lantern under the keystone of a bridge, and to keep trumpets braying through the darkness of night, to prevent an otter passing down to some strong hover in the vale below ; while he himself, ready-breeched for the chase, sat in an arm-chair chatting the night away, and eagerly watching for the first streak of light to throw off his hounds on the adjoining stream. Notwithstanding, the wild beast generally beat him, either by slipping down under water, or making a long detour over land, and then returning to the river somewhere near to the point of safety it was his first object to gain. Like a fox hard pressed by hounds and well aware that some strong earth or big cover in the distance is the sole chance for his life, an otter is equally difficult to stop under like circumstances. I can well remember, for instance, stationing my old friend Fitz T——, on a boulder immediately in front of the entrance to a vast rocky pile of granite, and telling him he was "to defend that post at all hazards ; and that, if the otter once got in, our sport would be over for the day."

"Never fear," responded he, in his usual cheery and pleasant way ; "I'll tail him, you may depend, before he can do that."

But the otter did do it ; passed like greased lightning between his legs, and we never saw him more. The terriers of course went in, but, instead of our hunted game, bolted a fox, and away went the hounds into the wilds of Dartmoor, eventually killing their fox, and bringing their master into unutterable disgrace, only for a time though, with one of his best and truest friends, Mr. Charles Trelawny, who, like another Meynell, then hunted that country.

But, to continue the argument, on Sir Henry Savill's statement that, "they lye in small becks ; my folks see them daily ;" I will venture to cite a case which, some decade or more ago, was made known to your readers, and exemplified the rare instance of otters being seen in *fresh water* by daylight ; though then, far from being a small beck, the water in which they were viewed was a deep, dark and long fishpond, fringed on all sides by dense cover and overhanging trees, the peaceful abode of kingfishers, coots and herons.

Moreover, it was close to a large tidal river and not far from the sea.

It happened in the spring-tide of the year that, late in the evening of a wet and boisterous day, Mr. Bulteel was favoured with a few rare peeps behind the curtain of nature; so rare that, except under the cliffs and in the broad waters of the sea, it may be doubted if a like scene were ever before witnessed; or, if witnessed, I am not aware that any record remains to tell the tale.

"Yesterday, under a perfect deluge from the sky," writes this favoured spectator, "I thought it likely the otter might be moving about; so I sat down in the cover by the edge of the pond, hidden by bushes, and waited. In about ten minutes I saw the otter emerge from the opposite bank, about fifty yards from the rails on the sand, and begin to fish. For full twenty minutes she kept diving and rising to the surface, her attitudes most graceful, when suddenly she came up with a bright white fish. She then, without diving, swam off, with her head just above water and with wonderful rapidity, to the bank opposite, dived, and then I heard the most extraordinary sort of whistling—I suppose the young quarrelling for their prey. In three minutes she came out again, repeated the same fishing, again caught a fish, again went to the young ones. She then came out a third time; but as I was pretty well soaked, I moved on; and from that moment all was quiet.

"The swans have got accustomed to them; for, although the otter came up several times within ten yards of them, the old drake only set up his hackles, and did not seem to mind her much. Now, of course, I know where the young ones are laid up, and I shall see, I daresay, many interesting episodes of otter life. I think you ought to come over some day and enjoy the sight."

A month later, he writes again, describing a still more exciting episode, in the form of a grand tussle that took place between a couple of otters, evidently a male and female, the latter of which must have been an arrant termagant, from the rough treatment she bestowed on the fine fellow aspiring to be her mate.

"About a week after that tempestuous day, I was again favoured with a grand sight; and I only wish you had been present to witness it with me. I was sitting at the farther end of the pond from where the young were laid up, when suddenly I saw two large otters, as I thought, fighting. The tussle first began at the very place where, a week before, I had seen the bitch-otter feed her young. The otters, when under water, at length loosed their hold, and one rose to the surface two or three seconds before the other; but, as soon as the head of the latter appeared, they went at each other again *con amore*. I am inclined to think from what I have since observed (more of which as I go on) that it might have been a game of play and romps; but certainly they went at it hammer and tongs, until the bitch had driven the intruder half across the pond. He then (the animal I suppose to be the stranger) landed, set the moorhens and even the cock-pheasants all on the *qui vive*, and finally I lost sight of him in the dark.

"The next evening a neighbour and friend of mine paid me a visit, and as he expressed a strong inclination to share this sight with me, I wrapped him in a great-coat, put him on a camp-stool and, with a good pair of opera-glasses, we bided our time. Suddenly, just opposite to me, and within twenty yards of where I sat, out came the bitch-otter, fished for ten minutes, caught a white trout, and swam with it to her young. I looked intently but in vain, at the farther end of the pond, whence she had emerged on previous occasions; the careful mother, however, owing it struck me to the fight the night before, had shifted her young to other quarters. I can scarcely describe my friend's delight at witnessing this novel and genuine bit of wild sport."

Verily, might his friend have thought, "Non cuivis homini," not to every one has it been given to enjoy so great a treat ; and he may well have compared the sight with those mysteries of hidden nature, those wonderful pranks of animal life which are revealed by a powerful microscope even within the small compass of a glass of stagnant water ; wherein fighting, love-making, and devouring each other, seem to be the chief business of the frightful dragons inhabiting such an element.

But, we have not yet come to by far the minutest and best record given by Mr. Bulteel of this interesting *spectacle* ; one that to him, so keen an observer of nature and so genuine a sportsman, will be not only remembered with delight, but seen again and again with fancy's eye to the last day of his life. He thus writes :—

"A few days after this visit I let out the pond, and during that time saw nothing of the otters. I observed, however, that they still used my drain. On Wednesday last, 5th April, the waters having risen to their normal height, I went out for a watch, and at 7.20 glided forth from the drain the finest dog-otter I ever saw ; he was alone, and evidently on the look-out for company—not fishing, but cruising about restlessly all over the place. Once, he actually lifted himself on his hind legs, until his middle was fairly out of the water—the wildest looking beast I ever saw ; it then became dark, and I saw no more.

"Again, on Good Friday evening, when all was quiet around, I took up my position near the pond, and at 7.20 I viewed a brace of old otters emerge from the middle outlet of my drain, and fish industriously for half an hour. During this performance they constantly returned to the drain. I have marked the place with a cross.

"On Saturday I hunted at Sheepstor Tor ; came home late, so gave my friends—or rather myself—an evening's rest. The next night, however, being Easter Sunday, I saw at ten minutes before seven a sight I would not have missed for gold—a brace of otters, evidently male and female, having, in broad daylight, the same sort of turn-up I had witnessed a fortnight ago, when they were located on the other side. They tumbled over each other, lost sight of each other, and then had, what we call in Devon, 'a real scat,' at one another. Suddenly one landed and looked out for the other ; then up he came suddenly, and both flew into the pond locked together. Now, I must say, all this appeared to me to be a friendly business. I watched them till a quarter to eight ; and latterly they worked independently, returning to the drain every now and then ; but I saw no fish in their mouths.

"I shall be able to see, in a few days, whether they are not, as I strongly suspect, a brace of otters that have no communication with the party opposite ; but, if one happens to be the old bitch otter I first saw with her family, all I can say is, we shall have yet some pretty sights when she brings out her young and teaches them to fish for themselves."

The drain to which Mr. Bulteel refers was no ordinary aqueduct for the drainage of the land, but simply an artificial cover designed by himself, and so naturally constructed that, by the time the taint of man's hand had passed off it, those wild animals at once adopted it as their headquarters, and apparently, too, without a shadow of distrust. Three separate entrances, two above water and one below, invite the otter to take his choice of either a wet or dry access to this tempting retreat ; and, doubtless, the wet mode of escaping unseen, in case of attack by an enemy, was a canny provision on Mr. Bulteel's part, and one which the instinct of the wild

and suspicious animal would most certainly take into account, ere he trusted himself within its precincts.

Three or four dry flues, intended as dormitories for the sleeping visitors, and ending each of them in a *cul-de-sac*, intersect the drain; and here, at his very door, when he wakes up, the happy gourmand is supplied with a *menu* of fresh and dainty fish, such as the most favoured batch of Cabinet Ministers never met with at a Greenwich banquet—peel, salmon, trout, flounders, red-mullet, and John-dorees, not to mention “the silvered eel,” equal to that of the Trent river, so vaunted by Drayton in his ‘Poly-olbion,’ abound here in pond, river, or sea, and doubtless pay a heavy nightly tribute to the luxurious monarch of this watery realm.

It remains to be said that a dense and dark rhododendron bed overshadows the drain; and that the pond, deep-set in its charming little valley, and reflecting, like a mirror, the sombre colouring of the pinaster and Scotch firs that surround it, is rarely disturbed by any sounds save those of Nature—the tempest and the sea roaring on the neighbouring cliffs. So, of all spots, sylvan, secluded, and secure from danger, with food in abundance close at hand, such a quiet nook as this is precisely the one in which the opportunity of witnessing such a sight as Mr. Bulteel enjoyed could alone occur.

Therefore, either his “folks” must have crammed Sir Henry considerably, by reporting that on those “small becks” they saw them daily, or the habits of the wild animal must in the present age have undergone a complete change from those of his ancestors in 1554.

But now it is high time to hark back and consider the soundness of the conclusion already referred to in that article, namely, that the otter should be added to the list of “extinct or rapidly disappearing animals” in this country. I rejoice to believe that the author, otherwise well-informed as he undoubtedly is, has been misinformed at least upon this point, and that not only do otters still abound on all the great rivers of England, but that every brook in which a fish or a frog is to be found is visited, now and again, by this erratic animal.*

* The following extract from the *Field* of the 11th of March, 1882, laments “the large number of otters” now frequenting the Dart; and, like an honest angler, the writer of it calls earnestly for their extermination:—

“Trout fishing on the Dart has commenced very early, owing to the exceptionally mild winter we have had, which has proved so beneficial for fish breeding, the speckled beauties being above the average in size, and more plentiful than they have been for years past, accounts coming in from the upper waters being highly encouraging. The opening day was somewhat interfered with, on account of the large quantity of fresh water; but on Thursday, when the water got somewhat in condition, anglers, who were seen to be numerous, got to work in earnest, and large baskets (one of four dozen) were the order of the day, fish rising freely to the March brown and February red. Experience has taught local anglers the value that the months of March and April are to them, and appearances indicate that the early part of the season will prove remunerative to them, especially if a little easterly wind, so peculiarly favourable on this river, should prevail. What is desired to impress upon the board of conservators is the necessity of doing something to exterminate the large number of otters in the river. The net fishing at the weir has been about the average.”

But, if this be the case, it will naturally be asked, how it comes to pass that the fact is not better known, and that so few are acquainted with the habits of the animal, or know more about him than they do about the walrus of the Arctic Sea? The answer is a simple one: no animal, not even the downy bird of night, hates the light of day more than the otter; and when the darkness he patiently waits for at length arrives, he glides forth from his hover and takes the water with a movement smooth as oil—no splash is made to ruffle its surface and alarm the prey, be it fish, frog, or wildfowl, on which his thoughts are intent; for, give him the chance, and, be it known, he will prove far more destructive to a brood of wild ducks than even the wily fox, whose depredations are chiefly limited to foraging on land. Not so the otter, who will hunt down the wingless young with the eagerness of a French poodle, and capture them as well under as on the surface of the water. But the moorhen and the coot are his chief victims, both old and young, for they in their wing movements are far less quick and active than the duck tribe. The tame duck, too, the snowy Aylesbury, for instance, enjoys no immunity from the fate of his wild congeners, as the following circumstance will prove.

A friend of mine, living on the bank of a large river, and in the centre of a populous inland city, called on me one day when I kept otter hounds, and entreated me to bring my "Cry" and kill a huge otter that landed nightly in his garden, abutting on the river, and carried off one of his ducks on every occasion, till there remained but a small remnant of a large full-grown brood. "I was lying awake," he told me, "one morning, when I was roused by hearing a lively din and fluster among my flock, and jumping to the window, I saw a large otter in full chase of a duck, and, before I could open the casement and scare the beast away, he had disappeared with it in his jaws."

I condoled with him on his loss, but regretted to say that hounds, in such water and among endless sewers on either bank, would be utterly useless; adding that, if he would save the remainder of his ducks, he had better keep them under lock and key, and let the slugs feed on his lettuce to their hearts' content.

A few days after this event, a butcher told me that occasionally, when this same river was flooded, he had found an otter in his slaughter-house, a large drain, which was always ungrated, giving him access thereto. Never, however, was the butcher quick enough to intercept the retreat of the rash intruder.

But I have been guilty of a long digression, and must beg the reader to cast back with me and consider whether, on the other hand, Lord Macaulay was not quite right in omitting "to add the otter to his list of extinct or rapidly disappearing animals" in this country.

It having been shown, then, how entirely nocturnal the animal's habits are, and, as we all know, that he frequents, in his search for prey, only watercourses, ponds, and lagoons, the very places which

at night-time man is careful to avoid ; also, that he is favoured in his colour, by being a dark object not easily observable at such a time ; and, moreover, that his easy aquatic movements, almost as silent as those of the owl's wing, are but rarely heard—is it at all wonderful, or rather is it not natural, that so many people, unacquainted with these facts, should have arrived at the conclusion that the otter is becoming a creature of the past, and that no time should be lost in securing a specimen for the British Museum ?

This undoubtedly is, and has been for many a day, a very general opinion ; but it may truly be banished as simply a "popular error." If men like Mr. Waldron Hill, Mr. Cheriton, Mr. J. C. Carrick, of Carlisle, Mr. William Collier or, last, but not least, the Honourable Geoffrey C. Hill, all veterans experienced and distinguished in the chase of the otter, were consulted, they would one and all, I venture to say, pronounce that animal still to be found as readily as in the early days of their hunting experience. The last-mentioned gentleman, for instance, has been killing his forty otters in a season, while Mr. Collier always makes quite as good a score as he did with his famous old father forty years ago. Last season only, a young hero of our Royal Navy, Lieutenant Woodham A. Connop, "unbuttoned the jackets" of no less than eleven otters in eight days, and this, too, by fair hunting, and on rivers which have been hunted by otter hounds from time immemorial. They were the very streams on which "Jack Russell" sacrificed a hecatomb of otters in the days when Plancus was Consul, or so long ago that of all who joined him in the sport none but himself remains to tell the tale :

*"He only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain."*

THE BEARING-REIN QUESTION.

NEED the bearing-rein shackle a draught-horse's head ?
 In the *Post* when of late that discussion I read,
 Though to ease the good animal fully inclined,
 A question more grave came at once to my mind ;
 In our team at St. Stephen's we have, as all know,
 A Leader with far too much freedom of go ;
 One who needs, if it be not already too late,
 Both the rein and the blinker to keep his head straight ;
 One so bent the least pull at the curb to withstand,
 None by force or persuasion can hold him in hand ;
 What upsets, what break-downs, has our country to dread,
 If we still, without bearing-rein, give him his head !

SPRING SPORT IN IRELAND.

IN spring, according to our Laureate, a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love; and foxes follow the genial impulse, and the clicketing season revolutionises the habits and ways of the vulpine family. They forsake their customary haunts; cluster together round their beauties and fascinators, and are often "most to seek when wanted fifty-fold." Indeed towards the close of St. Valentine's moon—moon hateful to the overloaded postmen and "rural messengers," fox-hunting may be said—like certain of our most venerable and time-honoured institutions which do not seem to find favour with the ochlocracy and its kings—to have seen its best days, particularly in a season like the present, which is unusually and abnormally precocious.

Violets and vixens are stumbling-blocks in the path of the ambitious huntsman, and mark, all too prominently, the progress of the rolling months; while those river-gods, the Oxford and Cambridge crews, absorb in the preliminaries to the battle of "the Blues," much of that sporting ardour which was claimed a few months—nay, a few weeks ago—by the livery of the queen of the chase. Then, even in the hunting-field it is a fact that "*Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet*," and that even here, where chasing ambitions are only local and provincial, men have a good deal to say about the galloping powers of certain fast hunters, the property of themselves or their friends, and handicap the prospects of these hunt racehorses with more or less enthusiasm, as they have been inoculated lightly or severely with the steeplechase epidemic; while these invaluable animals—sound, honest hunters, without special galloping or staying powers—are comparatively neglected in the hunting Exchange. "What a good thing, and what a rough bit of country," you will hear from the half-dozen or so who have gone brilliantly in a twenty-five minutes' burst with the Meath or Ward Union hounds, as they compare notes about sundry and several perilous passages; "but where was A, B, or C?" naming some of the best-known men between flags. "Why, don't you know they were on their own candidates for the Fairy House Grand National, and the Military Hunters, and they very sensibly pulled up before that deep drop into the lane, which they knew all about, as they rode it a few days ago—and indeed B pulled up Switcher two fields before that, as he suspected the banks of the 'Hurley,' and did not like the chance of water blinking his chaser on the eve of such a contest." Then the Dog Derby, as it is called, though only a retrospect, is still a fertile theme for discussion, and ventilating views about training and so on; while the Grand National of Aintree—as regular a battle-field for Saxon and Celt as the House of Commons—can never fail to animate conversation and to command interest (and principal too) on this side of the silver streak. Then, too, the summer horizons of pleasure begin to expand

themselves to the mental vision of those whose stables are full of hunters, more or less incapacitated from coming out in their turn by knocks and bruises and the general wear and tear of a hard season, making them look wistfully to the pastures open to their resources of time, money, and opportunity. Polo fixes the thoughts of many who are unable to turn into citizens of the world as they cruise about in their own and their friends' yachts. Cricket is for those who have not degenerated from their school form; and of course London draws all hunting men to its centre, as surely as Mecca does the Moslem. With all these attractions, the comity of fox-hunting is somewhat broken up, and the means and appliances of the chase are somewhat less available. Foxhunting in later spring is not the engrossing, central, and centripetal thing it was in December, when, to quote Alexander Selkirk's sentiment, "Its rights there are none to dispute." Yet, with all these drawbacks and disadvantages, spring has produced some of the finest passages of foxhunting; and if foxes be somewhat scarcer than in the earlier months, they often prove far stouter and more enterprising, while in the lengthened days there is more leisure and scope for distant investigation. As for hares! Masters of harriers know full well what a March hare is capable of, and how hard he is to bring to hand, some of them running as long, and occasionally as straight as foxes. And here I may mention an anecdote of a thistle-whipper, who was dilating on the extraordinary powers of a March hare, *who had gone to ground* in front of his pack, after making a five-mile point—nearly direct, too; adding, "He must have been courting." "*Harcourting*, you mean," was the suggestion of his friend and listener.

Let us endeavour in this paper to give an idea of the state and prospects of sport in Ireland in the present spring, alluding to a few of its brillianter records, and endeavouring to forecast its future in this disturbed and distressful country.

A short time ago the whole fabric of foxhunting in Ireland, which had been raised with such expenditure of money, zeal, and energy, seemed tottering and about to collapse generally. Several establishments succumbed to the shocks they received from without, as well as to internal weakness and want of stability. The hounds were sold off, and hunting abolished in entire districts. Other counties bowed to the storm, trimmed the ship and reefed the sails; sold off their hunters, and endeavoured to weather the squall in a quiet, superficial sort of way. A few other packs kept on hunting in a restricted area and with great caution, hoping for better times. But some three packs alone made no difference whatever in their regime: hunted exactly in the same style as before the troubles began, and have been rewarded with an extraordinary amount of sport, unprecedented in their annals. I allude particularly to the Meath and Louth foxhounds, and the Ward Union staghounds. The Meath hounds hunt five days a week, with an occasional bye added. Their cubbing season was a long and busy one, revealing an immense

number of foxes, but it was not a very sanguinary one, as scent ruled rather low. Their regular campaign—to use a strategic term—began on the 18th of October, and has been carried on uninterruptedly ever since till the middle of March, with only two or three days respite for special reasons. A season teeming with such a succession of high-class sport has never been known in this county before. Foxes have never perhaps been so well distributed, or proved themselves stouter or speedier: one day—the last in February's calendar—will suffice to illustrate our proposition. The pack were destined for Summerhill—Lord Langford's park, which the Empress of Austria selected as her hunting quarters while in unboycotted Ireland—and true to time, they commenced to draw the home coverts long before the field, impatient of woodland, had collected together in their wake. Miles of stray woodland and a heathery bit of peat moss, which usually detain hounds for an hour or so, dulled the edge of early keenness; and when the first found fox had realised after a sharp turn or two in the woods, which were vocal with hound music, that scent was strong and serving, he made his escape over or through the park-wall; ran over a splendid grass-farm known as Drumlargan without dwelling a second in the screens or plantations there, and then swept down to the lower pastures of Balgurtha, crossing a couple of roads and a swollen brook, which absorbed huntsman, first whip, and sundry others of the hunting staff, and racing up to the higher level of Moynalvery, he brought hounds to their noses and to a pause near a fuzzy ridge called Arodstown, after a burst of five miles, in which eight or nine only, led by Lord Langford, saw the way hounds went. After a brief check the chase leads on, at diminished speed and with fuller attendance, to Culmullen, three and a half miles further on, where earths were open. The day was genially warm; the grass pastures (for no plough was touched) were soppy and saturated by the recent rains, and horses who had gone this run might well be sent home: but this was not done, and some suffering ensued from its neglect. After trying some other coverts (gorses) without any decided result, Moneymore Gorse was visited, and a fox started from it as the hounds entered the covert. Some large "leps," including three doubles in quick succession, followed by a deep cutting which had to be crept in and out of, gave the hounds a good start as they drove their quarry on towards the banks of the Boyne, to a stronghold called New Haggard—which, however, the fox despaired of reaching at the pace hounds were pressing him, so he turned back to his starting-place, having made a circle of about four miles, all over heavy grassland, strongly fenced; here he was not suffered to dwell an instant; driven forth past Knightsbrook, a decayed park; past Larracor, haunted by memories of the great Dean Swift, and on by the verge of Rock Lodge to Trotter's Gorse—another four miles. Through this the hounds dashed, with the fox in front of them, across the Trim-Summerhill Road, and through the old park of Dangan Castle, the birthplace of the warrior Wellington; over the

brook and the deep bottoms—three miles more. On past the Bullring Gorse and Ragh Wood into Rahinstown, a couple of miles more; when night, and the collapse of hunting material, saved the gallant fox.

How to get home with tired hunters was now the problem, and I regret to say one or two good horses succumbed to the terrible strain of severe pace over very deep pastures, for in the second run only a few yards of light plough were ridden over. The Master rode four horses in the two runs, and would probably have been glad of a fifth. And so ended a splendid day's sport, for which it is hard to find a parallel, save in another Meath day, which came off a couple of weeks previously, on which occasion Rahinstown (another woodland) furnished the runner, who, evidently a traveller, raced across the country to Ryndville, where he passed the temptingly open earths (it is a Kildare covert), and holding on past Rathcore Hill Gorse, another Kildare stronghold, made for New Castle, also in Kildare, some ten miles from whence he had started. In the evening they had a glorious forty-five minutes in the grass, as in the morning, of which Kilcarty Gorse, Swainstown, Dunsany, The Hill of Glaiwe, and Kiltale were the chief stages.

The Ward Union Hounds had a few very fine runs in February and the latter part of January. One, from Culmullen to Dangan, *vid* Summerhill and Clonymeth, was, though it lasted little more than an hour, remarkable for its pace and exhausting effects. The Enfield Doe, too, has run uniformly straight and well, generally choosing her line by Garristown Hill.

Louth. The eastern neighbour of Meath has, like that happy shire, known none of the perturbations and Boycottings which have sadly marred, if not ruined, the prospects of the chase in other Irish districts. Under the long-continued and very able presidency of Mr. W. de Salis Filgate, his pack has had a welcome everywhere, and never was so well off for foxes. The one fly in the unguent was an outbreak of distemper in the kennels, among the old hounds, too; but it passed away in a few weeks, leaving no bad traces behind. Their run of the season, if not of many seasons, was from Mount Granville, and the fox who led them such an immense distance was harboured in a bit of wild gorse near Platten, which he had occupied for some weeks, finding the commissariat in the neighbourhood very good, probably. After some wide ringing, he got on the Northern line of rails, and jumped up before the pack on the embankment; then he tried circle sailing again, being very loth to leave his furzy fortress, but finding he must essay a bolder and straighter flight, he ran by Crafty Wood and Cooper Hill, and was respited for a few moments by the intervention of some plough—a rarity in these regions. Kilsharvan was soon passed, the Nanny forded or jumped, Balgreen Hilltown and Greenmanstown swept by. He nearly paid forfeit in Harbournstown, when the pack were close to him; but he worked on bravely by "the Naul" into West Town, when he

saved himself subterraneously in "the wilderness." This great run was done in two hours and twenty-seven minutes, and makes an eleven-mile point, and the hounds were twenty-four Irish miles from their kennels at the place where they earthed their fox.

The Co. Down Staghounds have been a most successful innovation in their own county, and Antrim too, and have shown splendid sport; and so have Mr. Gubbins', in a more congenial district—Limerick—where the county foxhounds have resumed hunting once more, and have had good gallops, notably a recent one from Ballybricken.

Westmeath was for some time subjected to "the terror," and hunting suffered accordingly in the western side of the county; however, things have righted themselves now, and the triumvirate, who, as a committee, preside over hunting affairs, have shown some good sport since Christmas, but perhaps the run from Tullaghan, or rather from a "knock" of furze near it, to Mount Murray, where they killed on the edge of the lake, is the best thing so far.

In Kilkenny sport has been extremely good for the last six or seven weeks, Laurel Hill, Desart, Nolan's Gorse, and Sutcliffes having furnished good, stout, and swift foxes, but only last week the Poison Plague broke out, showing that there is a strong undercurrent of hostility to the chase in some parts of this fine county, which Captain Hartopp has served so well.

In Cork Mr. Murphy has overborne the senseless opposition raised against the hounds, and he and Wallis have had some fine runs lately, one from Dundillerick ranking very high indeed.

The South Union Hounds are at work, too, and Mr. Knolles, their veteran master, is once more in the saddle, after an absence of some weeks, caused by an accident.

The Duhallow hounds have not been exempt from the Jihad proclaimed against sport, but for all that they have had a few grand runs, one from Carrignavar mountain covert deserving special notice, and a splendid gallop, early in March, from Regan's Rock, by Annakissa to the woods of Doneraile Covert, was so fast that the field were to a man beaten off, and the point was an eight-mile one.

Harriers were not, as a rule, looked upon with the disfavour that attached to foxhounds in many parts of Ireland, and many packs have had, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double part to play," chasing hare and fox in turns, with an occasional turn at a stag.

The year has been remarkable for the demand for Irish hunters, and the prices made at Rugby for several studs sent over were highly satisfactory to their owners; but the highest price at auction made this year, that I have heard of, was 460*l.* given for Count Zborowski's Splint, a nice 13 st. horse, at Sewell's, early this month.

Polo promises to be very much the fashion in Ireland this season. The 5th Lancers (Irish) are the champions so far, but their supremacy will be sharply contested.

Chasing in Ireland has not flourished so far. The efforts to create a "National" Punchestown in Kildare have, I believe, failed utterly,

and the Attanagh meeting in the Queen's County, which was to open the chasing year, was abandoned, yet, *per contra*, the Fairy House and Navan meetings promise to be great successes. The Irish chases have again proved their superiority to most others at Sandown, Croydon, and Manchester, not to speak of Aintree.

The rivers have been rather too flooded for anglers, but on the Boyne there has been good sport, and the Messrs. Jameson and their friends, at Black Castle, have been very successful. Sport is still one of the great connecting links between Ireland and England. and if only a tunnel were to bridge under the *oceanus dissociabilis* how many would come and enjoy it! I append some lines apropos of the project of connecting "Ireland's Eye" with Holy-Head:—

To soothe the sick stomachs that cling to the shore,
And sink at the sight of a gunnel,
Sir Watkin the wily proposes to bore
A great international tunnel!

See, they've scooped out a track 'neath the Severn's deep tide,
A new link between England and Wales,
When safe as in bed from the storms overhead,
The traveller may mock at the gales.

Can no engineer crown a wonderful year,
By uniting our coasts with his zone?
"Ireland's Eye"* would then shine with a lustre divine,
And beam on "the Head"† now her own.

Such a union would prove not of hate but of love,
And for this no "repale" would be sought;
Then coercion would cease, the suspects gain release—
Can results such as these be dear bought?

LEAVES FROM A RUGBY SCORE-BOOK.

ALTHOUGH the name of Rugby is more intimately associated with our national winter pastime, the old "schoole of Lawrence Sheriffe" possesses a cricket history of which it has good reason to be proud, and many of the finest players the country has produced have learnt the rudiments of the game under the shade of its noble elms. The names of the elevens from 1835 are preserved on the walls of the old and new cricket pavilions, and in 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' Mr. Hughes has given us an interesting record of the annual match against the Marylebone Club as long ago as 1841. These facts show that cricket is no modern institution at Rugby, and it is probable that there was a good deal played there long before 1835, for during the head-mastership of Dr. Wooll (Arnold's predecessor, 1807-1828) the school flourished greatly, and there were at times over three hundred boys there, not a bad number for those days.

I have before me now a book containing the scores of all the school matches from 1845 to 1864. The first match recorded is one between Rugby and Haileybury, not then, as now, a public

* Near Howth.

† Holyhead.

school, in which the latter were victorious by 5 runs. The only thing at all remarkable in the score is the fact that the Rugby total of 104 included 44 extras. Extras, indeed, form no mean item in many of the earlier matches, and in many instances the name of the longstop is given.

Rugby has occasionally encountered other schools besides Marlborough College, with which it now plays an annual match, and old Rugbeians will be glad to learn that on all these rare occasions their old school has been victorious. Charterhouse and Westminster have both fallen victims to the prowess of the Warwickshire boys, Charterhouse being beaten in one innings at Lord's in 1865, while the defeat of Westminster on their own ground, 23rd June, 1852, is one of the most extraordinary and decisive in the annals of cricket. The score, which I give below in full, is remarkable for the fact that Rugby completed both innings without the slightest necessity to do so, as their first innings alone is 84 runs in excess of both the Westminster innings combined. It is therefore not clear why they batted a second time, unless they went in after winning to fill up time. The two Westminster innings together give only 21 runs from the bat, an average of 1 run per wicket. Score:

RUGBY.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
J. Beasley, b. W. Fellows	3	b. W. Fellows	11
W. J. Kempson, b. W. Fellows . . .	6	b. W. Fellows	2
W. Owen, b. W. Fellows	3	b. Lacy	6
J. W. Harman, b. W. Fellows . . .	0	b. W. Fellows	5
F. Gosling, l.b.w. W. Fellows . . .	25	b. W. Fellows	13
J. G. Cordery, b. W. Fellows . . .	0	run out	14
W. J. Clarke, c. W. Fellows, b. Lacy	7	l.b.w. W. Fellows	0
E. Vicars, b. W. Fellows	4	not out	0
E. A. Hankey, not out	8	c. Lipscomb, b. W. Fellows	18
E. Barker, b. W. Fellows	0	b. S. Fellows	2
W. Wills, b. W. Fellows	15	run out	7
Byes 15, leg-byes 6, wides 22 . . .	43	Byes 27, leg-byes 2, wides 17	46
	<hr/> 114		<hr/> 124

WESTMINSTER.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
P. W. Skipworth, run out	0	c. Owen, b. Harman	0
W. H. Lipscomb, b. Wills	0	b. Wills	0
J. De Lacy, b. Harman	1	b. Harman	2
W. Fellows, c. Vicars, b. Wills . .	2	b. Wills	0
A. Williams, b. Wills	2	b. Harman	0
G. Lawrie, b. Wills	5	b. Harman	3
S. Freeman, c. Beasley, b. Wills . .	2	c. and b. Wills	0
R. Edens, b. Harman	0	b. Harman	0
E. Burton, c. Beasley, b. Harman .	0	run out	1
F. L. Burne, not out	2	not out	0
3. Fellows, c. Cordery, b. Wills . .	0	b. Wills	1
Byes 3, wides 2	5	Byes	4
	<hr/> 19		<hr/> 11

Westminster gave Rugby no less than 89 extras !

On April 27th and 28th, 1858, we find an eleven from Harrow School playing against Rugby, on the ground of the latter. This Harrow team was composed of six members of the eleven that played at Lord's that year (including all the bowlers), two old Harrovians who had played for their school against Eton in 1854-5, and three others whose names I cannot trace. Rugby scored 80 and 268, the Dark Blues only 54 and 39. This is the nearest approach to a match between Harrow and Rugby that has yet taken place.

In July, 1863, an interesting and novel match took place at the Oval between the County of Surrey and an eighteen composed of six players each from Rugby, Marlborough and Cheltenham. The six Rugbeians were T. Case, G. Vander Meulen, E. W. M. Lloyd, G. Willes, R. Murray, and H. V. Ellis, and they scored more by 3 runs than the Marlburians and Cheltonians together. The county were a very strong eleven—Humphrey, Mordlock, Caffyn, Griffith, Stephenson, Mr. F. Burbidge, Lockyer, Caesar, Sewell, Pooley, and Whale—and scored 108 and 118, to 79 and 118 on the part of the schools. The three highest scores of the mixed team were all made by Rugbeians—G. Willes, 35; R. Murray, 20; and T. Case, 16.

The first match against Marlborough College took place in 1855. The fixture was unfavourably criticised at the time by Old Rugbeians and others, who would have preferred an annual encounter with Harrow or Eton, could one have been arranged. The Rugby and Marlborough match, however, has turned out a very interesting affair, second only among school contests to that between Eton and Harrow; in fact, it is the only other match of the kind played at Lord's. Rugby won the first four matches, viz., in 1855, '56, '57, and '60; in the next (1862) they were beaten in one innings, although represented by a strong eleven, including such players as B. B. Cooper, T. Case, E. W. M. Lloyd, and others. Then the Rugby elevens, ably coached by Alfred Diver, had a long series of successes up to 1871, unbroken save by a drawn game in 1866. Marlborough won in 1871 and 1872, and again, owing to the presence in their ranks of the redoubtable A. G. Steel, in 1876 and 1877. With these exceptions all the matches have been victories for the Light Blues. During his long stay at the school as coach, Alfred Diver turned out a splendid series of boy elevens, including such men as T. W. Wills, E. G. Sandford, M. T. Martin, C. Booth, F. R. Evans, B. B. Cooper, E. Rutter, T. Case, E. M. Kenney, G. E. Willes, E. W. M. Lloyd, C. Marshall, R. G. Venables, B. Pauncefote, H. W. Verelst, F. Stokes, W. Yardley, C. K. Francis, W. O. Moberley, T. S. Pearson, G. F. Vernon, *cum multis aliis*. He seemed to have the power of instilling confidence into his pupils, as well as of teaching them how to play, and the result was that they were pretty sure to do themselves justice in the match at Lord's, whilst a want of confidence has on many occasions militated against the success of the Wiltshire boys, who have several times collapsed in a manner anything but indicative

of their real merit. The largest individual innings yet scored in the match between Rugby and Marlborough was played by E. W. M. Lloyd in 1864, viz., 139, not out. The total of the innings on that occasion was 301, and towards this three batsmen—Lloyd, E. M. Kenney (74), and H. W. Verelst (53)—contributed no less than 266, while 21 extras left only 14 runs to be accounted for by the remaining eight batsmen, five of whom made 0. Marlborough has made the smallest total yet recorded in these matches, viz., 23 in their first innings in 1875. The most remarkable bowling feat was that of C. K. Francis in 1869, who took seven wickets (six clean bowled) in the first innings of Marlborough, and all ten (nine clean bowled) in the second. His ten wickets in the second innings only cost 15 runs.

Old members of the "School House," for ever celebrated in 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' may well cry "*Tempora mutantur*"! In 1845 we find a match between this House and the rest of the school, in which the latter resigned the contest, the House being 223 runs ahead with nine wickets to fall; while of late years the School House, though generally well up in the list, has not always been either first or second.

In a match between Shairp's House and the School in 1852, J. Parsons was caught out from a rebound, the ball striking one of the "Three Trees" (now, alas! the two-and-a-half trees, owing to a gale a year or two back). I once saw the ball in a House match strike a boy on the head *who was playing in another game*, and, bounding off a good distance, it was caught by long-slip in the House match; but on this occasion the batsman was given "not out," after a long discussion. To the non-public school reader it may be necessary to explain the presence of the intruding boy. The fact is, many games—three, four, or even five—are played simultaneously on a small piece of ground, about twenty yards only intervening between each pitch. Rather awkward for short-sighted or nervous players! As an instance of what might happen, I remember a fellow being struck in the face by two balls at once, from two different games, whilst he himself was fielding in a third! In spite of the apparent risk, however, it is very seldom indeed any one gets hit, and I never knew a *serious* accident happen. In fact, in my opinion, the long rows of practice nets, with three or four bowlers at each, and batsmen slogging as hard as they can, are far more dangerous, and these may be seen continually on almost any cricket-ground. It is a pity nets cannot always be placed twenty or thirty yards apart, when bowlers would not have to be perpetually in dread of a hard drive from an adjoining net.

In 1851 "Tall v. Short" was first played, 5 feet 8 inches being considered short. In 1855 the standard fell to 5 feet 7½ inches, but recovered later on, as in 1859, 5 feet 9 inches was considered short! There must have been giants in the school in those days.

In 1874 no less than five elevens of Old Rugbeians were arrayed against the boys, the third eleven of O. R.'s being composed of

veterans. Mr. David Buchanan was the mainstay of the veterans, some of whom, I believe, appeared in the correct attitudes and tall white hats of their period. Sir Wm. Palliser and Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., were among the ancients, who showed they had some cricket left in them by giving the School third eleven a good thrashing.

The only occasion on which a Rugby boy has scored 200 runs in a single innings was in 1880, when C. F. H. Leslie, at present a member of the Oxford eleven, made 201 against University College. This young player is the latest addition to the ranks of celebrated Rugby cricketers, and, to judge by his *début* last season, he ought to have a most brilliant career before him. Previously W. J. Kempson's 187, in a School "pie-match" in 1854, and T. Case's 170, made in 1863 against the Anomalies, were the largest recorded innings. It is easy enough to chronicle the biggest individual *innings* in a school's cricket history, but who would venture to say which is the biggest single *hit* among the thousands and thousands which make up the totals recorded? Yet, unless rumour lies, this is no such difficult matter with regard to Rugby cricket, for there is a tradition, and not a very old one either, of a hit, the dimensions of which quite put in the shade anything I have ever heard of in this line. This hit is put to the credit of J. T. Soutter, who, in the course of an innings of 50 runs played on the New Bigside Ground against Marlborough College in 1868, is said to have driven a ball as far as the white gate of Old Bigside, a distance of about 230 to 250 yards; the distance from hit to pitch is not so accurately known, neither can I say how many runs were gained by the drive, though tradition says nine. This is probably an instance of the truth of the Latin poet's "*fama volat, viresque acquirit eundo*," and no doubt if the white gate were to be removed fifty yards farther back to-morrow, it would still be handed down to future generations of Rugbeians as the actual stopping-point of the "biggest hit on record."

Having referred incidentally to a "pie-match," I may as well, in conclusion, enlighten the non-Rugbeian reader as to the nature of this peculiar and ancient Rugby institution. A pie-match, then, is a match for a supper, or meal of some kind, of which, although both sides pay for it, only the winners partake, though custom ordains that the captain and highest scorer of the losing side should be invited. There are all sorts of pie-matches—Bigside pie-matches for the eleven and twenty-two, House pie-matches, Tutor pie-matches, and Form pie-matches; in the latter case the pies are provided by the masters. There are also "ice-matches," in which a feast of ices, *ad lib.*, is the stake at issue. These pie-matches are one of the oldest institutions in the school.

W. S., JR.

"QUALIFIED" HUNTERS: HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

IT is a pleasure to see that at last there is an awakening of the powers that rule over the Lower House of our racing legislature to the chaos into which our hunters' races and steeplechases have too evidently fallen. Sir William Throckmorton and Mr. G. E. Paget have placed some important amendments to the present rules in the Racing Calendar for consideration at the next meeting of the G.N.H. Committee. A few remarks on a subject now *sub judice*, and which must interest the majority of your readers, will hardly be a waste page in your Magazine next month.

Let us for a moment cast back to the origin of hunters' races, and take up the germ of their growth. This may help us to arrive at a something like satisfactory conclusion in advising on their reformation. It will only carry us back somewhere about twenty years to remember the institution of racehorse duty, and with that came contrivances for its avoidance. It was held by the legal authorities ruling over the Inland Revenue that only those horses that were regularly trained in public training stables, and that ran in races competed for by regular racehorses, were liable to this duty, so that conditions framed to exclude such horses were put forward by clerks of courses of small meetings to encourage local horses, and not rendering them liable to racehorse duty. The plot succeeded so well that it soon became worth the while of numbers of men to start private training establishments to meet these conditions, and the class of animals competing became most unequal, and in many cases better than was intended. Lord Coventry at once saw that the evil was increasing, and he carried a new rule, by which the condition as to a horse not being in a regular or public training stable became illegal, and, in lieu of it, put forward the idea of the word "hunter," to be certified by a Master of Hounds, as distinguished from the term "horse," which was held to absolve the animal from racehorse duty.

Following on this came the limitation of hunters' races to two miles—the minimum weight to be 11st.—the exclusion of professional riders, and, in fact, the remodelling of the Grand National Hunt rules, to meet the state of things that had gradually arisen, owing almost entirely to the definition which the Government tax had drawn between a racehorse and a hunter. Then, away went the duty on racehorses by the wand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaving still behind it the institution of hunters' races, with their ruling power, the G.N.H. Committee. Stronger restrictions were put upon the riders, and strict registration of certificates enforced; and yet in 1882 we find ourselves face to face with the fact that hunters' races are only another name for welter races of two miles, where professionals are excluded—where the Jockey Club rule of insisting upon the value of a stake being 100%.

is evaded—and where the real *bond fide* hunter has about as much chance of finding the winning-post as he would have of winning a Queen's Plate. At present the racehorse, if he has tried his speed under Newmarket rules and failed, has to undergo a twelvemonth's quarantine, during which he spends about three weeks in being trotted about in the vicinity of a pack of hounds, while leading, perhaps, a Derby horse in his gallops, and then, under the able guidance of a Mr. A. Coventry, or a Mr. Bevill, sweeps down on some Grand National hunters' flat race, like an eagle on its prey, carrying all the allowances. This is equally true of some high-priced or high-born four-year-old, that through some accident has never seen a racecourse, and makes a very remunerative *début* in the hunter class, where a few years ago something like real hunters were permitted to compete with a chance of success.

The evil, however, is admitted. Now, what shall be the remedy? Sir William Throckmorton proposes that it shall be twofold, viz., that there shall be a new rule for the horse, and another for the rider.

His proposal is that before a horse is allowed to start in a hunters' flat race he shall be jumped over all the fences in a steeplechase course to the satisfaction of two stewards. This may sound as a good test in the first instance, were it not open to the objection that in practice it will soon be evaded. An ingenious clerk of the course will have an easy cut-down course made where flat-race hunters can qualify, and will enrich his coffers considerably by these Tyro steeplechases. Besides, there are many who think—and in our opinion rightly think—that it is beginning at the wrong end to make horses jump before they have learnt to gallop on the flat; and that hunters' flat races and steeplechases should be kept as distinct as possible.

The horses that now avail themselves of the present rules and qualify as flat-race hunters are not to be despised—fine staying welter horses of the "Quits" stamp ought to be encouraged by the G.N.H. Committee. They must eventually make a good nursery for steeplechasers. The difficulty is that they are hunters merely in name. Are we to do away with them entirely or even partially on this account? Rather we would say, let the present class of hunters' flat races alone, *only let them be a class to themselves*. It is most useful that such welter races of two miles, under heavy weights, should be encouraged, if not under Jockey Club auspices, at least under Grand National rules.

Do not let us on this account forget the claims that the more genuine hunter class have upon our attention. The horses bred or bought by landowners, farmers, and others, whose ambitions do not soar so high, or their merits equal those of the present class of race-horse hunters, must have a fair chance given them. For them we would say establish a second class of hunters' races, exclusively for horses that never started under Newmarket rules, that never won a sum exceeding 50*l.*, or a first-class hunters' stake. We would,

moreover, limit the value of these second-class hunters' races to 50*l*. This would act as a natural check upon high-class horses being kept in the second class. This second class would represent the *bond-fide* element, the horses and their owners who are very fast being driven out of the arena altogether—the bone and sinew of our fast hunting blood, that render the hunt meetings every spring in each locality popular, and of real worth in a horse-breeding sense to England at the present time.

Let this second class of hunters' races be thrown open as much as possible, and brought within the means of small men as well as great ones. The rules that are the broadest, in our humble opinion, last the longest, and are not so liable to be strained and evaded. Perhaps the G.N.H. Committee were right to abolish nineteen-guinea races, but these races were decidedly popular—they brought out the maiden horses, they helped to divide the wheat from the chaff, they tended to the encouragement of local racing as a preliminary to the sterner elements of the larger meetings and competition for more valuable stakes. We would make the second-class hunters' stake varying in value from 20*l*. to 50*l*. take the place of these illegalised races, and let the stewards of each particular meeting be responsible for the conditions of such races, as they choose to have them drawn up, and let their decisions be final. The right of appeal to the G.N.H. Committee in small races is only too often an excuse for not settling on the part of the ring, besides rendering a horse's weight doubtful in future races until the appeal is decided, often months after the event.

The great safety-valve which we think would prove the efficacy of these second-class hunters' races on the flat is *the limit of their value*. Bigger stakes and more confined rules will sooner or later draw out the best animals into the first class, making way for fresh ones, whose forms are dark and unknown, and whose merits have to be tested before they can take their place in the higher sphere of the first class.

Let the present absurd rule about certificates be swept away altogether. It is an unfair tax upon the patience and popularity of a Master of Hounds, and is no real test of a horse's capabilities as a hunter.

In hunt steeplechases make the same class of distinction if you like, but here there is hardly the same necessity, because jumping is a requirement that a horse can only gain with practice, and whether this practice is given in the hunting field, or in cold blood, does not so much matter, so long as there is no necessity for a hunting certificate. It should be, in any case, we think, a *sine qua non* that, when once a horse has passed into the first class of hunters' races as a winner, he shall never relapse into the second class again.

Now, as to riders. Why, in the name of common sense, should not a professional jockey be allowed to ride in hunters' races on the flat, just as much as he is permitted to do so in hunters' steeplechases or hurdle-races? We fail to see the reason for the present

distinction, and should certainly advocate the admission of professionals to ride carrying 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. extra; while to encourage beginners we would give a 5-lbs. allowance to the amateurs who have never ridden a winner of a first-class hunters' race.

In second-class hunters' races and steeplechases, the riding should be thrown open as much as possible to beginners, professional and unprofessional, so as to make these races a nursery for young men, emulating their elders, and wishing to improve themselves. Let no registration be necessary in this class, and let it be in the discretion of the persons framing the races whether the riders shall be of any one class or another, making it a condition that every professional who has ever ridden a winner of upwards of 50*l.* shall carry 12 lbs. extra in the second class, and every amateur who has ridden a winner of upwards of 50*l.*, 7 lbs. extra.

Racing and steeplechasing, like everything else, are becoming every year more professional. Grasping this fact, the G.N.H. Committee should encourage the local element as far as possible, seeing that in this is embraced the true national interest in the sport, spread through the length and breadth of the country. There is no doubt that the big gate-money meetings, which are the growth of the last few years, will draw the best horses by means of their heavy stakes, but how are the best horses to be discovered unless through the minor contests of local meetings? and how are these local meetings to be carried on unless encouraged more than at present?

There is one thing above all others that calls for the rigid supervision of the authorities before it is too late, and that is the steeplechase courses themselves. Can anything be more absurd than the cut-down, artificial courses that are the growth of the gate-money meetings? A strong foot must be put down on them, if steeplechasing, in its true sense, and jumping as a science, are to be encouraged. It will be useless to encourage local racing and steeplechasing unless something like a clean sweep is made of "artificialism," pure and simple, as applied to racecourses.

It is curious to note that almost the only course that has escaped the hand of the destroyer, and still retains most of its natural features, is Liverpool. There Beecher's brook yawns as deep as ever. More than one deep ditch stares a horse in the face on the take-off side of his jump; and the fences, although low, contain growers strong enough to turn over any horse that chances them; while a fair proportion of light plough has to be galloped through. Consequently, what do we invariably see at Liverpool? Horses that are thorough steeplechasers distinguishing themselves! The hurdle-racer and quondam flat-racer has no chance here. He either refuses one of the first three fences, or if he does accomplish these hardly ever sees the racecourse the second time round. Where is there such another course as Liverpool now among our big money races? Echo answers, Where!

Whether the G.N.H. Committee are a sufficiently strong tribunal

to take these reforms in hand or not, remains to be seen ; but Sir William Throckmorton is one of its oldest members ; he knows his case well, and ought to be able to command a majority in that curiously self-constituted body. That he will not hesitate to go through with his urgent reforms, we earnestly hope, while giving some heed to what, in our opinion, are the cardinal points, towards which some remedies are needed.

GEORGE CHAMPION.

THE vignette portrait that illustrates the title-page of this volume of 'Baily's Magazine' is that of George Champion, the huntsman of the Southdown Hounds. He was born at Findon, in Sussex, December 10th, 1825. When twelve years of age he began service, with Squire Richardson, of Findon, as a kind of little Man Friday ; went everywhere with him, used to carry his gun, mark the birds, and get blown up often by the irascible old gentleman ; he also whipped-in to the beagles and the clumber spaniels in Ashington Covers. At that time he was under the keeper and was always setting traps for cats, much to the annoyance of the old women of the neighbourhood, who were not at all friends of his. At times he had between forty and fifty steel traps down at one time, but by careful setting never once caught a fox, and he was as keen then in looking after a litter of cubs as he is now. He followed this service for some seven years ; but he does not appear to have had much opinion of the head keeper, Botting. He did not get any great amount of wages in those days, just a few shillings at a time when the old squire felt inclined to give them, but he was boarded and slept in the house. In 1839 Mr. Richardson commenced keeping foxhounds ; his country was from the River Arun to Danny Park ; he was a wonderful judge of horses and hounds, in which respect no man could beat him. When Champion was nineteen years of age he was promoted to second horseman : he then got into the kennels, and when Mr. Richardson gave up the hounds they and Will Summers went to Mr. Napper's, at Ifold. Bowman whipped-in to him for one season, and the place being open, Mr. Napper engaged Champion. At the end of his third season as whip Mr. Napper gave up the hounds. It was in February of his last year that he, in the great run from High Loxley Gorse, jumped a horse called Major thirty-two feet. The hounds were sold to the committee who then had the H.H. country, and went into Hampshire, whither Summers accompanied them, Champion going to the Crawley and Horsham, where for two seasons he whipped-in to Jack Press. Mr. Stanford was master, and they had rare fun in those days. From thence he went to the South Berks, and for three seasons whipped-in to David Edwards, one of the best huntsmen of the day ; he was rather severe, but undoubtedly a good

schoolmaster. Mr. Wheble was then Master. When he gave up Edwards went to Lord Henry Bentinck's, in Lincolnshire, and Champion went to the Craven, which was Mr. Villebois's late pack. Mr. Best, of Donnington Castle, was Master, and Joe Orchin, from the Old Berks, was huntsman. Champion only whipped-in to them one season, when there was a split in the cabinet, and the hounds were sold to the Earl of Portsmouth, and undoubtedly it was the making of that pack. The country wanted to repurchase them, but it was too late. Champion was engaged to go to the Hambledon with Orchin as huntsman. They, however, only remained here one season. Mr. Wilder was the Master for a very short time; unfortunately, when riding to the kennels one afternoon, his horse threw him against a wall which caused his death. Mr. Long, the father of the present Master of the Hambledon, carried on the hounds for the season, and in 1857 Champion came to the Southdown as huntsman. Mr. Alexander Donovan was Master, he lived at Frampton Park, near Uckfield; he was a fine horseman, a good sportsman, and very popular. His was a bitch pack; he carried them on for four seasons, at the end of that retired, and a committee, consisting of Mr. W. Langham Christie, Mr. Alexander Donovan, and Mr. James Ingram held them one season, at the end of which the two last retired, and Mr. W. L. Christie, M.P. for Lewis, had them until 1871. Mr. R. J. Streatfield, of The Rocks, Uckfield, carried them on for the next ten seasons, and upon his retirement was presented with a very handsome painting, in which he was represented on his favourite hunter. This is Champion's twenty-fifth season with these hounds; he is one of the most worthy huntsmen in England. Had his lot been cast in different countries he would have been as much heard of as Tom Sebright, Will Goodall, and other kings of the kennel, who had made the name of English huntsman well known over the world. Champion is essentially a hound breeder, and has done wonders for the pack where he first took a huntsman's duties in hand, and we may with safety say we hope from which he may never be parted. Various masters have had the reins, and no doubt have entertained different views, but he has held his own opinion successfully. His present master is Mr. Charles Brand, the youngest son of the Speaker in the House of Commons. He hunts a difficult and trying country, as the foxes run from the Southdown hills into the big woods and small enclosures of the Weald of Sussex, and the change of scent from the chalk to the clay and *vice versa* is at times trying to hounds. They occasionally have some wonderfully sharp bursts over the downs, when the steep hills make the very best of them stand still ere they have gone far, and lengthened hunting runs in the Weald country, where it must be a good man who can go to the end; for the heave gates,—as they are called here, which divide the fields one from another, where a green track gives sounder going than the Sussex clays,—do not admit of the dexterous hook under the latch, and throw back; so much in vogue in the Shires, and there is no choice but to leap either them or the fence,

or dismount and lift them bodily out of the way. The Sussex foxes are also stout, and take a deal of catching.

Champion at one time had charge of the stables at Ringmer as well as the kennels, and was equally proficient in either place; but I do not know what the arrangement is now. We may say that, at any rate with health and strength, he will certainly add one more season to his long list of years with hounds, and we trust many more after that.

THE FINISH OF THE SEASON.

WHEN I awoke and pulled up my blind on Monday, January 23rd, in that never-to-be-forgotten year, 1882, it discovered one of those hazy mornings which give the promise of a splendid day; the grass was crisp with rime from a slight frost, and the sparrows chirping on the eaves overhead, as if to welcome the sun, who just then was rising in a blaze of splendour over the opposite hill. I did not take long over my toilet; I never do, being past the age when one thinks it a duty to be got-up on every occasion. Not so with breakfast, however, knowing that I have a good walk before me.

Half-past eleven. I shall be about right, I say to myself, as the tall chimneys of the Manor come in sight, nestling among its elms and firs. What a splendid place it is—a thoroughly English home, standing in all its massive strength! You, perhaps, would say there was a want of style or plan about it; possibly there is, but our host would tell you that each part and addition had a tale of its own, and recalled to him some souvenir of his family—how that wing was built by old Sir Guy, his grandfather, before he brought home his bride, the belle of the county; and the old people on the estate—my friend always supports his old retainers when they are past working longer in his service—say “the best-hearted lady that ever came to preside over the ancient house of —, of course saving our present lady”; how that tower was built by an older member of the family, an eccentric old fellow, who seemed to build for building’s sake, like some one else I know, who was so fond of building that, after a place had stood a certain time, he pulled it down, apparently for the pleasure of rebuilding. But I must get back to my tale, my enthusiasm for my friend’s domain having carried me away. Ah! there he is, with true English hospitality, at the door to welcome me himself.

“How d’ye do, old fellow? Not all we could wish in the way of weather—hardly a breath of air stirring. We shall not be able to get up the kite. But, never mind, we must make the best of it. We may get a brace or two of birds, and are certain of plenty of hares and rabbits. But come in, our friend Tom is not here yet, but you must always give him at least half-an-hour’s law. Have a glass of sherry and a biscuit? You had better; we have a lot before us. There is that sixty acres of swedes which has not been dis-

turbed once these two months ; then we will just beat the two or three little hedgerows while we are near. I think we shall find enough to do, and, if not, we can wind-up with the water meadows. But here is Tom, late as usual, but apparently at peace with himself and all the world."

"Late? No ; it was just eleven by the church clock as I came through the village."

"Ah ! Tom, it always was your weakness to start from home just as you ought to arrive at your destination ; but, never mind, we are all right now."

I must just take a look round the room before starting. What an air of comfort pervades it all ! Those great old-fashioned easy-chairs in which one might sit and dream over again the day's sport ; those fine sporting prints, and the features, noble and benevolent, of some ancestor of Allen's, painted by Lawrence in his best day ; and out of window the snowdrops and crocuses peeping through the well-kept lawn, framed in its border of laurels and yews, over which a pair of blackbirds and a missel-thrush seem to hold undisputed sway. But I hear they are ready to start. What a contrast in to-day and last year at this time. Now the alder and the hazel are putting forth their leaves, primroses have been in bloom for the past month, lambs are playing about as if it were May, and we, instead of finding our thick coats a boon, are almost ready to discard some of the clothes we now have on. But I am straying again.

"What are you going to try first—the swedes ?"

"No ; we will just walk up that cinquefoil lay first. Hold hard ! There they go ! Mark them down—into the swedes, all right—we shall see something more of them. But this will not do, we must not speak a word. Smith, you walk along the brow by the road, and if there is anything there, it is sure to come this way. Puss does not seem to be at home. Now for the swedes. Tom, you shall take the left ; you, Trevor, the centre ; and I'll take the right." Bang, bang, bang. Bang, bang, bang.

"Well, Tom, you might have left Puss for me, but I think she got them both pretty well."

"That bird was hard hit," whispers Allen. Not much to show for five barrels. There they go again. Three more shots and only a single bird falls. That was a long shot, but one must fire long shots at the end of the season. Take the next drift down again. "Those birds were well killed, Trevor." "As pretty a right and left as a man could wish to see. Brought both birds to dust."

What a splendid view one gets from this point !—the river — winding silently along, looking like a silver thread in its setting of meadows, studded *this* year with buttercups and daisies ; the pretty little village with its fine old ivy-covered church, which in summer is nearly buried in trees, in which the rooks are now repairing their old nests. Then there is the Manor about a quarter of a mile to the left ; that on the height is the ruin of the old castle, where our friend's family used to abide in ages long since gone by, and it is

best they should be I suppose, but one cannot but look back with a sigh of regret to those primitive times when society seems to have been in a state of purity—seems to have been I say, because, perhaps, distance lends enchantment to the view, as some one says, Shakespeare, I think, but I was never good at remembering names. Missed with both barrels I believe! that is the effect of allowing oneself to be led away by the scenery, but that has charms for me I never was proof against. I must mind what I am at for the future, as I see Allen is keeping a good look-out for me; no more must go away untouched that get up under one's very nose, but if you are given to day-dreaming, as I confess I am, to be suddenly awakened by the whirr of birds rising all round you, is not the thing to make you shoot your best.

"That was a pretty shot, Allen. Ah! he is only winged though. Let the dog loose. Steady! steady! old man, that will never do. Ten to one you never see that bird again. Well done, Tom, you ought to have had another if you had managed that properly. You are old enough to know not to move till you have reloaded. Allen will never see his bird again, especially as he says he was running fifty miles an hour when he last saw him. But let us go and help him. What, Puss, did you lay so close only to meet your death when you might reasonably have expected all danger was over? Which direction did your bird take? To the hedge, of course, though. Tom, you walk down that side; we are bound to get him; I can't bear to leave it. Look-out there, there is something; so there is, even if it is only a blackbird. Take it quietly. If he is not here we shall not find him, and it is hardly worth wasting time over."

"Just one o'clock; lunch at two," says Allen. "Smith, let us have that flask, and you have some biscuits? Here, Tom, this is sherry. But no, I remember you *always* have your own. Now, Trevor. Oh! nonsense; you must have some, you will not shoot straight if you don't. Well, you must please yourself; but you surely smoke. No? Why, what a fellow you are! what do you take?"

"Pleasant as a few moments' rest is after heavy walking, we must be moving," says Allen, "or we shall not get through it all."

So we make a move again. Two more turns will do the swedes—what swedes they are too! People say there is no cover this year, but this is far from the case here, where they are as high as one's middle, and in places even now are beginning to put forth their bright yellow blossoms, "not much to their advantage," I fancy I hear some old farmer say, with more eye to profit than beauty. No doubt he is right, but we cannot all look at things from a pounds, shillings, and pence point of view, and it is a very good thing we cannot, or the world would be even more commonplace than it is.

"Well done, Allen; that is unlike you to miss a rabbit—a fair shot to the left, as that was. If it had been me one need not have

been surprised ; but you are not given to yield the reins to fancy and allow yourself to be led away to the land of thought. Never mind, that hare fell a victim to wounded vanity. What a bound she gave ! Look here, some one else meant to have had her if we had not forestalled them. Take it, Smith, it is a home-made one, is it not ; some of Mr. Charles's work I expect ? he will get into trouble sooner or later, I am afraid. Ah ! here is another, and another. Why, every meuse is favoured with them. It will cost them something for wire, at this rate. Only put down this morning, by the fresh track I should think ; here, too, he has dug out a bunny. What an unfortunate thing the love of sport is to some, while to others more favoured it is considered indispensable. Such is fate, which even Jove himself, we are told, could not withstand. But this is not a bad show of spoils for one piece of stuff, and so late in the season—seven brace and a half of birds and five hares. Now for those little hedgerows and the two dells. If a long tail should get up I suppose he must be let off ? ”

“ No fear,” says Allen, “ all is game that comes to the gun. If you will walk one on each side, Smith shall beat it down, and I will go on to the end, under the park palings, and wait for anything that comes down. Are you ready ? Look out, there is a rabbit moving.” Bang. “ Now he is not.”

Tap, tap, tap, tap, how prettily it sounds on the still air with the occasional chatter of a blackbird, as he darts out of the row and skims down the side, and offers a tempting shot. Such a mark, as, a happy schoolboy home for the Christmas holidays, I should have delighted in, but now nobler game claims our attention, although the gun comes to the shoulder for a second almost involuntarily. But many a happy hour have I spent as a boy with an old bird-keeping gun, hunting a blackbird up and down a hedge without much chance of killing it, which the blackbird seemed to know very well by the way in which he kept waiting for me to come up to him, and then darting on only to go out again a hundred yards farther down. Another brace of hares, a rabbit, and a long tail, to Allen. Not so bad from such a little row. And, now, as we are so near, shall we go in to lunch ?

Through the fine old archway, a remnant of the monastery, parts of which are to be seen even now in the mansion. That porch is considered to be one of the finest pieces of English antique to be found anywhere about here, or, indeed, anywhere in the country, if the ivy was taken off, a thing Allen would not hear of at any price. The garden, again, noted for the first of everything, is also a lasting memorial to the industry of its former reverend proprietors, whose portly forms one can picture engaged in their various occupations—one amongst its fruit trees (the last of which they say was still standing within the memory of some of the old people living) ; another resting on his spade to watch a brother who has just returned from a successful fishing, and is showing the shining beauties to an ardent lover of the sport, whose

duties have confined him to the cloisters, much against his inclination. Then, again, after vespers we can fancy them on a fine summer's evening, the sun just setting in a glow of crimson in the west, tinting everything with a faint blush of pink, walking two and two, or standing about in groups of three or four chatting, or laughing, and joking in good nature, such as only men so free from cares can, till the shadows lengthening, they all retire, each to his separate dormitory, to count his beads, say a Paternoster and an Ave or two, and then fall asleep, to be awakened by the first level ray of sunlight that shall steal into his narrow window. But this is not the sixteenth century, and the lunch is waiting, not in the refectory, but in a modern dining-room, and consisting of luxuries which even they did not think of. This over, we once more make a start. On our way we pass a cottage, one of Allen's labourers', at the door of which stands a girl, or, I suppose I should say, a woman, neatly dressed, and the picture of health and happiness, playing with a boy of about two, her work thrown down on a chair, which is near, while behind, arranged on shelves, gleam carefully-burnished plates of pewter, all showing that, even if poor, the owners are contented and industrious. Allen stops to pat the chubby urchin's curly head and inquire of his blushing mother how her father is getting on, if his rheumatics are troubling him, and then, with a kindly nod, passes.

Now for the white turnips. But just after lunch one does not feel quite so enthusiastic as the first thing in the morning. There go a nice covey from which a leash are numbered with the slain. That hare is hit.

"Let the dog go, Smith."

"I don't think she can go far," says Allen. "Through the hedge, though." But Ben is hard on her, and here the panting rascal comes bearing her back in triumph.

"Well done! *good* dog then! Dead! dead, sir! dead! There's a good dog!"

Two or three more single shots, another field or two, and we have finished. Now we will try the meadows for a duck, a walk of a quarter of a mile down the turnpike, where we meet three pretty ladylike girls driving in a stylish-looking pony carriage, who bow to Allen with sweet smiling faces. But what have I, a confirmed, crusty old bachelor, to do with such vanities as that? Here we are in the meadows with a certainty of getting wet in our feet to bring me back to my senses.

"Now, Tom, you must manage this business, as I must not risk getting wet in my feet, or I shall hear nothing for a month. You, Trevor, I know don't mind it. Tom and you go down in a line with the river; I will wait here, and if one comes by will do my best to account for him. Will you have the dog? No? Very well, whistle twice if you want him."

We must keep close to this upper hedge till we get down about half a mile farther, where the other stream joins the river. Now we must bend down and crawl along as quietly as possible.

Squash, squash goes the water as we wade over our boots ! there is a leader before us which must be crossed, then about twenty yards of very boggy ground, and we reach the river, to see the main body of duck get up to the right of us, fifty yards farther down ; but we succeed in bagging a couple of them. Stand still under the firs and we shall get another shot. Both guns are pointed at something floating lazily over, and for a second the life of a heron hangs in the balance, but they are lowered again, and Tom says, "Hardly worth doing, I think. Confound that dog. Whose is it ? Confound him—take him up"—all of which is caused by a retriever puppy who, attracted by the guns, which he appears to know by instinct, leaving his master or mistress, who probably were taking advantage of the fine day for a stroll, joins our party, much to the annoyance of my worthy friend. All up with the duck now, and the puppy having succeeded in scaring them all out of shot, rejoins his owner, no doubt very proud of his exploit. Nothing more to be done, we had better go back to Allen, who has fired several shots. If we keep close along by the stream we may get a snipe. There he goes not touched, but No. 5 is rather large for such small game. That one, unfortunate enough to stop one of the deadly pellets, falls to Tom's shooting-iron. Here is Allen, who has been the most fortunate, having succeeded in stopping a couple and a half of duck and a teal, without the discomfort of wet feet. So ends one of the pleasantest days' sport that it was ever my good fortune to participate in at this time of year.

J. F.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

GAUGING the prospects of a good yachting season by the number of crack vessels in the sale-lists, or destined to enforced idleness during the coming summer, the out-look is but a poor one. Several new craft are, however, expected to be formidable, especially amongst the cutter classes, and should Samœna and Vanduara meet in any of the big Southern fixtures, a new ninety, by the redoubtable Fyfax, is likely to dispute their supremacy—so that with sundry other accessions to the racing fleet, which year by year grows larger and more formidable, there is no reason to doubt that the coming season will be up to the average. Gradually overcoming opposition, the Yacht Racing Association's scale of measurement and allowances is slowly but surely making way, and unanimity coming within the range of more than likelihood.

Considering that the meeting of Hanlan and Boyd, for the Championship and a stake of a "Thou.," takes place on the 3rd inst., it has attracted curiously little interest. This is, no doubt, owing in some measure to the *venue* being Tyne instead of Thames ; for however much Northerners may plume themselves upon devotion to the sport of rowing, big matches on the Southern river undoubtedly cause more general attention. The gathering on Monday next is sure to be a large and important one, but many South-countrymen who might have undertaken a journey due north to witness a match likely to be unusually important, think twice about it, as they will have an opportunity of seeing Hanlan on the Thames a month later in his match with Trickett, for whom the necessary money seemed to be forthcoming. For the Boyd

and Hanlan race but little or no betting has hitherto been recorded. At first 3 to 1 was laid on the Canadian champion, but more recently shorter prices—9 to 4 and 2 to 1—were taken, though no large amount seems to have been invested. Boyd has done plenty of strong work both afloat and ashore, and thus far enjoyed excellent health, so that his friends may fairly claim to have ground for the faith that is in them; and their man, after making trial of various boats—amongst others one unusually wide and short—seemed to be suited entirely to his satisfaction. Hanlan, who postponed his departure from London for Newcastle rather late, seems to be getting on as well by Tyneside as he did at Putney, and in the matter of boats will have no cause of complaint. Phelps, Peters, and Co. have built for his use a couple of beautiful boats, without timbers either fore or aft, the requisite stiffness being obtained perhaps more effectually than is usual by a stout keel inside the skin, with the assistance of cross-pieces level with the gunwale, and an ingenious arrangement of wires intended to keep the frame in proper trim, without hampering the free give and take of the skin. The experiment, which has received the attention of several experts, seems likely to be successful, and Hanlan will probably use one of the boats for the forthcoming race—in which, barring accidents, there is, as we remarked last month, every probability of his success, though, for the interests of English rowing, Boyd's victory would be of great use, and serve to stimulate all sorts and conditions of coming men to a task which at present seems a hopeless one, that of bringing out a native English champion.

The University Boat-race will be a *fait accompli* before these lines reach the majority of our readers, and at the time of writing they have but a few days' more practice. The standard of recent University crews is not by any means a high one, but at present 1882's representatives seem below the averages. Oxford's lot contains several good men; but, persisting as they have in rowing a very light man as stroke, the big strong ones are scarcely making the most of themselves. Cambridge are very unequal in their exhibitions, doing good work one day, and all abroad the next. Their new boat is decidedly too small, but as all the men find her comfortable to work in, she will no doubt be used on the decisive day in preference to a more floaty craft. The men's names are—

CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
1. L. R. Jones, Jesus (bow)	11	0
2. A. M. Hutchinson, Jesus	12	1
3. J. C. Fellowes, First Trinity	12	8
4. P. W. Atkin, Jesus	12	0
5. E. Lambert, Pembroke	12	0
6. S. Fairbairn, Jesus	13	2
7. C. W. Moore, Christ's	11	10
S. P. Smith, First Trinity (stroke)	11	0
P. G. Hunt, Cavendish (coxswain)	7	7

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
G. C. Bourns, New (bow)	10	12
2. R. S. De Havilland, Corpus	10	13
3. G. S. Fort, Hertford	12	3
4. A. R. Paterson, Trinity	12	8
5. R. S. Kindersley, Exeter	13	3
6. E. Buck, Hertford	11	13
7. D. E. Brown, Hertford	12	7
A. H. Higgins, Magdalen (stroke)	9	0
E. H. Lyon, Hertford (coxswain)	7	12

ON THE WINNER OF THE LIVERPOOL STEEPLECHASE.

SAILORS ! right jolly good fellows are they,
But at times somewhat rough and unpolished they say ;
Here a Seaman we see whose behaviour's first-rate,
And whose good Manners made him quite winning of late.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE.—A March Medley—Horse Shows and Hunting, Turf and Stage.

THE shadow of what might have been a national calamity, that hung for a moment between an assassin's pistol and a most precious life, threw, at the beginning of the month, a temporary gloom over the country, while at the same time it called forth an exhibition of that thorough English loyalty of which, as a nation, we are so proud. The strife of tongues was hushed for a moment in the palace at Westminster, while both parties in the State united in congratulations on the providential escape of the Queen, and the heart of the empire was stirred to its depths in indignation at the crime, and in joy at its failure. Much inclined were we personally to envy that Eton boy—the son of a distinguished colonist, who is curiously enough now the occupant of an English home endeared to Her Majesty by many recollections—who rushed at the would-be assassin, and, as he himself expressed it, "gave him one." Happy Eton boy. Was he glorified in his "house," and the subject of an ovation in his "form"? Something peculiarly right and fitting was it that this young boy should be Australian born. As the sun never sets on England's empire, so it shines on hearts that beat with as fervid loyalty at the antipodes as they do in the mother country.

One of the most interesting exhibitions in the early days of March was the Cart Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall. Every animal, or nearly so, has his pedigree nowadays, and while sheep and shorthorns possess their Burke and Lodge, it would surely be unjust to exclude our cart horses. Whence the origin of these magnificent animals who pull our drays and waggons? Is the breed indigenous, or are we indebted to Flanders? Very probably the ancestors of these grand horses come from the Low Countries, and to that blood we owe, not only the purely Shirebred horses, as they are termed, but also our Clydesdales and Suffolks. The two latter classes were, however, not represented at Islington, the promoters of the show, now in the third year of its existence, being anxious to make the merits of the shire horses known, and, by the publication of the Cart Horse Stud Book, induce our agriculturists to avoid a haphazard style of breeding, and guide them to a choice of sires. We wish every farmer in England could have seen the magnificent animals in the two leading classes at the recent show. Nothing much more perfect than Mr. Walter Gilbey's four-year-old Spark can be imagined, and though he failed to take the Champion Prize for the best horse in the show, we believe it was only his age that prevented him. If he had been like Bar None, a five-year-old, and consequently more filled out and developed, we think his shape and quality would have won him the prize. Bar None was certainly a wonder. He

was seventeen hands high, with a back and loins such as are rarely seen, and to crown all, a very handsome head. In both these horses there was strength without coarseness, and quite as much quality as is to be found in the descendants of the Darley Arabian. The term has been heretofore almost the exclusive property of our racing thoroughbreds, but these descendants of the "Packington blind horse," a famous draught stallion of the middle of the last century, put in a strong claim to a share. Lincolnshire and Leicestershire appear to be the headquarters of the breed, and Lord Ellesmere, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Forshaw, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Marston, and many other names which at present escape our memory, are among the chief breeders. The prophet of the movement is Mr. Frederick Street, an authority, also an enthusiast; but then what movement was ever helped on without enthusiasm? Says this gentleman, "To be the owner of a first-prize cart horse ought to become as fashionable as the possession of a crack racer." If any of our readers went to Islington, they probably felt that there was a good deal in what Mr. Street observed. To many the show must have been a new revelation; another class of thoroughbreds to keep up the name and fame of the English horse, be he racer or roadster, hack or hunter, Shirebred or Clydesdale. The prices given for these cart horses show what a value is set upon their services, and the interest taken in the show by all classes of the community, speaks well for its future. It will, we believe, be the interest of the English farmer to turn his attention to breeding these horses, for they are in great demand. The United States have been for some time absorbing our Clydesdales and Suffolks, and now Australia is doing likewise. The climate of this country may not be the best in the world for the rearing of the racing thoroughbred, but the sturdy giants of the shires come of a hardy stock, impervious to damp and cold, and there can be no doubt that the breeding of this noble race (the term is not too strong) will be advantageous both to the community and the breeder.

And if the Cart Horse Show helped to improve our minds, there was a pleasant gathering that same week on what it is the custom of some people to call "the Esher slopes," that refreshed us in many ways, bodily as well as mentally. We are pleased to have to record an uplifting of the Grand Military Steeplechases from that decadence with which they at one time seemed threatened. To be sure, all cross-country business has been dull of late years, and therefore it was not to be expected that the soldiers could keep their meeting up to its once high mark in face of the apathy with which steeplechasing seemed to be regarded. As our readers are aware, the present state of affairs has at last attracted the attention of the committee of the G. N. H., the foster-mother of the sport, and we trust some good may result from its deliberations. But with that at present we have nothing to do. Our business is to recall the two pleasant days at Sandown on the 3rd and 4th, where there was good sport, a heap of good fellows, tons of luncheon, H.R.H., and many pretty women, who, bless them, flock to a Grand Military like sparrows to crumbs. The weather was charming (a contrast to last year, when we shivered in the blast), and the well-dressed crowd came down in shoals. Never before had the club enclosure held so many people, and as the favourites won, as they always should do at a Grand Military, of course everything was most pleasant. There was a good deal of that wagering on riders more than horses characteristic of a Grand Military, but we are glad to say that the riding was very level, there were no falls to speak of, and men did not, as a rule, tire before their horses. While Mr. A. Coventry remains *facile princeps*, there were others worthy to follow that accomplished jock. We saw Mr. Hugh Owen ride a very fine race on Galileo, against Captain

Middleton on Lord of the Harem, the latter having all the best of it until fifty yards from home, and then Mr. Owen, sitting down on his horse, fairly got the last ounce out of him, and won by a head, a very pretty and exciting race, especially to those who were on Galileo. Lord Manners, who has been schooling himself under Captain Matchell's and Jewitt's tuition, over the former's steeplechase ground near Newmarket, gave us a taste of his quality in the Gold Cup, and more than a passing interest was attached to Lord Manners' ride on Lord Chancellor. His winning on "the Esher slopes" was a foregone conclusion, for he had only to sit still on his horse, and the latter did all that was required of him. But then the noble lord was going to ride Seaman in the Liverpool, and hence very critical eyes, not so anxious for the 5 to 2 taken about Lord Chancellor, looked on in some apprehension for the longer shot taken about Seaman. The noble lord rode with rather a higher rein than we like to see, but he was all there at the finish, and and though he had a very easy ride, there was nothing to discourage Seaman's backers, except the patent fact that Sandown and Aintree are very different courses. However, they were comforted by the knowledge that Lord Manners rode very well over Rugby the year before last on his horse Grenadier, and so possessed their souls with patience.

Mr. E. R. Owen, of what our War Office authorities are pleased to term "the Lancashire Fusiliers," has won his spurs, we believe, in some of the colonies of the empire, but we don't remember having seen him before he mounted Plover for the Welter Weight Steeplechase. Plover was correctly described on the card as "late Earl Marshal," but for all that he was not favourite, a circumstance to be accounted for by the fact that the gallant Lancashire Fusilier was unknown to those backers who look to the man more than the horse. Plover was so much better class than anything else running, that he ought to have been an even money chance; but Push Forward was favourite, and bookmakers offered 3 to 1 against Mr. Owen's mount. Push Forward turned out a blundering fencer; he was twice nearly on his head, and Plover, admirably ridden, won in a canter.

This was a first scoring of honours for the Fusilier, but more was to come on the second day. The Grand Military Silver Cup fell to him on his own horse Statesman, and he won the Light Weight Grand Military on Mr. Waldron's Leporello after a good finish with Aristocrat. In the last race Statesman had to succumb to Arab Lad, but then it was the former's second appearance, as he had had a punishing race with Grateful for the Silver Cup, so, though beaten, he was not disgraced. We were glad to see that distinguished veteran Captain Smith on a winning mount. The most promising of youngsters cannot make us forget the older generation who had won their spurs when the promising ones were sucking "toffy." We don't see "Doggie" often enough, and wish there was another *Héraut d'Armes* for him to win another Conyngham Cup. Perhaps by the time Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, Healy and Co. are hung, and Irish gentlemen are able to enjoy their own again, there will be a chance for him. Altogether it was a wonderfully good and cheery Grand Military, and Major Dixon and all who worked with him must have been gratified by the result of their labours. Hospitality was, as usual, profuse; and if the coaches of "the Army" took the lead and kept it, they were closely run by some civilian drags and omnibuses. Two days marked with white stones.

Kempton Park commenced very flatly and ended in a blaze of triumph, for which it was indebted to the Grand Hurdle Handicap, which proved the biggest thing in the jumping line of the spring. It utterly effaced Sandown, and the star of Croydon paled before it. Things had looked gloomy on the

opening day. Busy directors, courteous secretaries, zealous C.C.'s and other officials assumed a cheerfulness if they had it not. Small fields were what might be expected in the present aspect of jumping races, they said; and small fields were rather popular than otherwise, because it was so much easier to spot the winner. The form was not very brilliant, it is true, but then where is it otherwise? So we went on laying 7 to 4, when we did not take it, and Woodcock, Sea Foam, and Glenluce brought the comparatively few punters there were there, home. Some of them got into a fog over a Selling Hunters' Flat Race and backed Bonnie King Charlie, when they ought to have backed Epopeus—but these mistakes will occur. Solver pulled them through, or ought to have done so, though some deluded ones trusted Friday again, for positively the last time, we should think. Albert Cecil and Quibble ran well enough to cause them to be remembered when next they appeared, and Solver landed the good thing for Mr. Dunlop—who is one of the pillars of Kempton—in the easiest way. The good and clever Lilliputian had only an exercise gallop in the March Hurdle Handicap; and then the plungers returned to town in the most cheerful frame of mind. To the great majority, however, it had been a very dull and uneventful day's racing, and the advisability of "something being done" was much insisted upon. The question of what that "something" was to be was not easily answered. "A thorough overhauling of the programme" is a favourite panacea for meetings either actually or supposed to be, in a bad way. We have heard it until we are sick. The chances are that no amount of "overhauling" would much mend matters. We have seen over and over again that large sums of added money will not tempt owners—the last Sandown was a case in point—and that our jumpers are few and quick to decay. If we have not got the commodity what is to be done? Each cross-country meeting that we have attended this year has been another added nail in the coffin of the sport. The promoters of these meetings do all they can; it is their interest no less than their inclination, of course, to work with zeal, but neither at Sandown, Croydon, Kempton, Derby, Cheltenham, &c. &c., do they get any reward for their labours. Steeplechasing seems falling into one of those periodical Sloughs of Despond that we before remember. When, some sixteen years ago, we had that brilliant gathering, so often referred to, at Burton Lazarus, in the heart of the Quorn, it was for the express purpose of setting the sport on its legs again, the said legs being then in a very shaky and broken-down condition and the sport altogether sunk to a very low ebb. It was so done. We all put on our scarlet coats (those who had them) solemnly exorcised the evil spirits of shunting, pulling and all other villainies, and setting the poor, disreputable old cripple on his feet again, bade him be a good boy for the future, and then the scarlet coats would stick to him all the days of his life. They *did* stick to him for some time and all went well. But whether the scarlet coats got careless and fell away, or the bad boy returned to his evil doings (a little of both, perhaps), certain it is that "the same old game" cropped up. Captain Shunt came to the front as boldly as ever, and an Irish cousin of the gallant Captain's was even able to teach him some new moves. Now in this year of grace, steeplechasing has fallen from the zenith of Burton and Wetherby to the nadir of—well, we can hardly tell whether we have got to the nadir or no. Perhaps there is in the lower depths a lower deep.

But we have digressed from the pleasant paths of Kempton into recollections of the past, and must retrace our steps. The second day saw an improvement in the sport, and the chief event was really a good race. Thirteen runners on the telegraph board, and the busy directors, the courteous secretaries, the zealous officials ceased to "dissemble." Their triumph was

complete. Kempton, in racing vernacular, had done the big thing over sticks of the spring, and there was joy accordingly. There is a sort of rivalry in racing which perhaps is good for the public if not for the rivals, and for Kempton to have done her big and aristocratic sister Sandown in this way, was joy—we mean to Kempton. There were some good-looking horses, too, and of some class. Roscrea was a picture, and with Mr. Garrett Moore on his back, he was made favourite, though Antient Pistol ran him hard. Sutler, too, despite his running at Croydon, was backed for a good bit of money under the impression, we suppose, that the Croydon form was wrong. Theophrastus, with 6 lbs. more than he had at that meeting, was in fair demand, and though he was not a favourite with the public, his own stable quietly put the money down. The race was marred by accidents, which so interfered with the chances of one or two horses that we are half inclined to doubt the result as true. Taking up the running just before the fence at the top turn, Glenluce on charging the next hurdle hit it with his forelegs and fell, and while Adams and he were on the ground Sutler and Assegai, close on their track, fell over them. The result damaged considerably the chances of Antient Pistol and Roscrea, who had to be pulled out of the way to avoid a mishap, and it left Friday with a temporary command, which the Duke of Hamilton's horse did not keep long. At the turn into the straight Jones brought Theophrastus with a rush and catching Antient Pistol, finally won easily by three lengths. Prince, who rode Sutler, was the chief sufferer in the fall, having more than one of his ribs broken, while Adams was much bruised and shaken. Moran, who was on Assegai, came off the lightest, but one or two more of the jockeys complained of shakings received in the scrimmage. Roscrea we don't think is a stayer, but Antient Pistol, if he had not lost considerable ground, might have rendered a better account of himself. These, however, are racing "buts" that must be taken for what they are worth. We think we have before expressed in these historic pages our great respect for the horse that comes first to the chair. As a rule he is good to follow, and what *is*, is much better than what *might* have been. At least our experience tells us so.

There was a very jolly meet at Derby on the 13th and 14th of the month. The occasion was Derby Hunt Steeplechases, to which was added the attractions of the G.N.H.'s own and particular race. We can't, we are sorry to say, speak much in favour of the sport which was mild, but the company was "illigant," as they used to say in Ireland in the good old days. Such an assemblage of hunting men we had not seen gathered together for some time. Lord Wilton's death had stopped hunting for the nonce, and a lot of men whose faces we see but rarely on racecourses abandoned themselves to Derby for want, we suppose, of something better to do. There was Mr. Behrens, upon whose lineaments we had not looked since old days when we used to sit opposite each other at little dinners at the Bilton in Dublin in Punchestown week. What jolly evenings those were! Sir Watkin, Lord Combermere, the brothers Behrens, Mr. Corbet, poor "Argus," Captain Bulkeley, Major Dixon, &c., and what adjournments there were to McGrane's after dinner, where there was a consumption of a liquor called "Plymouth Gin," which somehow—but, however, let us draw a veil. *Noctes canaque deum*—very pleasant at the time, but with a tendency to headache and repentance the next morning. Together with our poor friend "Argus," we used to "repent" every successive Punchestown for some three or four years, and then, somehow, the repentance was not required. Damon and Pythias "scratched," others departed to that bourne, &c., and the fuel which fed the pleasant fire was wanting. The unexpected meeting of one of that band of brothers at Derby in the person

of Mr. Behrens must be our excuse for this digression, for which we hope our readers will forgive us. They ought to be accustomed to our digressions by this time.

Then we were startled by the greeting of Lord Carington, whom we look for at the Household Brigade meeting, but "on that occasion only." He was there, however, with his brother, but we remarked he did not come on the second day, neither did Mr. Behrens. Had the G.N.H. proved too much for their feelings? Where was the Master of the Quorn? and, above all, where was the Master of the Rufford? They were both "down on the bill," and we had hoped to have had no end of talk and perhaps a little chaff, but in vain. We would have laid 6 to 4 on the presence of both Masters, and were proportionally disappointed. But the number of "Jims," "Charlies," "Reggi's," and "Tulips" (the latter, special friends of "the Mate's," whom we ran against on the Stewards' Stand and in the luncheon marquee, was beyond belief. We did not know the names of about one-half of them, but that was immaterial. Perhaps they did not know ours, though there is a fatal proverb about more people knowing Tom Fool, &c., that rather militates against that supposition. However, it was all very jolly, and we enjoyed it much. There is no better course in England, we say this fearlessly, than Derby. It requires doing, but it is a fair hunting course; neither is the Midland a bad hotel. Why should not the G.N.H., as long as it lives, always go to Derby? And why does not the Grand Military go there too? It is a country over which a young novice may be proud to win his spurs. We do not want to decry Sandown, but we should much like to see the soldiers' meeting held in a hunting country.

The Household Brigade meeting at Sandown was a day of days. The weather was simply superb, the aristocratic and well-dressed mob immense. Too well dressed were those ladies who had put on velvets and wore mantles trimmed with fur. The sun beat down quite fiercely about two o'clock, and going over to luncheon at that hour at the hospitable Household marquee, or one of the many coaches, we could have fancied ourselves at Ascot, only at the royal meeting it is very often unpleasantly cold. Such a number of fair women, who had come to the meet to do honour to the brave men, we, accustomed to seeing fair faces at Sandown, never remembered there before. In addition, Sir Wilford Brett had provided us with a new distraction—or we should say distractions, for there were many of them—in the shape of Watteau-costumed waitresses, charming young women, rising fifteen or so, who, like the pages in 'Branksome,' "waited duteous on us all," in several varieties of silk stocking, very pleasing to the eye. It was bewildering, at first, to have one's Irroy poured out by such Hebes, in lieu of perspiring and perhaps not over-sober male attendants, and we could scarcely give that attention to luncheon which Messrs. Bertram and Roberts' excellent *menu* deserved. But we got through it at last; and we may add that the experiment of Sir Wilford's was a most decided hit. The girls, of course, had had some drilling, but still the severe rush on luncheon was a high trial. It is satisfactory, then, to know that the Watteaus (or *belles Wattelles*) came out of it with flying colours. We made a point of asking one or two ladies of our acquaintance how they were served, and they were unanimous in speaking in high terms of the Watteaus. Ladies, as a rule, bless them! are rather prone to be down on any deficiencies in their own sex—they forgive those of men easily enough—therefore we think this admission important, and one that ought to encourage Sir Wilford to persevere. He will have the Van Driver's assistance, if it is worth anything.

The Prince and Princess, with the Duke and Duchess of Teck, patronised

the meeting, and, for the first time, the Prince had entered a horse for the Brigade Cup. Very fortunate was his Master of the Horse in lighting upon Fairplay. He had not overmuch time given him, for we believe H.R.H. only signified his desire to have something good enough to run for and win the prize, barely three weeks before the date. Clever hunters are not picked up by the roadside; but Lord Marcus has a good eye and a keen scent, and he spared no trouble, we may be sure, in searching for the right animal. A very neat, compact little horse was Fairplay, not very much of him, and not quite so taking to the eye as Lord Capel's Shabington, who had the reputation of being something more than a good hunter. It was said Fairplay was a difficult horse to ride, and certainly his first exhibition at fencing was not encouraging to his backers. He jumped askew and in fact any way but the right way, and took a long time about it. He covered more ground, however, when on the flat than Lord Capel's horse, and if it came to racing, the Prince, so said the clever people, would win. The Princess of Wales had Fairplay brought round to the Royal Pavilion before the race, and he certainly looked well trained. Lord Marcus and Jones had done their best with him, and, if he would only stand up, they both said he would take the prize. Mr. White, in the handsome royal colours, looked pretty confident; but, as we have said before, the horse took his first three or four fences in such a slovenly style—very nearly coming down and bringing his rider with him—that his chances of getting home seemed remote. But after the first mile he took his fences better. Mr. White evidently knew how to ride the horse, and did not seek to bustle him, but, biding his time, allowed Shabington the lead to the last hurdle, where he challenged, and once on the flat the superior speed of Fairplay told, and he won very cleverly by a neck.

To say that the win created enthusiasm would be wrong, for the Club enclosure was too correct to give vent to their feelings; but the Tattersall ditto made up for it, and, though they must have lost their money, the bookmakers cheered lustily. Every one, indeed, was pleased, and the Prince received the congratulations of his friends with evident pleasure. Lord Marcus was delighted, of course, and Jones nearly precipitated himself from the top of the Stand in his anxiety to get to Fairplay. All the Prince's intimates were on, and there was a good deal of liquor about in the Brigade marquee after the race. It was altogether the cheery day—and we have had many cheery ones—ever held there; and we think a good evening and night followed the day, for we met some of the principal actors in the scene at the Fielding Club towards the small hours, and they were very jolly and evidently had had a high old time. So three cheers for the Prince and Fairplay and the ladies—not forgetting the little Watteaus—and may we meet again.

The sufferings of the poor people who thought it their duty to go to Lincoln appear to have been dreadful. In addition to the usual *agréments* of the place, the atmosphere veered round from balmy spring to boisterous winter, and hail, sleet, snow, rain and wind held a high festival on Carholme. Fortunately, for the last few years it has not been the duty of the Van Driver to visit Lincoln, but he does not lose his sympathy for those who have to go, and he assures them he sincerely condoled with them when he heard of their trials. He fears, too, that they did not back Poulet, which, if they had done, the bitterness of Lincoln might have been assuaged. But what could they do, after hearing that Panique had beaten Poulet at home? He had been early selected by the various analysts as one of the best handicapped horses in the race, but there is no going against the market, and the market had been lukewarm, if not decidedly hostile to Poulet's chance. Mr. Ford came in for much hostile criticism when the weight he had given

Hesper was known, and we daresay the Lincoln C.C. thought he had "put his foot in it," when at Derby they jumped at 6 to 1 about him, and there were confident predictions he would start at 5 to 2 and win. But, however, Mr. Ford had formed a correcter idea of what Hesper could do than his owner and backers, though probably Mr. Hungerford was not so sanguine as some of his friends. To expect a horse who had been more than a year at the stud, and had then been educated for hurdle jumping, to retain the fine speed he once possessed, and win a race where speed is a *sine qua non*, was asking a great deal too much. However, a good deal of Hesper money helped to swell the gains of the bookmakers, and with him, Tertius, Buchanan, and the Peine de Cœur colt, they ought to have done well. The Tertius money was something extraordinary for such an impostor as he both looked and ran; but no doubt Buchanan, if he could have got better off, would have been nearer at the finish. Taylor said, when he had him and Master Waller in his stable, the grey was a stone in front of the chesnut. We like to gauge a horse by what he does out in preference to what he does on his training ground, and must accept Master Waller's superiority until we see it contradicted on the racecourse. The spectacle of Mr. Craufurd's two horses racing against each other was, to those behind the scenes not an edifying one. There is little love, it is conjectured, lost between Alec Tayler and Sherrard, and for Master Waller to have beaten Buchanan, and only been a head from the winner, must have caused the former to indulge, we fear, in some middling language. We trust later on, and under the influence of the whiskey that cheers, his feelings recovered their usual equable temperament. The Peine de Cœur colt ran very well, showing good dash and speed, but failing to stay, the exact thing his owners were doubtful of; and, as a rule, the weather played the mischief with the boys, as it generally does.

Lincoln was tame in other respects, and the Monday jumping affairs were so dull and uninteresting that Mr. Ford would do wisely, we think, in abolishing the first day. Monday racing is not popular save at Newmarket, and, considering the quantity of sport that is crowded into the opening week of the season, Monday might well be spared. We doubt, too, if Liverpool would not do better with two days instead of three; but the late meeting was such a success in a pecuniary view that we hesitate to recommend such an alteration to the Messrs. Topham. They might point to crowded stands and inclosures, to an immense concourse of spectators that bad weather could not keep away, and ask why the Liverpudlians should be deprived of their racing because Londoners wish to return home. The crowd on Saturday showed that Liverpool had selected Aintree as the place where to spend its half-holiday; so we must put our own particular feelings on one side and go for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

We think we never heard such very hearty and enthusiastic cheering as that which greeted Lord Manners when he returned to scale after riding the race he did on Seaman in the Grand National. For this there were many reasons. In the first place Seaman was an undeniably good horse, and though the shadow of unsoundness was upon him, and people who ought to have known better declared that Lord Manners could not get him over the Liverpool, we think he had a pretty good following, and that even among Irishmen, albeit the great Eyrefield Lodge stable had two Richmonds in the field. There was the Irish accent in the weighing room, there were Irish faces pressing close round Lord Manners, as he with difficulty forced his way through the crowd to the scales. At one moment, indeed, something like an "ugly rush" took place, and there was a momentary uneasiness among the

spectators of the *melée* as to what might or what might not be done in the brief passage between the paddock and the scales. But Lord Manners had a bodyguard of friends, and if any desperate and disappointed backer of Cyrus and Mohican meditated mischief the opportunity given him was of the slightest. Soon the "all right" was pronounced, and again did the cheers break forth in a sustained volume, which to poor Mr. Linde, fighting his way to the scales, must have appeared the most unharmonious music ever heard. It was a trial certainly. The horse backed to win a small fortune—in a ditch, and the second string, who might have redeemed the disaster, beaten easily by a horse whom they thought they were doing an uncommonly clever thing with, when they parted with him for under 2000*l.* A very severe blow indeed to the "astute" trainer, to Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Bunbury, the respective owners of Cyrus and Mohican, and to the Messrs. Beasley. We trust Mr. Bunbury, who is we believe an excellent sportsman and a popular gentleman, hedged his Mohican money. If he had the large sum he was reported to have on the horse, he ought to have done so, and probably did. Why there was such a prejudice against Lord Manner's riding we cannot imagine. He had been over Punchestown in the race, the Conyngham Cup, won last year by Seaman, when riding his own horse Grenadier, he had an opportunity of taking the measure of Seaman's foot and had seen what a splendid fencer he was. He had ridden the same Grenadier to victory at Rugby the year before last, and we saw him a month ago have a very easy win on Lord Chancellor at Sandown. To say that a man who had been over Punchestown could not get the Aintree course was absurd. A mixture of ignorance and prejudice cost some people dear. But still he had a great following, as we have said, and though it may be long before we see him between the flags again, we shall hope to find him in the van when he does appear.

The ringing cheers on the Grand National day had a significance beyond the mere fact of Seaman's win. There might have been joy over defeat as well as over victory; there might have been rejoicing at the triumph of straightforward tactics over a tortuous policy. The horses in the Eyrefield Lodge stable have certainly been the wonder and the problem of the Liverpool of this year of grace. They were tossed about like shuttlecocks, and the favourite of one day was the outsider of the next. Mr. Linde professed himself unable to account for all this, and we must take him at his word. But who were the wire-pullers. Who was it that played with Empress, Cyrus and Mohican, and made them apparently the sport of the bookmakers? And to this there is no reply.

The Belvoir had a wonderfully good day's sport on Saturday, March 4th, when they met at the Three Queens. There was not a large field present, but amongst those out were: The Dukes of Rutland and Portland, the present Earl of Wilton, Lord Cloncurry, Hon. E. A. Pelham, Hon. Captain Molyneux, Hon. Hill Trevor, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Sir Henry des Vœux, Colonel Ewart, Colonel Fox Reeve, Majors Stirling, Singleton, Longstaffe, Captains Boyce, Pochin, Beaumont, King, Tennant, Worsley, Hutton, Welby, Messrs. J. E. Welby, W. A. Pochin, Praed, George Drummond, W. Little-Gilmour, Julius Behrens, G. Fenwick, W. Younger, A. Burdett-Coutts, F. Sloane-Stanley, Nevile Fane, E. Chaplin, W. J. Hornsby, Count Hengelmüller, Messrs. Roy and Couturier; Mesdames Couturier, Sloane-Stanley, Misses Turnor, Lucy and Gertrude Heathcote, &c. They first drew Tippling's Gorse, where they found a fox, but soon lost him close to Croxton, then found another at Annis Gorse, from which they went away at once past Buckminster, Sproxton Village, over the grass by the brook, into which Count

Hengelmüller went head first, towards Coston Covert and past Garthorpe, where the scent and pace improved, by Stonesby Ashes; near Bescaby Oaks they came to a check, while Gillard was casting his hounds to the right. Many got off their horses and began to eat their luncheons, suck their sherry flasks, and to smoke, under the full impression that all the fun was over. But Gillard hit off the line, and the hounds going off as hard as they could put the Sybarites clean out of court, and then they ran by Sproxton Village over the brook, straight to the corner of Coston Covert, which he did not enter, but crossing the road ran to the side of Gunby Gorse, and they began to sail away over a fine grass country, and only a very few were with them, as the luncheon-eaters, who thought it was all over at the Stonesby Road, never saw the hounds again. Up to this time they had been running two hours and a half; nevertheless they still went on past Sewstern in a line for Buckminster straight for Woodwell Head; there were now but very few really with them, the pace had begun to tell and men kept falling out on the road; the fox was viewed by Arthur Wilson, the second whip, not eighty yards in front of them, and they raced him past Edmonthorpe on to Wymondham, where they turned sharp to the right over the hill, and the hounds got the best of the field, as they raced away from them straight for Gunby Gorse, then turning to the right crossed the road, passing by Thistleton, ran up to the Barrow and Cottesmore Cross Road, where he got to ground after *three hours* and ten minutes continual hunting. It was a wonderful run: eleven miles from point to point, and distance traversed about twenty-four. At the finish were the Hon. Captain Molyneux, Captain Tennant, Mr. Praed, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Pochin of Edmonthorpe on his grey, Frank Gillard and his whips. Gillard unfortunately broke his mare down at the last fence, and Arthur Wilson, the second whip, rode a four-year-old as his second horse. The moral of this fable is that gentlemen should look out when a huntsman is making a cast, and not begin to eat and drink until a fox is killed or marked to ground.

Continued success has attended the Pytchley. On Friday, February 24th, they met at Harlestone, and after spending the morning trotting about Harlestone Heath, and pursuing a fox into Mr. Steven's nursery near the grand stand on Northampton racecourse, Mr. Langham gave Goodall the order to go to that justly renowned covert, "Sanders' Gorse." On the way to it they were lucky enough to make short work of a sheep-killing fox which had been doing great mischief, having, it is said, killed and buried three lambs the night before. Then they drew Harry Sanders' house, and about this he seemed quite as keen as he always is about his covert, in which somebody said they had almost lived in all this season. Hounds had not been in it many minutes before he viewed a fox away himself, and the hounds were racing after him on the Spratton side, over the turnpike road, leaving Hoe Hill to the right, and over the brook which Captain Soames jumped over and two more jumped into, while the rest got over at a ford about fifty yards off, the hounds racing on to the top of the next hill, where they checked a moment, then went on again, leaving Spratton to the left, and running very fast till they again checked on the left of Cottesbrook Hall, having run over a very fine line of country, leaving Cottesbrook village on their right, for thirty-two minutes quite as fast as the best could go; and in "Our Van" were to be seen Messrs. Foster, Muntz, Captain Riddell, Sir Savile Crossley, and Mr. Langham, the master; Goodall and the brothers Isaac were of course in their usual places. From this point they hunted on through Cottesbrook Park, and leaving Blueberry to the right, killed him when he was quite stiff, just before he reached Maidwell Dales. The time

from find to finish was just fifty minutes. On Wednesday, March 1st, they met at Cathorpe Towers; after drawing Lilbourne and Crick blank, went on to Yelvertoft Field-side, where they soon found, and ran very fast straight up to the top of the Hemploe, down by the fishpond, on towards Welford, then turning to the right by Kilworth village to Walton Holt, where they changed and ran back to Kilworth Sticks, taking another away for Misterton, round by Caldicote spinny, back by the Sticks, and on past Walton Holt to ground by Mr. Mill's house at Bosworth, where he was allowed to remain in peace. But the red-letter day of the season was on Friday, March 3rd, when they met at Foxhall. After a brilliant fifteen minutes in the morning from Faxon Corner up a charming grass vale towards Rothwell to ground, they worked their way on after a fox which had been seen travelling towards Scotland Wood, but they could make nothing of him, and for a wonder the wood itself proved blank, so the order was given for Sunderland Wood. No sooner were the hounds in covert than they unfortunately chopped a vixen, but before the breath was out of her there was a halloo away at the Kelmarsh end. So quickly did Goodall get his hounds through the covert, that it took the sharpest all their time to see them racing away over the head of the tunnel for Kelmarsh. There was no hanging now, but all had to sit down and ride hard to see them leaving the corner of Scotland Wood, which they just touched, on for Maidwell Dales, where the pace was racing, and without a shadow of a check they ran through the Dales, along the south side as if for Hazlebeach, but turning away for Cottesbrook, left Blueberry on the left, fairly flying along the side of Hind Hill, past Purser's Hill, on over the great Cottesbrook enclosures, leaving the park on the left, up the long hill to the Northampton turnpike road, where many a gallant steed cried enough, or more than enough, but still racing on over it without a pause; the pace down into the valley between Cottesbrook and Guilsborough was something tremendous. Six good miles up to this point had they gone over in thirty minutes, and Stone Brook right in front of them. It was no wonder that some hearts failed, but Mr. Muntz, Mr. Foljambe, the younger Miss Naylor, and the first whip, Charles Isaac, were not to be denied, and got well over without a fall, hounds still running on as if tied to their fox, and bearing to the right for Guilsborough village, letting the remainder of the field in over a bridge, under which they got close at him, and racing him in view ran into him in front of Mr. Bateman's house after a seven-mile point as the crow flies, just under thirty-five minutes. Amongst those who saw this gallant fox killed were Mr. H. H. Langham, Mr. Frank Langham, the two Misses Naylor, Captain Soames, Mr. Herbert Gosling, Mr. Muntz, Mr. C. G. Foljambe, Mr. W. H. Foster, Miss Davy, Miss Bevan, Goodall, and Charles Isaac. After this they had a good forty-five minutes to ground from Lamport.

The Point to Point Red Coat Steeplechase, for horses regularly hunted with the Pytchley Hounds, run on Tuesday the 21st, was a great success. It was over a capital line of country selected by Mr. Craven and Capt. Riddell, starting in a field opposite Mr. Harper's, at Lilbourne Lodge, up to Chancery House at the top of the hill, not far from Crick Covert, then turning to the right, straight home to the Rugby Hunt Steeplechase Stand in Mr. Bucknill's field, by the side of the old Street Road. The competitors were divided into three classes, those carrying 14 st., 12 st., and the farmers, whose prize was a cup. There were eleven light weights, four over 14 st., and five farmers.

The following were started by Mr. Craven: Captain W. H. Atherton,

and Mr. W. H. Mackeson, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who have hunted from Rugby all the season, Captain Middleton on Miss Davy's Castagnette, Mr. F. Shoolbred, Mr. A. J. Schwabe, who acted as Secretary, Mr. H. V. Halg, who won this race last year, Mr. R. Wilkinson on a grey horse belonging to Mr. O. E. Part, Mr. Graham of Hillmorton Paddox, Captain Soames of Scaldwell, on John Bull, Mr. C. G. Foljambe on a horse of Sir John Rae Reid's, Captain T. W. Annesley, R.H.A., on a horse of Mr. Langham Reed's, Major Hunt, 7th Hussars, Mr. Holmes, well known with the Surrey Staghouids, on a horse of Mr. F. Shoolbred's, Mr. W. Dallas Greig, who has hunted from Rugby, and Mr. Hugh C. Kennard, of the Grenadier Guards, on a chesnut horse belonging to Lt-Col. Percy, who have hunted from the New Hotel at Weedon. The farmers were represented by Mr. H. H. Atterbury of West Haddon, on a horse by Dalesman carrying over 14 st., Mr. John Gee of Welford, Mr. Tom Hipwell, Mr. Wakelin, and Mr. John Wood of Welford. The 12 st. was very easily won by Mr. Kennard. The 14 st. by Captain Atherton, on a chesnut horse bought at the last Belhus sale, and regularly hunted from Rugby during the past season, and the Farmers' Cup by Mr. H. H. Atterbury. There was a very large attendance of spectators, and there is little doubt but that this race will become an annual event.

A correspondent from Leighton Buzzard writes word that he should not have sent us a description of the run with the Whaddon Chase Hounds on the last day of February had it not been for the incorrect statements respecting that day's sport that appeared in Pavo's letter to the *Morning Post*. The writer trusts that Pavo is better informed upon racing subjects. Mr. Rowland was away in London, at the Cart Horse Show, but his osier bed at Creslow, as usual, held a fox. It was a remarkably dark-coloured vixen that went away towards Whitchurch—a line that she had taken early in the season—and the jealous ones were in a tremendous hurry to get over the bottom that bounds the first field. Scarcely had our fox reached the Whitchurch road when she turned short to the left, and those who did not turn quickly with the hounds saw no more of them for the rest of the day. Hounds got a good start of the field as they slipped through the double into Creslow Great Ground, the lower portion of which they crossed at a tremendous pace, and raced over the grass-fields nearly to Littlecott, when they bore to the left to Dunton, where there was a slight check. The first over the Cublington Brook was the Hon. Kenelm Bouverie on The Quaker, a lead which he maintained throughout the burst, and next to him was Mr. H. J. Chinnery on The Squire. Then followed Lord Melgund, Mr. Mansel Richardson, and Mark Howcutt, Sir Nathaniel Rothschild's whipper-in. These were all that might be said to be fairly "in it," but a short distance in the rear came a dozen more horsemen riding their hardest, but who never got up to the leaders until the check occurred. Hounds quickly recovered the line for themselves (the huntsman not being one of the lucky ones) and carried it over the earths at Dunton, which had been stopped, as far as Mains Hill. After sinking the hill they ran along the banks of the Grandborough Gutter, past Crendon Farm and Buttermilk Hall, then up Ram Hill, leaving Oving on the right. They kept on at a good hunting pace down Holborn Hill, at the foot of which they crossed the Blackgrove double into the Bicester country, and ran swiftly along the valley for about a mile, recrossed the double at Hardwick Folly, and, getting from ascent to view, rolled their fox over in the open close to Hardwick village. Time, one hour and ten minutes.

The following Devonshire news arrived too late for insertion last month, but we are glad to give it now:—Hounds have been running hard in the west, as everywhere else, and so thoroughly open a season is hardly within recollection. Lord Portsmouth's hounds—worthy of a better country—have had far above average sport, and are about as near perfection as they well can be. The Villager litters are very distinguished. Villager was by Lord H. Bentinck's Vanquisher by Victor from Varnish, from Crafty, from Contest, from Crazy, from the Wickstead Crazy, by the Wickstead Harlequin—the strain that is so affectionated by George Whitmore. Crazy has been the ancestress of more brilliant hounds than any other in kennel annals. Their characteristics are nose, pace and stay—also not mute. The Grove Plunder has been of service, and a litter of three couple by Mr. Chaplin's Sailor, three years old, are running hard at the head with that determination which is the mark of the Lincolnshire blood. The race of Rutland and the nose of Yarborough prevails in the kennel and bears witness to the truth of ages.

The Dartmoor—well dashed with Vanquishers, through his son Victor—have had some clipping runs over the moor. The Grove Plunder, also in this kennel, has made his mark. The prevalence of fogs has been somewhat against them. They earthed eleven foxes in four days, with some very smart runs; and one of the great failings of the moor is the impracticability of getting at the foxes in the deep and cavernous recesses of the craggy Tors. There is a noted bob-tail, long, wiry, and as tough as steel, that has given them more than one burst, and always saves himself in inaccessible depths. Sentence of death has been passed upon him, but there must be good scent, and he must be found before two o'clock.

The Lamerton had a very good run last week. They met at Trebursye Lodge, found in the large wood near the lodge, and over an impracticable country towards Launceston and St. Stephens, over the down of that name, and coming to Werington Park, crossing the turnpike and skirting the park towards Dutson, with an indifferent and failing scent. Mr. Lobb held them on lightly and forward, a hound every now and then speaking to the line, to Dutson brake near New Bridge. Here they fresh found him, and crossing the river, and getting into a better country, they chased him over St. Giles' Moors to Peter's finger, Downicary Moor towards Ivyhouse, where he turned back on his line to Chapman's Well and Panson Wood, where, after ringing in the brake, they ran into him. A very spirited painting of the Lamerton hounds and their usual field has been made by the Rev. J. B. Wollocombe—an amateur artist of considerable repute. The likenesses are excellent, and the grouping most artistic and sportsmanlike. It is to be hoped that this clever production may be popularised by a lithograph.

Mr. Bragg's dwarf foxhounds, 20 and 21 inches, a lady pack from the best kennels, all blood, shape and quality, have had very brilliant runs over Hamildon Down, Fernworthy hedges, Vilifer, and Challacombe. This is the part of Dartmoor that, free from bog and tor, holds generally a screaming scent, and the dash over these wild wastes without a house or a tree in view is a relief from the tamer hunting of the enclosures.

Mr. Vincent Calmady of Tetcott has had some splendid bursts over the Broadbury country—the best by far in Devonshire, and notorious as being the scene of the brilliant Tekot runs recorded in the life of Russell, who at the age of eighty-seven was often seen with Mr. Calmady's hounds. They had a smart chase lately across some of their best country from Yelland Moor, Chapman's Well, Downicary, Upcote, to Broadwood border, where they ran into him: one hour and ten minutes. Mr. Calmady, who hunts

his own hounds, is splendidly mounted, and was with his leading hounds throughout this fast chase.

The Haldon hounds had a good run from Lindridge, the seat of Colonel Templer—the name so prized in South Devon, being an augury of good sport. Found in King's Down, coming away to Little Haldon, Uंबर Moor, and Newtake to the Teignmouth and Dawlish road, turning to the valley and skirting the Luscombe Woods, the Folly, and on to Ugbrook Park, where they ran into him. Sir John Duntze, well up in years and a heavy weight, kept his place in the van throughout, and had to negotiate one or two stiff places.

The weather has been most favourable for this annual hunt meeting; the Tors of the wild moorland stood out grand and bare against the sunlit atmosphere, and free from the fog that so often mars and prevents any attempt at hunting on Dartmoor on an inclement day.—Tuesday, March 14. A very large field met Mr. Coryton at Ivybridge, drew Pithill Wood and found immediately, going away by Wilkesmoor to Hanger Down to Stone Plantation, straight through, and the hounds coming out swung round to catch him and streamed away to the right to King's Corner, where scent died away altogether. Drew the celebrated Rut Brake and chopped a fox; found in Owleigh Bottom, going away at a pace to Coryndon Wood, to Coryndon Ball, turning and making for the moor and on to Reddybrook earths, where he went to ground in china clay drain—fifteen minutes at a racing pace—bolted him and away to Meynell's Plantation, Staddon, Newlands, and under the Beacon, where the scent died away and he was lost near Owleigh Farm.—Wednesday, March 15th. The Dartmoor at Cornwood Station. Storridge Wood blank; found in Quickwood and away over the waste to Nal-dire's Wood, turning to the left by Tolchmoor gate, where hounds threw up. Boxall, holding his hounds on steadily, got on his line at the clayworks, and, getting on sound ground, the scent mended and they ran him fast to Pentop, on to Broadhall and Yealm Head, on over the bogs to Plym Steps and Aylesborough Mine, leaving Down Tor to the right, crossing the valley at a great pace, and rolling him over under Roughter Tor—one hour and a quarter, some parts very fast, especially over the hollow ground. Messrs. L. and B. Sparrow, Mr. Coryton, Miss E. Parker, and Miss Whidbourne were in the first flight during the whole run.—Friday, March 17. Mr. Coryton at Brent. Found in Shipley Brake on the moor, away by Didworthy Bridge to Staddon, Coryndon, over the eastern and western Beacon, over the moor to Rut Brake, straight through without dwelling a moment to Stonford Cleaves, Pot Hill to Hanger Down, turning to King's Corner to Harford Bridge, taking a line by the side of the Erme to Pyles, racing over the side of the hill to Crooked Oak, and, in attempting to cross the river, he was pulled down in a deep swim, where he was taken from the hounds by Mr. Coryton, jun., after a run of one hour and thirty-five minutes, part of it very hard running. Miss Sparrow, Miss E. Parker, Miss M. Parker, Mr. Hingston, and Mr. Splatt, and Messrs. Bolitho, Williams, and Marshall, from Cornwall, were well with hounds throughout. This was the run of the meeting, and creditable to hounds from the variations of scent that took place on the different soils, and they well proved their nose and stamina. Mr. Coryton hunts his own hounds.—Saturday, March 18th. The Dartmoor at Hanger Down. Found in Hall Plantations, on a property formerly belonging to the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, who was born there, going away at a great pace to Hall Tor to Pyles where he was headed, going over the hill to Stall-down Moor to Yadsworth, where he saved himself in a drain after a fast seven-

teen minutes. Found in Awns and Dendalls, a brace, ringing the plantations and one at last breaking away over Pen Moor to Rook Tor to Naldire's Wood, Rookwood, Parklands by Hilson Brake, leaving Higher Hale on the right to Watercombe, and ran to ground on the rocks. Found in the bogs, with a fast scurry of seventeen minutes. The meeting was very successful in sport and weather, with a succession of good scent, all of them over the moor. It is much to be lamented that, as in the days of yore, of Bulteel and Trelawny memory, the usual dinner is not held at the London Hotel, on the vacant Thursday. Nothing tends more to keep up the spirit of foxhunting than public dinners, on occasions of this kind, where the farmers and yeomen sit down in harmony with those whom they support in their pleasures, and by whom in their turn they should be supported in the jovialities attending these popular meetings.

The closing month of the Meynell has been, considering the extraordinary dryness of the season, equal to the rest of this brilliant year.—Saturday, March 4th, a numerous field assembled at Mr. Albert Worthington's breakfast at East Lodge, and an excellent day's sport was the result. Finding at Byrkley Park—where Mr. Ratcliff has frequently had a good fox this season—we ran through Yoxall Park by the New Church, through Byrkley Park again, where hounds had a brace in front of them, Satin and Nihilist bearing to the left, while the body of the pack ran on through the park almost to Rangemore, through Hollybank Cover across the Burton road, on fast in front of East Lodge by Onslow Church, Stockley Park, to the left by Chapel House, and lost their fox under the classic towers of Putbury Castle—six miles straight and two more as hounds ran.—March 9th, from Foremark, a good fox from the Severals cover took us a good line through Repton Shrubs and on for Newton Solney, and, though never a good scent, hounds perseveringly held on to the finish.—March 11th. We had a capital forest day, finding our first fox in the Greaves. We hunted a fine old dog steadily to death through the interminable woodlands of the forest banks, killing him in the open in thirty minutes; while a second dog-fox, found in Blackgutter Cover, was run through Lord's Coppy, by the Goat's Lodge and killed in forty minutes in an outhouse at Dunstall, more generally affected by *genus homo* than *genus vulpis*. One, for having leapt into a small window five feet from the ground, was marked to earth by Claribel, and in this novel situation

"The fate of the roses was sealed."

—March 15th. The new covert—from henceforth to be known as Boden's Stock Covert—recently presented to the country by Messrs. H. and W. Boden, found us a vixen which happily soon found shelter in the formidable-looking artificial breeding coverts, while a fox from Longford Car found us a brilliant fifteen minutes in a broiling sun, and would have been killed but was, happily in the nick of time, found to be a vixen. For the last time, we suppose, this season, Sudbury Park Trees found us number three, which afforded a full gallop almost to Doveridge and back and was killed. In this last gallop the Master (out for the first time after his marriage) unfortunately, and to the universal regret of his field, fell at a drain and dislocated his shoulder.—Saturday, March 25th, a meet at the hospitable roof of Mr. Bass, M.P., at Rangemore, where all foxhunters gentle and simple are always welcome, brings the season to a conclusion (the first of Mr. Chandos Pole's Mastership), and one which has never been surpassed in the annals of the old "Meynell" foxhounds.

The Berkhamstead Buckhounds have had a rare season, for Mr. Rawle

has never been stopped a day, and has shown his followers some good old-fashioned runs, spreading them about over miles of country, with tired hunters to get home as best they could, while the staff went on to take the deer. Opening the season at Studham Common, October 26th, with a good run to Luton Park, where the hind swam the great lake twice, and was taken, when all the horses were tired out, at Rothamstead; and the next good run was on November 9th from Harpenden Common, over much the same country, when only five men saw the hind taken, as recorded in these pages last December. Then there was a good run from Mr. Field's Corner Farm to Skimpot, near Dunstable, and a fortnight later from Holtsmore End to Luton Park, and back by Harpenden and Gorhambury, when the hind was taken at Leverstock Green. From Potten End, just after Christmas, a stag went away from Bottom Farm (the last that that good old sportsman William Parsons saw before his sudden death, which occurred soon after), gave a good run, and lost nearly all the field in a fog, so the Master took him almost alone at Lattimer's. Then from Mr. Bailey's, Cuckmans, a hind ran to Harpenden, where she was badly staked on some iron fencing, but ran on to Kimpton. From Studham Common another foggy day, a few of the field managed to live with the hounds to Tottenhoe and get over the brook, when six of them took the deer at Eaton Bray. Pitstone, a good meet, from which they had the run of the season last year, gave a good run this, and many will remember Mr. Williamson's day, for hounds raced for an hour and twenty minutes till they took their stag in the brewery at Berkhamstead. Harpenden Common gave another good run, but the railway spoilt it, and the deer was taken near Kennesbourn Green. This day was chiefly remarkable for the balloon hunting which the staff enjoyed on the way home; and it paid well, too, for they captured two which descended within a short distance of one another, having been despatched by a gentleman from Sydenham, who paid a reward to get them back. Another good run was enjoyed from Corner Farm to Boxmoor and along to Tring, up the hills to Berkhamstead Common, where the deer was taken close home. The run of the season was from Mr. John Ransome's, Wheathampstead, on March 15th, which finished the season. A stag ran to No Mans Land, Hill End, Sandridge-Bury, Oaklands, Tittenhanger, Highfield, London Colney, Colney Chapel, Shenley-Bury, Rabley to South Mims, where he turned back to Ridge Hill, Mims Great Wood, to the Park, Colney Heath, Oaklands, Marshall's Wick, where they got a view to Sandridge, and raced to Pope's Field Farm, near Hatfield, where he was taken after a run of three hours. Had it been straighter from point to point it would have surpassed the great run from Harpenden to Puckeridge two years ago, for nearly as much ground was covered.

We are glad to hear that William Wheatley, who hunted the North Warwickshire from 1874 up to the end of last season, has been engaged as huntsman to the East Essex, and we wish him all success in his new situation. He was much liked in Warwickshire, and on leaving was presented with a testimonial, a portion of which was most judiciously utilised by making him a life member of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society; the best possible investment that could be made for the benefit of himself and his family.

In our notes on hunting in the West last month, we should not have concluded without a word of praise for the railway arrangements made by the Great Western and Midland Companies, and carried out with alacrity and goodwill by the officials on both lines. At all stations from Dauntsey to Bristol there is a large hunting traffic, especially at Chippenham, where Mr.

Hornblower, as usual, does all in his power for the accommodation of sportsmen using the line; and his *confrère* at Trowbridge Junction, which has now become a hunting rendezvous, shows every disposition to encourage traffic, and promote the comfort of those using the line. As for the Midland Company, we have no doubt that the interests of sportsmen will always be duly looked after, as long as Mr. Charles Thomas, a veteran director of the Railway, continues to ride his noted brown horse across the Berkeley rhines; and when we mention that on one morning thirty-nine horses were unloaded at the Yate station, it will readily appear that the hunting traffic is one not to be lost sight of. We only hope that the exertions of these officials, whose responsibilities are by no means light, will be duly appreciated by the two great companies by whom they are employed.

What shall we say of 'Romeo and Juliet' that has not already been said by abler pens than ours? The addition of our stone to the heap of mingled eulogy and depreciation will not affect the result of that verdict of the public which, as we write, is being passed on the latest revival at the Lyceum of Shakespeare's tragedy. The verdict is no doubt unanimous. The public has been educated of late years to look on revivals of Shakespeare as pictures appealing more to the senses than the imagination, and so that the lust of the eye was gratified, the interpretation played a secondary rôle. We do not say that this was necessarily the case. Those old enough to remember the Princess's revivals of Charles Kean will bear us out in the assertion that the acting walked *pari passu* with the gorgeous surroundings of the scene. So in Mr. Irving's Shakespearean revivals, up to this his latest one, the interpretation has been more than adequate, in the leading characters especially so, and however splendid and picturesque the *tableaux*, we still hung on the words of the dramatist. In the beautiful succession of pictures which Mr. Irving has placed before us in 'Romeo and Juliet,' there is a danger, however, of these being unheeded. We are writing after our first visit to the Lyceum. Bewildered by the gorgeous pageant, the succession of scenes, each a picture conceived by the mind of an artist, we feel we are hardly competent to speak of the actors. An old-world Verona, the house of Capulet, both the exterior, and, when the interior is lighted for the ball, the *loggia* of Juliet, the street where dwelt the Apothecary, the grand gloomy vault where the tragedy ends—all these pictures are given with the most truthful and artistic regard to details, and so fill the eye that there is great danger of the poetry being lost to the ear. At least that was our state of being after our visit. We brought away with us a somewhat confused notion of the acting, but a wonderful admiration of the luxurious pageant which Mr. Irving had set before us. Nothing has been seen like it within our remembrance. Here and there other managers have given us striking scenes where architectural detail has been mixed with a crowd of supernumeraries; but it is the sustained splendour of 'Romeo and Juliet,' from the rise of the curtain to its fall, that makes the revival unrivalled. We must recur to the subject next month.

The return of Mr. Toole to a new house, called after his own name, there to delight his countless friends and admirers once more, has been the second event of importance in the world theatrical. No more welcome "return of the native" could there be. Bereft of his Toole the average London playgoer is not happy. He goes here and there, he is immensely impressed at one theatre, his eyes are dazzled at another, he is made to laugh (perhaps) at a third. But the latter not the hearty laugh which bursts from his throat when his favourite actor is heard behind the scenes either giving some in-

comprehensible directions or objurgating violently. Then does Brown nudge Jones and say, "Here he is!" Then does visible expectancy sit on the faces of the most hardened playgoers, and when the favourite actor does appear, in a sky-blue tie and an impossible waistcoat, his hair gracefully curled, and with a solemn gravity in his features, then do not boxes, pit and gallery break forth into a ripple of laughter and volley of applause, the stalls even having been known to so far forget themselves as to join in the demonstration? Yes, Mr. Toole is the popular favourite, there is no doubt. Other actors are admired and arouse enthusiasm. The London playgoer has an affection for Mr. Toole, and has long been on confidential terms with him. The artist has a knack of taking his audience into his confidence indeed, and there is a mutual trust and belief on either side. This was especially exemplified when, a few nights after the opening of the theatre, there was an alarm—and something more than an alarm—of fire. There were gauzy curtains and other inflammable materials palpably in flames; but a few words from Mr. Toole, seconded, it must be added, by very prompt action on the part of Mr. Billington and those on the stage, quieted what might have been a panic. The audience saw Mr. Toole had not lost his presence of mind, and kept theirs.

The new house is very neat and pretty, all in good taste, without any attempt at over-decoration; and the new piece, 'Auntie,' is neither better nor worse than what Mr. Byron has before done when he has written for a purpose, and that purpose—Mr. Toole. 'Auntie' might have been a mother-in-law, but we suppose the poor mother-in-law is exhausted and so a new name for an old article has been found. The character of Mr. Bunny, the "Auntie"-ridden hero, of course suits Mr. Toole down to the ground. Something like his comic rage and distress we have seen before, but it was irresistibly funny. The dialogue—always Mr. Byron's great point—is very good, and here and there are some singularly happy expressions. A scene between Mr. Toole and Mr. Garden, the latter a Margate lodging-house keeper, was *the* funny one of the piece. Mr. Garden gave a singularly original sketch of a Margate harpy, his get-up being admirable. We regretted the sketch was obliterated in the last act, where, disguised as an intoxicated French cook, Mr. Garden had little scope for anything original. We congratulate him, however, on the distinct success of the Margate man. It was very clever. Very good, too, was Mr. Billington's acting of a fire-eating general, a poltroon at heart. The piece, thanks principally to Mr. Toole, rattles along, exciting laughter in every scene. For this it was written, and this will for some time draw large audiences to "Toole's Theatre."

Whatever may be said or thought, the days of *opera bouffe* are not yet numbered. Lovers of high dramatic art may sneer as much as they like at the taste for such flimsily-constructed productions, but so long as the ear and the eye are equally gratified they serve the purpose, and what more can be desired. 'Manola,' the latest of these Parisian novelties transferred to the Strand, has now to compete for favouritism with such popular successes as 'Madame Favart' and 'Olivette'; but as the places of the two leading artistes in those operettas have been filled by others less known to fame, the effective rendering of 'Manola' claims exemption from comparison. The story, re-dressed as it is for the English stage, bears a strong family resemblance to other works of the same composer—M. Lecocq—and is interspersed with many bright and tuneful melodies, which should meet with a welcome recognition for some time to come. The chief interest in the plot is centred in the substitution of a maid for her mistress, and is carried off accordingly.

This, of course, gives rise to the usual amount of mystification and intrigue, followed by a well-contrived reconciliation, which brings us to the "Lovers Rest" and recovery of the lost bride. On such material as this it is enough to say that much ingenuity has been expended; and as the main incidents can be easily followed, heightened by sparkling dialogue, the attention of the audience never flags. The music in every number is appropriately conceived, and the concerted pieces thoroughly artistic, while the orchestration, under the direction of M. Adolphe Lindheim, adds materially to the excellence of the performance. Too much credit cannot be bestowed on Mrs. Swanborough for the way in which the piece has been put before the public. The exquisite costumes of the period, and the elaborate mounting of the various scenes, have never been approached with such lavishness before, and the care and completeness which has evidently been bestowed on every detail of 'Manola' makes it worthy to become as great a success as any of Mrs. Swanborough's previous efforts.

After a long rest, 'Our Boys' will be restored to life at the Standard Theatre very shortly by Mr. David James, who will once more assume the character of the dear old dad in the comedy which won world-wide renown.

Everything appears to be so uncommonly early this year. Not only has "gentle spring" been upon us before its time, but the moveable feasts of the season, those racing features that absorb our attention at this time, they too are at our doors. The Two Thousand and Derby both fall very early, the latter race being on the 24th of May—as far as we remember, an exceptional date. So the busy time will be here before we are aware of it; and this reminds us that the indefatigable Mr. Sidney is sounding the note of preparation for that big show at the Agricultural Hall which is one of the sights of the London season. There is no doubt that horse shows increase year by year in popularity, and their area takes a wider range. It is eighteen years ago since the first show was held at Islington on the plan then laid down by Mr. Sidney, which has found many imitators. Manchester, Birmingham, Dublin, Alexandra Park have all followed the Islington lead, with what success is well known. The Show this year—the entries for which close on May 15th—will open on Saturday, the 27th, and close on Friday, June 1st, and horses being received up to Friday, the 26th of May. The prize list will be the same as last year, also the various classes. The whole programme was then well received and gave great satisfaction, and we hope to see a good response made by a show of animals that will keep up Islington's high reputation.

Better pictures it would be difficult to imagine than two we have seen in Mr. W. H. Hopkins' studio at Kilburn. One, painted for the Duke of Beaufort, represents his Grace's rare stayer Petronel, held by his attendant stable-lad, while Jewitt is just about to saddle him, and F. Archer comes up, dust-coat over colours, ready to mount. The natural pose and truthful likeness of the sturdy son of Musket could not be surpassed, while the humanities, which are by Mr. Hopkins' friend and collaborateur Mr. E. Havell, are undeniable. The other picture, painted for Captain Machell, gives Valour, with Archer up. In this painting the easy lounging seat of the famous jockey as he turns to look round, and the foreshortened position of the Manchester Cup hero, are most unconventional. One does not know which is the most graceful, horse or man. We hear that both pictures were much admired at Newmarket, and doubtless will lead to Messrs. Hopkins and Havell making many another visit to the Metropolis of the Turf.

That exceedingly useful little work 'The Form at a Glance,' published

by Mortimer and Co., Temple Street, Birmingham, which made its first appearance last year in monthly parts, has now completed its first volume, and a very handy and correct one racing men will find it, we think. It does not seek to interfere with older established guides, but only, as its title implies, shows the form at a glance of any horse sought for. The author has it in contemplation, we see, to further extend the publication of this Racing Analysis by publishing each month an interleaved copy, and each week the racing printed on gummed and perforated paper, a novelty that will commend itself to ardent students of "the book." They will be thus able to keep themselves posted up to the latest moves.

We recommend our readers in want of a pleasant book as a railway companion to take with them abroad or the seaside, to order Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron's new novel 'Worth Winning.' Mrs. Cameron is well known as the author of 'Juliet's Guardian,' 'Deceivers Ever,' &c. This new book is, like her other works, well and pleasantly written; the characters are well drawn, the heroine is specially attractive, and we may fairly say it is worth reading.

A new novel, by Mr. R. D. Green Price, forms a welcome contribution to the literature of sport. 'Rebecca; or, a Life's Mistake' (Roworth and Co., Limited) is a sporting story of the best type, inasmuch as it has plenty of interest for non-sporting readers. Fishing, hunting, racing, society, love, and law, all have their turn in its pages. The hero, John Mountjoy, is introduced to us among the rocks of a Welsh river, in the full enjoyment of a heavy day with the trout. After a grand tussle with a two-pounder, which has risen to his line from the depths of a big black pool, he betakes himself, after the fashion of anglers, to counting the contents of his basket. Something "almost like a merry laugh" attracts his attention. He turns his head, and "within fifty yards of him stand two girls, watching him intently, evidently amused and interested. Here the experienced novel readers will at once conclude that John Mountjoy has met his fate, and the experienced novel reader will be perfectly right. However, the course of true love never did run smooth, and John Mountjoy's passion proving no exception to this rule, he woos, wins, and cleaves to his simple Welsh maiden, through the shade and sunshine of a career which we shall leave our readers to follow for themselves. In criticising the composition of the story, we should pronounce Myra the most disappointing member of its *personnel*. She is a colourless and rather flabby character, whom we secretly hoped would be somehow removed before the end. Gladys is charming, and so is her brother Peter; while Dick Harwood, though an excellent fellow, is on the whole more lucky than he deserves. But the great merit of the book is the author's descriptive power, which lends new charms to a somewhat ordinary set of incidents, of which we should select the run with the Rufeshire hounds, and the race for the Members' Cup, as perhaps the best. The interest of the story, however, never flags, and indeed it might with advantage have been drawn at greater length, for the conclusion strikes us as rather unnaturally hurried; but altogether we may congratulate the author on having, at his first attempt, turned out such a clever and readable story.

The late Lord Wilton has been called "a representative nobleman," and though we might take exception to a too often misapplied term, there is no doubt he was, in one particular branch of an Englishman's recreations, a thorough type of the sport he best loved and most effected. That he was born the possessor of high abilities, that he might, if he had had to work for his living, have gained fortune and reputation, either in the world of science

or art, is much more than probable. The man who could improvise a touriquet, who was a splendid musician (with a decided preference for religious above secular composition), who walked London hospitals, and could spend hours in making the organ of a village church speak under his hands, had brains and abilities for still higher things. But his own master when still in his teens, the passion for sport seized upon him, and he certainly became a very eminent representative of that branch of it which is the peculiar sport of England.

In another portion of this magazine the career of Lord Wilton is so fully dealt with that we must confine our remarks here to a few reminiscences of his early days at Melton, the place "he loved best on earth," and the place where he died. It is harking back now some few years, when we turn over the leaves of an old volume of the 'New Sporting Magazine,' and light upon that day with Lord Southampton's hounds, told in cheery verse by a pen that we see has been ascribed, by a writer in *The Times*, to Charles Sheridan. It may seem presumptuous for us to differ from such an authority, but we are inclined to believe that Charles Sheridan, who knew nothing about hunting, was as innocent of 'Melton in 1830' as we ourselves. Should our readers be surprised to hear that a man only lately departed from the scene—Bernal Osborne—was the writer of those and some other similar productions in the 'New Sporting?' They have just a tinge of that sarcasm in which the sometime jester of the House of Commons delighted. He was a sportsman, too, and knew as much about the Melton of his day as we do of the Newmarket of ours. We would back Bernal against Charles. Will any one bet? But the verses (whoever be their author) recall the days when Lord Wilton was in the prime of his early manhood, when, with those wonderful hands of his, and that gift he possessed, for it *was* a gift, of getting well away in front, he was seen "stealing o'er the grass," or as some of us, borrowing a phrase from the racecourse, would say, "slipping his field." No man knew the value of a good start better, and no man was more determined to get it than Lord Wilton. He was not a reckless rider, but he was a very jealous one. Some people even decried his pluck, which was undeniable. "Never saw him jump a gate in my life," said a man one day, when doughty deeds of old Quornites were being discussed. "No," replied another, "but you have seen him creep through the bars." People, perhaps, envied him these wonderful hands we have just mentioned. It was owing to them, we believe, that Lord Wilton met with so few falls during his very long hunting career. His mantle has fallen on Mr. Gilmour, who now, by virtue of his fifty-four seasons at Melton, becomes "the oldest inhabitant." To his eldest son, now Lord Wilton, the late earl has, we are glad to say, bequeathed Egerton Lodge. The present holder of the title inherits with it all his father's love for Leicestershire, and, like him, is generally to be found in the front rank when hounds are running.



